

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.*

VOL. XV.

MAY, 1893.

NO. I.



WOODS' HOTEL.

## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DICKENS.

BY HARGER RAGAN.

THE old curiosity shop, the only purely "Dickens scene" in London which the professional photographers have condescended to touch—is, if your faith be sufficiently strong, a very small, oddly shaped house, bulging out into a narrow street, a few steps from the southwest corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Hundreds of Americans have experienced at sight of it a thrill of interest which the Tower, St. Paul's, and even Westminster abbey wholly fail to excite. And what is it? A dingy little shop where waste paper is bought and where a small quantity of cheap stationery, a few note-books and a handful of lead pencils are exposed for sale. Yet the supposition that it is the house which Charles Dickens selected as the home of Little Nell and her grandfather, has made it almost a hallowed place. A small purchase opened the hearts and loosened the tongues of the proprietor and his wife, a couple of sturdy Britons whom no one would suspect of leanings toward sentiment. The little shop was close quarters for three. In fact, Mrs. Crupp's objections to Mr. Dick's apartment that you couldn't "swing a cat in it" was literally applicable here. Fortunately, like Mr. Dick, we didn't want

to swing any cats. There was a small door leading into an inner room apparently used as a store room for the waste paper purchased. On the walls of the shop were two or three prints of Little Nell and her grandfather, and a portrait or two of Dickens. "My dear sir," said the proprietor in answer to a question as to the grounds for supposing this to be the identical house which Dickens had in mind; "there is no supposition about it. His son says it is, and he ought to know, I should think." It was clearly no place for sceptics. And, to tell the truth, I was not much inclined to scepticism. It is true, that, at the end of the story, the old house is represented as having been swept away, and Kit at length finds difficulty in showing his children just where it stood. But the novelist could as easily fancy its removal as he could fancy anything else in the story. At all events, I hold, with the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table that some wise poet ought to have written

"Where doubt is disenchantment  
'Tis wisdom to believe."

There is, at least, no question that the streets and lanes in this immediate vicinity were our author's favorite stamping ground. Almost across the street from the old curiosity shop stands, with its

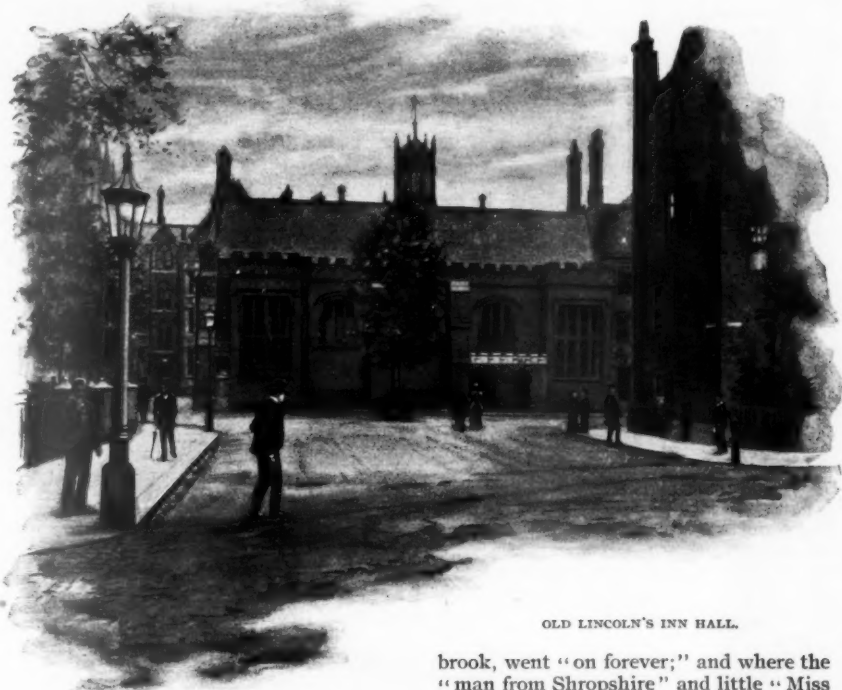
upper stories overhanging the foot pavement, an ancient tavern called the "Old George 1vth," where Joe Miller used to crack his jokes and where Dickens and Thackeray are well-remembered visitors. It is believed to be the original of the Magpie and Stump, where Mr. Pickwick found Lowten (Perker's clerk) entertaining the company with a comic song when he came to place in his hands the papers in Bardell vs. Pickwick.

The street on the left of the old curiosity shop leads up into Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, close at hand on the left, is a tall house, now cut up into lawyers' offices, but formerly the home of Mr. John Forster, Dickens' faithful friend and biographer. It has been positively identified as the residence of Mr. Tulkinghorn, the little lawyer of Bleak House, a story whose chief interest clusters closely about this spot. The center of its fascination—but unfortunately a spot which cannot be satisfactorily photographed—is the wretched burial ground where Captain Hawdon, under the name of Nemo, was buried, and where, at last, Lady Dedlock was found "cold and dead with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate and seeming to embrace it." It is a little to the west of Lincoln's Inn Fields. I had searched for it before without success. Last summer I found it, beyond

a doubt, for, though it has not been used as a burial ground for thirty years, it in all other respects answers the vivid description of the novelist. On the west side of Drury lane, half way between White Hart street and Vinegar yard, and quite near historic old Drury lane theater, you may discover, if you are searching diligently for it, and not otherwise, a narrow and extremely dingy covered passage marked Russell court. Picking your way into it, through swarms of ragged children, and following its rather tortuous course half way to where it opens into Brydges street,



THE OLD CURIOUSITY SHOP.



OLD LINCOLN'S INN HALL.

you will find, on the right, the "reeking little tunnel of a court" which gave "access to the iron gate." I walked through this tunnel and looked into the former cemetery, now a paved court and a children's playground. It is not eighty feet square and is simply a well between the tall black tenements swarming with wretchedness, and where "every villainy of life" is still "in action." For this is the very heart of one of London's poorest and most villainous slums. It seems almost incredible that burials, in a soil already crowded with corpses, could ever have been permitted in such a place. But they were, and, but for Charles Dickens, the outrage might have continued to this day.

Returning to Lincoln's Inn Fields and walking across it, past the magnificent new hall, we reach the old hall of Lincoln's Inn, where, in the days of "Jarn-dyce and Jarndyce," the lord high chancellor "sat in his high court of chancery," while that famous case, like Tennyson's

brook, went "on forever;" and where the "man from Shropshire" and little "Miss Flite" with her "documents," were always on hand expecting some incomprehensible judgment.

Aside from Dickens associations, these old inns of court are among the most fascinating spots in London, and Dickens himself revelled in them. If we pass out through the ancient gateway, cross Chancery lane and turn through Cursitor street, where once stood "Coarvinses castle," with whose internal economy Mr. Harold Skimpole and other impecunious debtors were familiar, then through Took's (Cook's) court, where the sympathetic and sadly henpecked Mr. Snagsby lived, we may soon twist ourselves through a back passage into Staple Inn, one of the quaintest and most interesting of all these old legal rookeries. The front which this Inn presents to Holborn is a collection of old-fashioned "gable ends," which for picturesque-ness are perhaps unequalled in London. The archway toward the left of the picture is the entrance from Holborn. Just outside of it you are stunned with the rattle and crash of the mighty traffic.

A step takes you into this paved courtyard, where the sparrows are twittering in the thick foliated trees, where people are always dozing on the circular bench in the center, where you are shut in by tall tiers of lawyers' offices and where all the commingled noises of mighty London are muffled to a dull and distant roar. This was a favorite retreat with Mr. Snagsby when the suspicious jealousy of his better half had overheated the atmosphere of Cook's court.

Staple Inn figures prominently also in Edwin Drood, and here the author's description is sufficiently definite to enable us to locate the chambers of Mr. Grewgious. They were "in a corner house in the little inner quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription 'P. J. T. 1747'" — an inscription which Mr. Grewgious was in the habit of interpreting "Perhaps John Thomas or Perhaps Joe Tyler." Diagonally across this quadrangle were the chambers of Neville Landless and his sister, and immediately adjoining them those of Mr. Tartar "like the inside of the most exquisite ship that

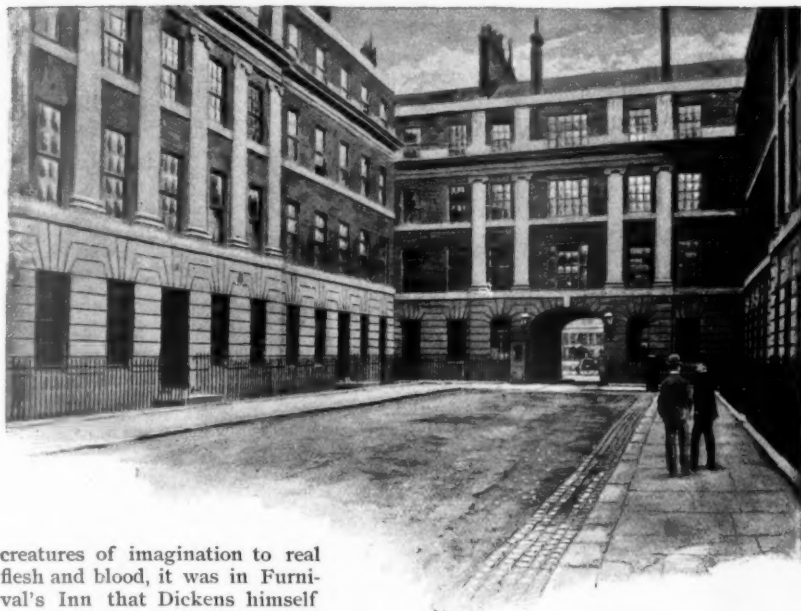
ever sailed." Here, in the "blushing beanstalk country," that is, among the flowers and creeping vines of Mr. Tartar's hanging garden, little Rosa Bud held whispered conference with Helena Landless on the morning after her flight from Cloisterham. On her arrival in London, it will be remembered, she came straight to her guardian, and "when the clocks were striking ten, stood on P. J. T.'s doorsteps, wondering what P. J. T. had done with his street door." Mr. Grewgious, having recovered somewhat from his astonishment at the unexpected visit of his ward, and having provided her with supper, took her "across the way," that is, across Holborn, to Woods' hotel in Furnival's Inn, where she was accommodated with an "airy, clean and comfortable room" and the services of an "unlimited head chambermaid."

It was in Furnival's Inn that John Westlock lived when Tom Pinch — his eyes opened at last to the real character of Pecksniff, and discharged in disgrace by that eminent philanthropist — astonished him by an early morning call. And if we turn for a moment from the



FIRST QUADRANGLE, STAPLE INN.





FURNIVAL'S INN.

creatures of imagination to real flesh and blood, it was in Furnival's Inn that Dickens himself lived for a considerable period both before and after his marriage. His bachelor apartments in Woods' hotel were on the second floor in the right hand corner, and their walls are now covered with drawings and engravings of his brain children. On his marriage, April 2, 1836, he went to housekeeping on the third floor of No. 15 Furnival's Inn, the first entrance on the left in the picture. Here, while the young author was seeking an artist to illustrate his works, Thackeray called upon him and submitted sketches, which, "strange to say, did not prove suitable." Here, partly in the rooms in Woods' hotel and partly at No. 15, Mr. Pickwick, the two Wellers, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, Alfred Jingle, Job Trotter and all the other personages in that inimitable compendium of humor were born into the world. Following Holborn a few rods farther to the east, we might turn into Barnard's Inn where Pip and Herbert Pocket of *Great Expectations* lived, and where Joe Gargery came to visit them. Dickens describes it as "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed into a rank corner as a club for tomcats." And the description is a perfect fit.

A few steps beyond is Thavies Inn, "a

narrow street of high houses like an oblong cistern to hold the fog," where Mrs. Jellyby vigorously promoted the affairs of Borrioboola-Gha to the sad neglect of her toilet and her family. On down Holborn, passing, at Snow Hill, close to the modern Saracen's Head, successor to the famous inn honored by the distinguished patronage of Wackford Squeers, past St. Sepulchre's church and Newgate, and within sight of the old Bailey, where the trial of Darnay took place, in the Tale of Two Cities, on, past the post-office and close to St. Paul's, on, through Cheapside, past Bow Bells the Mansion house and the bank—*Dombey and Son's* "magnificent neighbor,"—through Cornhill into Leadenhall street, we may note the site at No. 157, of the nautical instrument shop of Sol Gills, in front of which the little wooden midshipman was "eternally taking observations of hackney coaches." The establishment has been removed from its original position, but we shall find it—midshipman and all—a little farther eastward, at No. 156 Minories. My impression had been that the figure was a rather large one, standing, after the manner of

the cigar store Indian, on the sidewalk; and there was therefore a moment's disappointment, when, having found the place, I looked in vain for the middy. He was on duty, however, where my eye soon caught him, standing on a little bracket beside the shop entrance and securely locked to the door-post. "That's 'im," said a genial partner in the firm at present representing Sol Gills, in response to a question—"That's 'im. Many a time we could have taken a hundred guineas for that little feller. Plenty of Americans

of Captain Cuttle, which saw the ferocious MacStinger descend like a hawk upon her runaway lodger and depart subdued under the pilotage of the oracular Bunsby, cocked its weather eye at the timid Toots, smiled on Florence Dombey and welcomed home at last old Sol Gills and "his Nevy." The only humiliating experience ever recorded of the midshipman, I believe, was the scornful pulling of his nose by the traitor, Bob, the Grinder, when he deserted the service of the good captain for that of the smiling Carker.

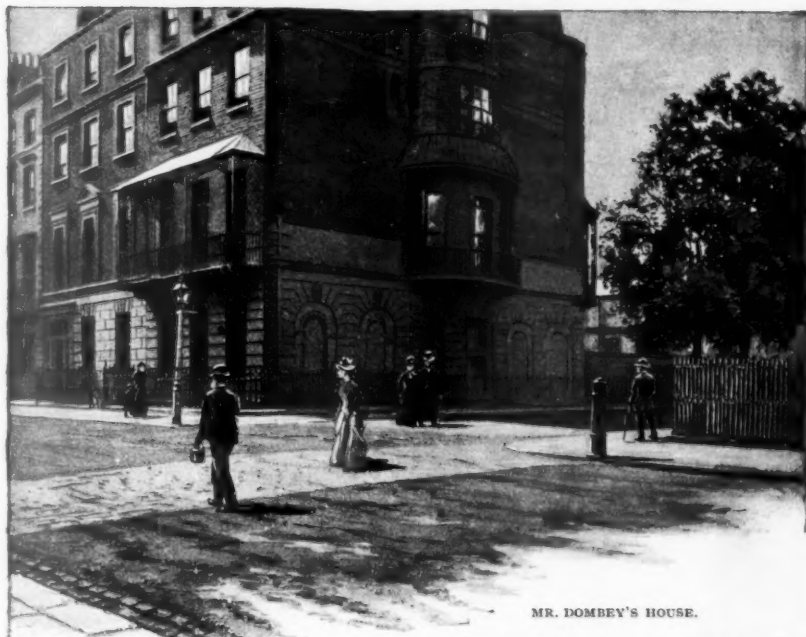


ALDGATE PUMP.

come 'ere to see 'im." The middy is not for sale, however, and every night is carefully taken into the shop for fear the temptation to steal him may prove too much for some admirer of the great novelist. But there was no objection to his being photographed. So I went down the next morning before breakfast, and in spite of the fog and the traffic, which had even then begun, managed to secure a couple of tolerable representations of the little figure which watched over the housekeeping

absurdly out of the question. But here the London "bobby" proved most unexpectedly, a "friend in need." For, just as I was about to abandon the attempt and "move on," in anticipation of a request to that effect from an approaching "blue coat," the "blue coat" astonished me by saying, "Would you like to have the traffic stopped, sir?" This was much more than I had the assurance to ask; but he did not wait for me to ask it. Up went his hand, the mighty stream of

A few rods back, along the way we have come, and just where Aldgate divides itself into Leadenhall and Fenchurch streets, stands, still in use, old Aldgate pump, which marked the goal of the frequent pilgrimages undertaken by the susceptible Mr. Toots from the wooden midshipman, when contemplation of the mutual happiness of Walter Gay and Florence Dombey proved too great a strain upon his feelings. To secure a photograph here seemed impossible, for the pump forms the apex of a wedge dividing the mighty stream of vehicles and foot passengers, moving from the vast east end towards the bank, into two great rivers of cabs and carts and omnibuses, which flow unbrokenly past it on either side. The light was much too dull for a "snap-shot," and a "time exposure" seemed



MR. DOMBEY'S HOUSE.

London's life parted and the coming tide stood still, that a wandering Yankee might photograph a pump. At the old curiosity shop, by the way, a "bobby" had volunteered to "clear the coast," or keep those who remained in the scene quiet, stipulating only that I should "take" him, for which purpose he struck an attitude beside the little shop.

The residence of Mr. Dombey was, of course, at the west end, three miles, at least, from the wooden midshipman. "It was a large house on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street, in the region between Portland place and Bryanston square. It was a corner house . . . It was a house of dismal state, with a circular back to it, containing a whole suite of drawing-rooms, looking out upon a gravelled yard." There is a house at the northwest corner of Queen Anne and Mansfield streets, a short distance from the Langham hotel, which has been identified as that of Mr. Dombey, and it certainly answers the description remarkably well. The "tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street," the "dismal state," and, above all, "the

circular back," a feature which I failed to discover in any other corner house in all this fashionable quarter, seemed to prove pretty conclusively that this was the identical house where little Paul died, where Florence spent her dreary, unloved girlhood, and where, at last, in ruin and disgrace, her father's pride broke down.

Not far from Mr. Dombey's, at the corner of two other "dreadfully genteel streets," is the "eminently aristocratic mansion" which our genial friend, Mr. Boffin occupied after he had decided to "go in, neck and crop, for fashion." It is at the corner of Wimpole and Weymouth streets—"a trifle high and dull," Mr. Boffin thought it; but that, he supposed, might be a part of the "eminently aristocratic." Under its walls, before his occupancy, Mr. Silas Wegg, the "literary man with a wooden leg," had set up his street stand, assuming a sort of proprietorship in the house and its imaginary inmates, "Miss Elizabeth," "Aunt Jane," "Master George" and "Uncle Parker."

Dickens never created a lovelier character than Little Dorrit, and no spot in London possessed more interest for me than the narrow, dingy alley in South-



MARSH MILL, HENLEY.

wark, where may still be seen some vestiges of the old Marshalsea prison. You may reach it by walking southward from London bridge along the Burrough High street. On the way, you pass, on the left, the old White Hart inn, where Mr. Pickwick found Sam Weller, and the Tabard, from which Chaucer and his companion

pilgrims set out for Canterbury more than five hundred years ago. I had visited the White Hart some years before, and been delighted to find still standing some portions of the ancient galleries which surrounded its courtyard. They have now been completely swept away, and the White Hart, like the Tabard, the

Angel, and nearly all the historic old inns of London, has been transformed into a commonplace public house, containing nothing either picturesque or interesting. A little farther on rises prominently into view St. George's church, where Little Dorrit was baptized; where, in the early morning, after having been locked out of the prison and compelled to walk the streets all night with Maggie, she slept, by the sexton's kindness, in the vestry, with her head resting on the register of deaths, and where she was finally married to Arthur Clennam. Just before reach-

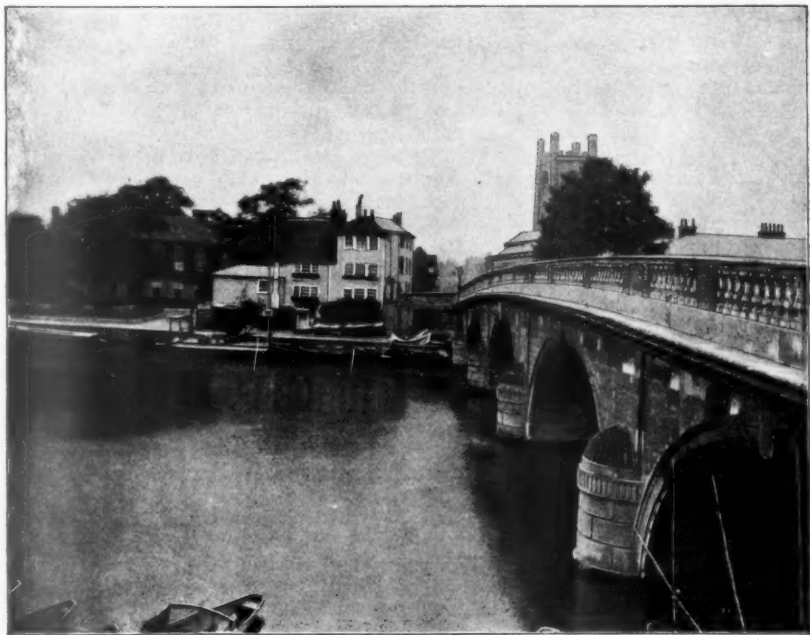


MR. BOFFIN'S HOUSE.

ing the church, and on the same side, you may discover, what would surely escape your attention were you not looking sharply for it, a low, arched passage, not much wider than an ordinary door, bearing the name "Angel Place." Anything less angelic than the very narrow court in which you find yourself on stepping through the arch, would be difficult to conceive. On the left is a row of low hovels, about whose doors the dirtiest and raggedest of children are tumbling in the mire, while on the right rises a high wall of black, dingy brick, containing some small barred windows, so dirty as to be absolutely impervious to light. To this wall is attached a placard, stating that this was the "site of the old Marshalsea prison, immortalized by Charles Dickens in *Little Dorrit*."

Every reader of Dickens must have been struck with the particularly clear and definite description of the scenes connected with the attempted murder of Eugene Wrayburn in *Our Mutual Friend*. The author nowhere names the place, but, beyond question, it is Henley.

After getting my bearings, I set out to follow, as closely as possible, the narrative as the novelist presents it. Just here the river is flowing nearly northward and the town is on the west bank. At the southern end of the village a wicket gate opens upon the towpath. Following this up stream perhaps half a mile, I came to the paper mill—Marsh mill, it is called—where Lizzie Hexam worked. The first description of the place occurs in connection with the death of poor old Betty Higden. "There now arose in the darkness a great building full of lighted windows. Smoke was issuing from a high chimney in the rear of it and there was the sound of a water-wheel at the side. Between her and the building lay a piece of water in which the lighted windows were reflected, and on its nearest margin was a plantation of trees." Here, the poor old woman, clinging to her purpose to keep clear of "the parish" to the last, was found dying on the river bank by Lizzie Hexam, returning from her work at the mill. Here she died in Lizzie's arms, happy in the assurance that "the parish,"



HENLEY BRIDGE AND THE ANGEL INN.



THE RED LION INN, HENLEY.

which had never touched her living, should not be permitted to touch, or even to look upon her, dead. For, tightly clasped in her bosom was the little hoard she had saved up for her burial. Betty's death must have occurred on the towpath a few rods from the mill in the direction of Henley. It was on this same towpath that Lizzie and Eugene held that memorable parting interview while the murderous Bradley Headstone, disguised as a bargeman, lurked near by. Separating here, Eugene stood for a time in meditation, while Lizzie walked rapidly away. One who recently investigated the subject thinks Lizzie walked toward the mill, crossed the river by the long slanting foot bridge and the gates of Marsh lock, and returned to the town along the east bank. Reading the story on the spot, I cannot so understand it. One objection, discovered in attempting to follow that course, is that Lizzie could not have taken it without committing a trespass, for there is no passage from the lock into the public road leading back to the town on the east bank, except

a path through grounds which are strictly private. Admitting this to be no insuperable difficulty, it seems clear to me that she returned directly to the town, but, desiring—as the author tells us—a little more time to compose herself before appearing at her lodgings, crossed the stone bridge and continued along the eastern bank for some distance. Eugene, having promised not to follow, or even to keep her in sight, stood for a time where she left him, then strolled on toward the mill. At length, however, he turned, almost colliding as he did so with the pretended bargeman, and walked slowly back toward his hotel. “He passed the sheep and passed the gate and came within hearing of the village sounds and came to the bridge. The inn where he stayed, like the village and the mill, was not across the river, but on that side of the stream on which he walked.” It was clearly the Red Lion inn, which is immediately below the bridge and was now directly before him. “But feeling out of humor for company he crossed the bridge and saun-



tered on." Unconsciously following Lizzie, he walked now along the towpath on the eastern bank, still going in the direction of the current. He had, however, gone but a little way beyond the bridge, and was nearly opposite his hotel, when the murderous attack took place and his mangled but still breathing body was thrown into the river. Lizzie Hexam, who by this time had turned to come back to her lodgings, heard the blows and the splash, hurried to the spot, saw the blood stains on the grass and the drifting face in the river, leaped into a boat, pulled out into the stream, caught the floating form, and, as she recognized the battered face, "the shores rang with the terrible cry she uttered." How she got him to the shore and into the inn is a familiar story to all lovers of Dickens. Nor will they forget the marriage of Lizzie and Eugene, which took place here while he hovered between life and death. The description fits the

a large rambling structure of red brick well covered with ivy. It was famous in the old coaching days, and it is now a favorite resort for anglers and boating men, while on regatta days, it swarms with the gay world and its "little patch of lawn" is the favorite standpoint from which to witness the contests. It was very quiet on the day of my visit, and I lunched in solitary state in the low-ceiled coffee-room, looking out upon the river and attended by a solemn waiter whom Dickens would have delighted to sketch. It was upon one of the windows of this inn that Shenstone wrote the lines :

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Besides the Red Lion, there are two or three small old-fashioned inns—among them the Angel, immediately above the bridge, and the Anchor, in a street run-



THE ANCHOR INN, HENLEY.

scene in all respects. "The patch of inn lawn sloping down to the water," where Lizzie landed, and whence she carried her stunned and bleeding lover into the house, is a small patch, but it is there, separated from the house by a driveway and now bordered with pleasure boats. The inn is

ning back from the river. It was at one of these—probably the latter—that Mr. Roke-smith and Bella, and Mr. and Mrs. Milvey and Sloppy stayed when they came to attend the funeral of Betty Higden, what time began a better understanding between the hero and heroine of the story.

There is a quaint little parish church at Henley, with a row of prim little almshouses behind it, provided, by the will of some departed worthy, for a certain number of little old ladies. There is a broad street of little shops, and there is some great man's splendid mansion looking down from the heights. There are numerous neat and tasty—and some elegant—houseboats moored in shady spots along the river banks and under the shelter of the little island just above the town. There are young men, in the nattiest of white flannel *négligé*, rowing gracefully and blissfully along the stream, whispering soft nothings to pretty girls in the most stunning of broad-brimmed hats, who recline bewitchingly in the stern-sheets and manipulate the tiller ropes. There are

other young men, alone in their boats in some quiet spot, ostensibly fishing, but really lolling on the boat-cushions, and smoking brierwood pipes. There are substantial British couples, moving up the river in row-boats, with the oars unshipped and a man walking briskly along the towpath, towing them with a long rope. There are men and women in pedestrian costume, pacing off the miles along the towpath, with the evident intention of "doing the Thames" on foot. There are stately country-seats on either bank, and there are tasteful cottages, half-buried in roses and honeysuckles, with well-kept lawns all about. These things are visible on a summer day to any eye. But to the lover of Dickens they are merely the setting of the picture.



MARSH LOCK.

## OMEGA:

### THE LAST DAYS OF THE WORLD.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

#### IV.

THE multitude stationed without the doors of the Instituté had made way for those coming out, every one being eager to learn the particulars of the session. Already the general result had in some way become known, for immediately after the speech of the director of the Paris observatory the rumor got abroad that the

collision with the comet would not entail consequences so serious as had been anticipated. Indeed, large posters had just been placarded throughout Paris, announcing the reopening of the Chicago stock exchange. This was an encouraging and unlooked for indication of the resumption of business and the revival of hope.

This is what had taken place. The financial magnate, whose abrupt exit will be remembered by the reader of these pages, after rolling like a ball from the top to the bottom row of the hemicycle, had rushed in an aéro-cab to his office on the boulevard St. Cloud, where he had telegraphed to his partner in Chicago that new computations had just been given out by the Instituté of France, that the gravity of the situation had been exaggerated, and that the resumption of business was imminent; he urged, therefore, the opening of the central American exchange at any cost and the purchase of every security offered, whatever its nature. When it is five o'clock at Paris it is eleven in the morning at Chicago. The financier received the despatch from his cousin while at breakfast. He found no difficulty in arranging for the reopening of the exchange and invested several millions in securities. The news of the resumption of business in Chicago had been at once made public, and although it was too late to repeat the same



THE SEA AT WORK.

game in Paris, it was possible to prepare new plans for the morrow. The public had innocently believed in a spontaneous and genuine revival of business in America, and this fact, together with the satisfactory impression made by the session of the Institute, was sufficient to rekindle the fires of hope.

No less interest, however, was manifested in the evening session, than in that of the afternoon, and but for the exertions of an extra detachment of the French guard it would have been impossible for those enjoying special privileges to gain admission. Night had come, and with it the flaming comet, larger, more brilliant, and more threatening than ever; and if, perhaps, one-half of the assembled multitude appeared somewhat tranquillized, the remaining half was still anxious and fearful.

The audience was substantially the same, every one being eager to know at first hand the issue of this general public discussion of the fate of the planet, conducted by accredited and eminent scientists, whether its destruction was to be the result of an extraordinary accident such as now threatened it, or of the natural process of decay. But it was noticed that the cardinal archbishop of Paris was absent, for he had been summoned suddenly to Rome by the pope to attend an oecumenical council, and had left that very evening by the Paris-Rome-Palermo-Tunis tube.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "the translation of the despatch received at the observatory of Gaurisankar from Mars has not yet arrived, but we shall open the session at once, in order to hear the important communications, previously announced, which the president of the geological society, and the permanent secretary of the academy of meteorology, have to make to us."

The former of these gentlemen was already at the desk. His remarks, stenographically reproduced by a young geologist of the new school, were as follows:

"The immense crowd gathered within these walls, the emotion I see depicted upon every face, the impatience with



ARCHIMEDES.

which you await the discussions yet to take place, all, gentlemen, would lead me to refrain from laying before you the opinion which I have formed from my own study of the problem which now excites the interest of the entire world, and to yield the platform to those gifted with an imagination or an audacity greater than mine. For, in my judgment, the end of the world is not at hand, and humanity will have to wait for it several million years—yes, gentlemen, I said *mill-*

*ions*, not thousands.

"You see that I am at this moment perfectly calm, and that, too, without laying any claim to the sang froid of Archimedes, who was slain by a Roman soldier at the siege of Syracuse while calmly tracing geometric figures upon the sand. Archimedes knew the danger and forgot it; I do not believe in any danger whatever.

"You will not then be surprised if I quietly submit to you the theory of a natural end of the world, by the gradual levelling of continents and their slow submergence beneath the invading waters; but I shall perhaps do better to postpone for a week this explanation, as I do not for an instant doubt that we may all, or nearly all, reassemble here to confer together upon the great epochs of the natural history of the world."

The orator paused for a moment. The president had risen: "My dear and honorable colleague," he said, "we are all here to listen to you. Happily, the panic of the last few days is partially allayed, and it is to be hoped that the night of July 13-14 will pass like its predecessors. Nevertheless, we are more than ever interested in all which has any bearing upon this great problem, and we shall listen to no one with greater pleasure than to the illustrious author of the classic Treatise on Geology."

"In that case, gentlemen," resumed the president of the geological society of France, "I shall explain to you what, in my judgment, will be the natural end of the world, if, as is probable, nothing disturbs the present course of events; for accidents are rare in the cosmical order.

Nature does not proceed by sudden leaps, and geologists do not believe in such revolutions or cataclysms; for they have learned that in the natural world everything is subject to a slow process of evolution. The geological agents now at work are permanent ones.

"The destruction of the globe by some great catastrophe is a dramatic conception; far more so, certainly, than that of the action of forces now in operation, though they threaten our planet with a destruction equally certain. Does not the stability of our continents seem permanent? Except through the intervention of some new agency, how is it possible to doubt the durability of this earth which has supported so many generations before our own, and whose monuments, of the greatest antiquity, prove that if they have come down to us in a state of ruin, it is not because the soil has refused to support them, but because they have suffered from the ravages of time and especially from the hand of man? The oldest historical traditions show us rivers flowing in the same beds as today, mountains rising to the same height; and as for the few river-mouths which have become obstructed, the few land-slides which have occurred here and there, their importance is so slight relatively to the enormous extent of the continents, that it seems gratuitous indeed to seek here the omens of a final catastrophe.

"Such might be the reasoning of one who casts a superficial and indifferent glance upon the external world. But the conclusions of one accustomed to scrutinize closely the apparently insignificant changes taking place about him would be quite different. At every step, however little skilled in observation, he will discover the traces of a perpetual conflict between the external powers of nature and all which rises above the inflexible level of the ocean in whose depths reign silence and repose. Here, the sea beats furiously against the shore, which

recedes slowly from century to century. Elsewhere, mountain masses have fallen, engulfing in a few moments entire villages and desolating smiling valleys. Or, the tropical rains, assailing the volcanic cones, have furrowed them with deep ravines and undermined their walls, so that at last nothing but ruins of these giants remain."

"More silent, but not less efficacious, has been the action of the great rivers, as the Ganges and the Mississippi, whose waters are so heavily laden with solid particles in suspension. Each of these small particles, which trouble the limpidity of their liquid carrier, is a fragment torn from the shores washed by these rivers. Slowly



STREAM EROSION.



but surely their currents bear to the great reservoir of the sea every atom lost to the soil, and the bars which form their deltas are as nothing compared with what the sea receives and hides away in its abysses. How can any reflecting person, observing this action, and knowing that it has been going on for many centuries, escape the conclusion that the rivers, like the ocean, are indeed preparing the final ruin of the habitable world?

"Geology confirms this conclusion in every particular. It shows us that the surface of the soil is being constantly altered over entire continents by variations of temperature, by alternations of drought and humidity, of freezing and thawing, as also by the incessant action of worms and of plants. Hence, a continuous process of dissolution, leading even to the disintegration of the most compact rocks, reducing them to fragments small enough to yield at last to the attraction of gravity, especially when this is aided by running water. Thus they travel, first down the slopes and along the torrent beds, where their angles are worn away and they become little by little transformed into gravel, sand and ooze; then in the rivers which are still able, especially at flood-times, to carry away this broken up material, and to bear it nearer and nearer to their outlets.

"It is easy to predict what must necessarily be the final result of this action. Gravity, always acting, will not be satisfied until every particle subject to its law has attained the most stable position conceivable. Now, such will be the case only when matter is in the lowest position possible. Every surface must therefore disappear, except the surface of the ocean, which is the goal of every agency of motion; and the material born away from the crumbling continents must in the end be spread over the bottom of the sea. In brief, the final outcome will be the complete levelling of the land, or, more exactly, the disappearance of every prominence from the surface of the earth.

"In the first place, we readily see that near the river mouths the final form of the dry land will be that of nearly horizontal plains. The effect of the erosion produced by running water will be the formation on the watersheds of a series of sharp ridges succeeded by almost abso-

lutely horizontal plains, between which no final difference in height greater than fifty meters can exist.

"But in no case can these sharp ridges, which, on this hypothesis, will separate the basins, continue long; for gravity and the action of the wind, filtration and change of temperature, will soon obliterate them. It is thus legitimate to conclude that the end of this erosion of the continents will be their reduction to an absolute level, a level differing but little from that at the river outlets."

The coadjutor of the archbishop of Paris, who occupied a seat in the tribune reserved for distinguished functionaries, rose, and, as the orator ceased speaking, added: "Thus will be fulfilled, to the letter, the words of holy writ: 'For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed.'"

"If, then," resumed the geologist, "nothing occurs to modify the reciprocal action of land and water, we cannot escape the conclusion that every continental elevation is inevitably destined to disappear.

"How much time will this require?

"The dry land, if spread out in a layer of uniform thickness, would constitute a



AT FLOOD-TIME.



plateau of about 700 meters altitude above the sea level. Admitting that its total area is 145,000,000 square kilometers, it follows that its volume is about 101,500,000, or, in round numbers, 100,000,000 cubic kilometers. Such is the large, yet definite mass, with which the external agencies of destruction must contend.

"Taken together, the rivers of the world may be considered as emptying, every year, into the sea 23,000 cubic kilometers of water (in other words, 23,000 milliards of cubic meters). This would give a volume of solid matter carried yearly to the sea, equal to 10.43 cubic kilometers, if we accept the established ratio of thirty-eight parts of suspended material in 100,000 parts of water. The ratio of this amount to the total volume of the dry land is one to 9,730,000. If the dry land were a level plateau of 700 meters altitude, it would lose, by fluid erosion alone, a slice of about *seven one-hundredths of a millimeter in thickness yearly*, or one millimeter every fourteen years—say *seven millimeters per century*.

"Here we have a definite figure, expressing the actual yearly continental erosion, showing that, if only this erosion were to operate, the entire mass of unsubmerged land would disappear in *less than 10,000,000 years*.

"But rain and rivers are not the only agencies; there are other factors, which contribute to the gradual destruction of the dry land:

"First, there is the erosion of the sea. It is impossible to select a better example of this than the *Britannic isles*; for they are exposed, by their situation, to the onslaught of the Atlantic, whose billows, driven by the prevailing southwest wind, meet with no obstacle to their progress. Now, the average recession of the English coast is certainly less than three meters per century. Let us apply this rate to the sea coasts of the world, and see what will happen.

"We may proceed in two ways: First, we may estimate the loss in volume for the entire coast-line of the world, on the basis of three centimeters per year. To do this, we should have to know the length of the shore-line and the mean height of the coast. The former is about 200,000 kilometers. As to the present average height of the coasts above the sea, 100

meters would certainly be a liberal estimate. Hence, a recession of three centimeters corresponds to an annual loss of three cubic meters per running meter, or, for the 200,000 kilometers of coast-line, 600,000,000 cubic meters, which is only six-tenths of a cubic kilometer. In other words, the erosion due to the sea would only amount to one-seventeenth that of the rivers.

"It may perhaps be objected, that, as the altitude actually increases from the coast-line toward the interior, the same rate of recession would, in time, involve a greater loss in volume. Is this objection well founded? No; for the tendency of the rain and water-courses being, as we have said, to lower the surface-level, this action would keep pace with that of the sea.

"Again, the area of the dry land being 145,000,000 square kilometers, a circle of equal area would have a radius of 6800 kilometers. But the circumference of this circle would be only 40,000 kilometers; that is to say, the sea could exercise upon the circle but one-fifth the erosive action which it actually does upon the indented outline of our shores. We may, therefore, admit that the erosive action of the sea upon the dry land is *five times greater* than it would be upon an equivalent circular area. Certainly this estimate is a maximum; for it is logical to suppose that, when the narrow peninsulas have been eaten away by the sea, the ratio of the perimeter to the surface will decrease more and more—that is, the action of the sea will be less effective. In any event, since, at the rate of three centimeters per year, a radius of 6800 kilometers would disappear in 226,600,000 years, one-fifth of this interval, or about 45,000,000 years, would represent the minimum time necessary for the destruction of the land by the sea; this would correspond to an intensity of action scarcely more than *one-fifth* that of the rivers and rain.

"Taken together, these mechanical causes would, therefore, involve every year a loss in volume of twelve cubic kilometers, which, for a total of 100,000,000, would bring about the complete submergence of the dry land in a little more than 8,000,000 years.

"But we are far from having exhausted our analysis of the phenomena in ques-

tion. Water is not only a mechanical agent; it is also a powerful dissolvent, far more powerful than we might suppose, because of the large amount of carbonic acid which it absorbs either from the atmosphere or from the decomposed organic matter of the soil. All subterraneous water becomes charged with substances which it has thus chemically abstracted from the minerals of the rocks through which it percolates.

"River water contains, per cubic kilometer, about 182 tons of matter in solution. The rivers of the world bring yearly to the sea, nearly *five cubic kilometers* of such matter. The annual loss to the dry land, therefore, from these various causes, is *seventeen* instead of twelve cubic kilometers; so that the total of 100,000,000 would disappear, not in eight, but in *a little less than six million years*.

"This figure must be still further modified. For we must not forget that the sediment thus brought to the sea and displacing a certain amount of water, will cause a rise of the sea-level, accelerating by just so much the levelling process due to the wearing away of the continents.

"It is easy to estimate the effect of this new factor. Indeed, for a given thickness lost by the plateau heretofore assumed, the sea-level must rise by an amount corresponding to the volume of the submarine deposit, which must exactly equal that of the sediment brought down. Calculation shows that, in round numbers, the loss in volume will be *twenty-four cubic kilometers*.

"Having accounted for an annual loss of twenty-four cubic kilometers, are we now in a position to conclude what time will be necessary for the complete disappearance of the dry land, always supposing the indefinite continuance of present conditions?

"Certainly, gentlemen; for, after examining the objection which might be made apropos of volcanic eruptions, we find that the latter aid rather than retard the disintegrating process.

"We believe, therefore, that we may fearlessly accept the above estimate of twenty-four cubic kilometers, as a basis of calculation; and as this figure is contained 4,166,666 times in 100,000,000, which represents the volume of the continents, we are authorized to infer that under the *sole*

*action of forces now in operation*, provided no other movements of the soil occur, *the dry land will totally disappear within a period of about 4,000,000 years*.

"But this disappearance, while interesting to a geologist or a thinker, is not an event which need cause the present generation any anxiety. Neither our children nor our grandchildren will be in a position to detect to any sensible degree its progress.

"If I may be permitted, therefore, to close these remarks with a somewhat fanciful suggestion, I will add that it would be assuredly the acme of foresight to build today a new ark, in which we may escape the consequences of this coming universal deluge."

Such was the learnedly developed thesis of the president of the geological society of France. His calm and moderate statement of the secular action of natural forces, opening up a future of 4,000,000 years of life, had allayed the apprehensions excited by the comet. The audience had become wonderfully tranquillized. No sooner had the orator left the platform and received the congratulations of his colleagues than an animated conversation began on every side. A sort of peace took possession of every mind. People talked of the end of the world as they would of the fall of a ministry, or the coming of the swallows,—dispassionately and disinterestedly. A fatality put off 40,000 centuries does not really affect us at all.

But the permanent secretary of the academy of meteorology had just ascended the tribune, and every one gave him at once the strictest attention:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am about to lay before you a theory diametrically opposed to that of my eminent colleague of the Institute, yet based upon facts no less definite and a process of reasoning no less rigorous.

"Yes, gentlemen, diametrically opposed"—

The orator, gifted with an excellent voice, had perceived the disappointment settling upon every face.

"Oh," he said, "opposed, not as regards the time which nature allots to the existence of humanity, but as to the manner in which the world will come to an end; for I also believe in a future of several million years.



THE WATERS COVERING THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

"Only, instead of seeing the subsidence and complete submergence of the land beneath the invading waters, I foresee, on the contrary, death by drouth, and the gradual diminution of the present water supply of the earth. Some day there will be no more ocean, no more clouds, no more rain, no more springs, no more moisture, and vegetable as well as animal life will perish, not by drowning, *but through lack of water.*

"On the earth's surface, indeed, the water of the sea, of the rivers, of the clouds, and of the springs, is decreasing. Without going far in search of examples, I would remind you, gentlemen, that in former times, at the beginning of the quaternary period, the site now occupied by Paris, with its 9,000,000 of inhabitants, from Mount Saint-Germain to Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, was almost entirely occupied by water; only the hill of Passy at Montmartre and Pere-Lachaise, and the plateau of Montrouge at the Panthéon and Villejuif emerged above this immense liquid sheet. The altitudes of these plateaus have not increased, there have been no upheavals; it is the water which has diminished in volume.

"It is so in every country of the world, and the cause is easy to assign. A certain quantity of water, very small, it is true, in proportion to the whole, but not negligible, percolates through the soil, either below the sea bottoms by crevices, fissures and openings due to submarine eruptions, or on the dry land; for not all the rain-water falls upon impermeable soil. In general, that which is not evaporated, returns to the sea by springs, rivulets, streams and rivers; but for this there must be a bed of clay, over which it may follow the slopes. Wherever this impermeable soil is lacking, it continues its descent by infiltration and saturates the rocks below. This is the water encountered in quarries.

"This water is lost to general circulation. It enters into chemical combination and constitutes the hydrates. If it penetrates far enough, it attains a temperature sufficient for its transformation into steam, and such is generally the origin of volcanoes and earthquakes. But, within the soil, as in the open air, a sensible proportion of the water in circulation becomes changed into hydrates, and even

into oxides ; there is nothing like humidity for the rapid formation of rust. Thus recombined, the elements of water, hydrogen and oxygen, disappear as water. Thermal waters also constitute another interior system of circulation ; they are derived from the surface, but they do not return there, nor to the sea. The surface water of the earth, either by entering into new combinations, or by penetrating the lower rock-strata, is diminishing, and it will diminish more and more as the earth's heat is dissipated. The heat-wells which have been dug within a hundred years, in the neighborhood of the principal cities of the world, and which afford the heat necessary for domestic purposes, will become exhausted as the internal temperature diminishes. The day will come when the earth will be cold to its center, and that day will be coincident with the almost total disappearance of water.

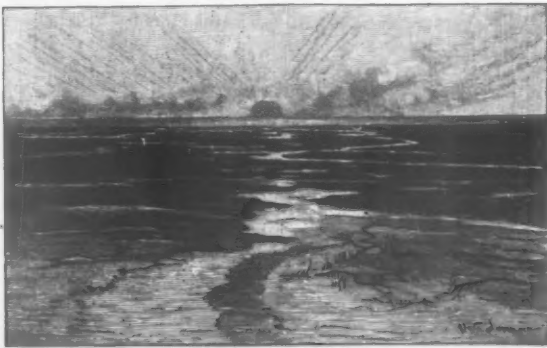
"For that matter, gentlemen, this is likely to be the fate of several bodies in our solar system. Our neighbor the moon, whose volume and mass are far inferior to those of the earth, has grown cold more rapidly, and has traversed more quickly the phases of its astral life ; its ancient ocean-beds, on which we, today, recognize the indubitable traces of water action, are entirely dry ; there is no evidence of any kind of evaporation ; no cloud has been discovered, and the spectroscope reveals no indication of the presence of the vapor of water. On the other hand, the planet Mars, also smaller than the earth, has beyond a doubt reached a more advanced phase of development, and it is known not to possess a single

body of water worthy of the name of ocean, but only inland seas of medium extent and slight depth, united with each other by canals. That there is less water on Mars than on the earth is a fact proved by observation ; clouds are far less numerous, the atmosphere is much dryer, evaporation and condensation take place with greater rapidity, and the polar snows show variations, depending upon the season, much more extensive than those which take place upon the earth. Again, the planet Venus, younger than the earth, is surrounded by an immense atmosphere, constantly filled with clouds. As for the large planet Jupiter, we can only make out, as it were, an immense accumulation of vapors. Thus, the four worlds of which we know the most, confirm, each in its own way, the theory of a secular decrease in the amount of the earth's water.

"I am very happy to say in this connection that the theory of a general levelling process, maintained by my learned colleague, is confirmed by the present condition of the planet Mars. That eminent geologist told us a few moments ago, that, owing to the continuous action of rivers, plains almost horizontal would constitute the final form of the earth's surface. This is what has already happened in the case of Mars. The beaches near the sea are so flat that they are easily and frequently inundated, as every one knows. From season to season hundreds of thousands of square kilometers are alternately exposed or covered by a thin layer of water. This is notably the case on the western shores of the Kaiser sea. On

the moon this levelling process has not taken place. There was not time enough for it ; before its consummation, the air, the wind and the water had vanished.

"It is then certain that, while the earth is destined to undergo a process of levelling, as my eminent colleague has so clearly explained, it will at the same time gradually lose the water which it now possesses. To all appearances, the



THE RIVERS CEASE TO FLOW.

latter process is now going on more rapidly than the former. As the earth loses its internal heat and becomes cold, crevasses will undoubtedly form, as in the case of the moon. The complete extinction of terrestrial heat will result in contractions, in the formation of hollow spaces below the surface, and the contents of the oceans will flow into these hollows, without being changed into vapor, and will be either absorbed or combined with the metallic rocks, in the form of ferric hydrates. The amount of water will thus go on diminishing indefinitely, and finally totally disappear. Plants, deprived of their essential constituent, will become transformed, but must at last perish.

"The animal species will also become modified, but there will always be herbivora and carnivora, and the extinction of the former will involve, inevitably, that of the latter; and at last, the human race itself, notwithstanding its power of adaptation, will die of hunger and of thirst, on the bosom of a dried-up world.

"I conclude, therefore, gentlemen, that the end of the world will not be brought about by a new deluge, but by the loss of its water. Without water terrestrial life is impossible; water constitutes the chief constituent of every living thing. It is present in the human body in the enormous proportion of seventy per cent. Without it, neither plants nor animals can exist. Either as a liquid, or in a state of vapor, it is the condition of life. Its suppression would be the death-warrant of humanity, and this death-warrant nature will serve upon us a dozen million years hence. I will add that this will take place before the completion of the erosion explained by the president of the geological society of France; for he, himself, was careful to note that the period of 4,000,000 years was dependent upon the hypothesis that the causes now in operation continued to act as they do today; and, furthermore, he, himself, admits that the manifestations of internal energy cannot immediately cease. Upheavals, at various points, will occur for a long period, and the growth of the land area from such causes as the

formation of deltas, and volcanic and coral islands, will still go on for some time. The period which he indicated, therefore, represents only the minimum."

Such was the address of the permanent secretary of the academy of meteorology. The audience had listened with the deepest attention to both speakers, and it was evident, from its bearing, that it was fully reassured concerning the fate of the world; it seemed even to have altogether forgotten the existence of the comet.

"The president of the physical society of France has the floor."

At this invitation, a young woman, elegantly dressed in the most perfect taste, ascended the tribune.

"My two learned colleagues," she began, without further preamble, "are both right; for, on the one hand, it is impos-



THE NILE.

sible to deny that meteorological agents, with the assistance of gravity, are working insensibly to level the world, whose crust is ever thickening and solidifying; and, on the other hand, the amount of water on the surface of our planet is decreasing from century to century. These two facts may be considered as scientifically established. But, gentlemen, it does not seem to me that the end of the world will be due to either the submergence of the continents, or to an insufficient supply of water for plant and animal life."

This new declaration, this announcement of a third hypothesis, produced in the audience an astonishment bordering upon stupor.

"Nor do I believe," the graceful orator hastened to add, "that the final catastrophe can be set down to the comet, for I agree with my two eminent predecessors, that worlds do not die by accident, but of old age.

"Yes, doubtless, gentlemen," she continued, "the water will grow less, and, perhaps, in the end totally disappear; yet,



it is not this lack of water which in itself will bring about the end of things, but its climatic consequences. The decrease in the amount of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere will lead to a general lowering of the temperature, and humanity will perish *with cold*.

"I need inform no one here that the atmosphere we breathe is composed of seventy-nine per cent. of nitrogen and twenty per cent. of oxygen, and that of the remaining one per cent. about one-half is aqueous vapor and three ten-thousandths is carbonic acid, the remainder being ozone, or electrified oxygen, ammonia, hydrogen and a few other gases, in exceedingly small quantities. Nitrogen and oxygen, then, form ninety-nine per cent. of the atmosphere, and the vapor of water one-half the remainder.

"But, gentlemen, from the point of view of vegetable and animal life, this half of one per cent. of aqueous vapor is of supreme importance, and, so far as temperature and climate are concerned, I do not hesitate to assert that it is more essential than all the rest of the atmosphere.

"The heat waves, coming from the sun to the earth, which warm the soil and are thence returned and scattered through the atmosphere into space, in their passage through the air meet with the oxygen and nitrogen atoms and with the molecules of aqueous vapor. These molecules are so thinly scattered (for they occupy but the hundredth part of the space occupied by the others), that one might infer that the retention of any heat whatever is due rather to the nitrogen and oxygen than to the aqueous vapor. Indeed, if we consider the atoms alone, we find two hundred oxygen and nitrogen atoms for one of aqueous vapor. Well, this one atom has eighty times more energy, more effective power to retain radiant heat, than the two hundred others; consequently, a molecule of the vapor of water is 16,000 times more effective than a molecule of dry air, in absorbing and in radi-

ating heat—for these two properties are reciprocally proportional.

"To diminish by any great amount the number of these invisible molecules of the vapor of water, is to immediately render the earth uninhabitable, notwithstanding its oxygen; even the equatorial and tropical regions will suddenly lose their heat and will be condemned to the cold of mountain summits covered with perpetual snow and frost; in place of luxurious plants, of flowers and fruits, of birds and nests, of the life which swarms in the sea and upon the land, instead of murmuring brooks and limpid rivers, of lakes and seas, we shall be surrounded only by ice in the midst of a vast desert—and when I say *we*, gentlemen, you understand we shall not linger long as witnesses, for the very blood would freeze in our veins and arteries, and every human heart would soon cease to beat. Such would be the consequences of the suppression of this half hundredth part of aqueous vapor which, disseminated through the atmosphere, beneficently protects and preserves all terrestrial life as in a hot-house.

"The principles of thermodynamics prove that the temperature of space is 273° below zero. And this, gentlemen, is the more than glacial cold in which our planet will sleep when it shall have lost this airy garment in whose sheltering warmth it is today enwrapped. Such is the fate with which the gradual loss of the earth's water threatens the world, and this death by cold will be inevitably ours, if our earthly sojourn is long enough.

"This end is all the more certain, because not only the aqueous vapor is diminishing, but also the oxygen and nitrogen, in brief, the entire atmosphere. Little by

little the oxygen becomes fixed in the various oxides which are constantly forming on the earth's surface; this is the case also with the nitrogen, which disappears in the soil and vegetation, never wholly regaining a gaseous state; and the atmosphere penetrates by its



NO MORE WATER.





THE LADY PRESIDENT OF THE PHYSICAL SOCIETY ADDRESSING THE INSTITUTE.

weight into the land and sea, descending into subterranean depths. Little by little, from century to century, it grows less. Once, as for example in the early primary period, it was of vast extent; the earth was almost wholly covered by water, only the first granite upheaval broke the surface of the universal ocean, and the atmosphere was saturated with a quantity of aqueous vapor immeasurably greater than that it now holds. This is the explanation of the high temperature of those bygone days, when the tropical plants of our time, the tree ferns, such as the calamites, the equisetaceae, the sigillaria and the lepidodendrons flourished as luxuriously at the poles as at the equator. Today, both the atmosphere and aqueous vapor have considerably diminished in amount. In the future they are destined to disappear. Jupiter, which is still in its primary period, possesses an immense atmosphere full of vapors. The moon does not appear to have any at all, so that the temperature is always below the freezing point, even in the sunlight, and the atmosphere of Mars is sensibly rarer than ours.

"As to the time which must elapse before this reign of cold caused by the diminution of the aqueous atmosphere which surrounds the globe, I also would adopt the period of 10,000,000 years, as estimated by the speaker who preceded me. Such, ladies, are the stages of world-life which nature seems to have marked out, at least

for the planetary system to which we belong. I conclude, therefore, that the fate of the earth will be the same as that of the moon, and that when it loses the airy garment which now guarantees it against the loss of the heat received from the sun, it will perish with cold."

At this point the chancellor of the Columbian academy, who had come that very day from Bogota by an electric air-ship to participate in the discussion, requested permission to speak. It was known that he had founded on the very equator itself, at an enormous altitude, an observatory overlooking the entire planet, from which one might see both the celestial poles at the same time, and which he had named in honor of a French astronomer who had devoted his whole life to making known his favorite science and to establishing its great philosophical importance. He was received with marked sympathy and attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, on reaching the desk, "in these two sessions we have had an admirable resumé of the curious theories which modern science is in a position to offer us, upon the various ways in which our world may come to an end. The burning of the atmosphere, or suffocation caused by the shock of the rapidly approaching comet; the submergence of the continents in the far future beneath the sea; the drying up of the earth as a result of the gradual loss of its water; and

finally, the freezing of our unhappy planet, grown old as the decaying and frozen moon. Here, if I mistake not, are five distinct possible ends.

"The director of the observatory has announced that he does not believe in the first two, and that in his opinion a collision with the comet will have only insignificant results. I agree with him in every respect, and I now wish to add, after listening attentively to the learned addresses of my distinguished colleagues, that I do not believe in the other three either.

"Ladies," continued the Columbian astronomer, "you know as well as we do that nothing is eternal. In the bosom of nature all is change. The buds of the spring burst into flowers, the flowers in their turn become fruit, the generations succeed each other, and life accomplishes its mission. So the world which we inhabit will have its end as it has had its beginning, but neither the comet, nor water, nor the lack of water are to cause its death agony. To my mind the whole question hangs upon a single word in the closing sentence of the very remarkable address which has just been made by our gracious colleague, the president of the physical society.

"The sun! Yes, here is the key to the whole problem.

"Terrestrial life depends upon its rays. I say depends upon them—life is a form of solar energy. It is the sun which maintains water in a liquid state, and the atmosphere in a gaseous one; without it all would be solid and lifeless; it is the sun which draws water from the sea, the lakes, the rivers, the moist soil; which forms the clouds and sets the air in motion; which produces rain and controls the fruitful circulation of the water; thanks to the solar light and heat, the plants assimilate the carbon contained in the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and in separating the oxygen from the carbon and appropriating the latter the plant performs a great work; to this conversion of solar into vital energy, as well as to the shade of the thick-leaved trees, is due the freshness of the forests; the wood which blazes on our hearthstones does but render up to us its store of solar heat, and when we consume gas or coal today, we are only setting free the rays imprisoned millions of years ago in the forests of the primary age.

Electricity itself is but a form of energy whose original source is the sun. It is, then, the sun which murmurs in the brook, which whispers in the wind, which moans in the tempest, which blossoms in the rose, which trills in the throat of the nightingale, which gleams in the lightning, which thunders in the storm, which sings or wails in the vast symphony of nature.

"Thus the solar heat is changed into air or water currents, into the expansive force of gases and vapors, into electricity, into woods, flowers, fruits and muscular energy. So long as this brilliant star supplies us with sufficient heat the continuance of the world and of life is assured.

"The probable cause of the heat of the sun is the condensation of the nebula in which this central body of our system had its origin. This conversion of mechanical energy must have produced 28,000,000 degrees centigrade. You know gentlemen, that a kilogram of coal, falling from an infinite distance to the sun, would produce, by its impact, six thousand times more heat than by its combustion. At the present rate of radiation, this supply of heat accounts for the emission of thermal energy for a period of 22,000,000 years, and it is probable that the sun has been burning far longer, for there is nothing to prove that the elements of the nebula were absolutely cold; on the contrary they themselves were originally a source of heat. The temperature of this great day-star does not seem to have fallen any; for its condensation is still going on, and it may make good the loss by radiation. Nevertheless, everything has an end. If at some future stage of condensation the sun's density should equal that of the earth, this condensation would yield a fresh amount of heat sufficient to maintain for 17,000,000 years the same temperature which now sustains terrestrial life, and this period may be prolonged if we admit a diminution in the rate of radiation, a fall of meteorites, or a further condensation resulting in a density greater than that of the earth. But, however far we put off the end, it must come at last. The suns which are extinguished in the heavens, offer so many examples of the fate reserved for our own luminary; and in certain years such tokens of death are numerous.

"But in that long period of seventeen or twenty million years, or more, who can say what the marvellous power of adaptation, which physiology and paleontology have revealed in every variety of animal and vegetable life, may not do for humanity, leading it, step by step, to a state of physical and intellectual perfection as far above ours, as ours is above that of the *ignuanodon*, the *stegosaurus* and the *compsognathus*? Who can say that our fossil remains will not appear to our successors as monstrous as those of the dinosaurs? Perhaps the stability of temperature of that future time may make it seem doubtful whether any really intel-

The time will come when the circulation, which now supplies the photosphere, and makes the central mass a reservoir of radiant energy, will be obstructed and will slacken. The radiation of heat and light will then diminish, and vegetable and animal life will be more and more restricted to the earth's equatorial regions. When this circulation shall have ceased, the brilliant photosphere will be replaced by a dark opaque crust which will prevent all luminous radiation. The sun will become a dark red ball, then a black one, and night will be perpetual. The moon, which shines only by reflection, will no longer illumine the lonely nights. Our planet will receive

no light but that of the stars. The solar heat having vanished, the atmosphere will remain undisturbed, and an absolute calm, unbroken by any breath of air, will reign.

"If the oceans still exist they will be frozen ones, no evaporation will form clouds, no rain will fall, no stream will flow. Perhaps, as has been observed in the case of stars on the eve of extinction, some last flare of the expiring torch, some accidental development of heat, due to the falling in of the sun's crust, will give us back for a while the old-time sun, but this will only be the precursor of the end; and the earth, a dark ball, a frozen tomb, will continue to revolve about the black sun, travelling through an endless night and hurrying away with all the solar system into the abysses of

space. *It is to the extinction of the sun that the earth will owe its death, twenty, perhaps forty million years hence.*"

The speaker ceased, and was about to leave the platform, when the director of the academy of fine arts begged to be heard:

"Gentlemen," he said, from his chair, if I have understood rightly, the end of the world will in any case result from cold, and only several million years hence. If, then, a painter should endeavor to represent the last day, he ought to shroud the earth in ice, and cover it with skeletons."



PERISHING FROM COLD.

ligent race could have existed in an epoch subjected, as ours is, to such erratic variations of temperature, to the capricious changes of weather which characterize our seasons. And, who knows if before that time some immense cataclysm, some general change may not bury the past in new geological strata and inaugurate new periods, quinquennial, sexsennial, differing totally from the preceding ones?

"One thing is certain, that the sun will finally lose its heat; it is condensing and contracting, and its fluidity is decreasing.

"Not exactly," replied the Columbian chancellor. "It is not cold which produces glaciers,—it is *heat*."

"If the sun did not evaporate the sea water there would be no clouds, and but for the sun there would be no wind. For the formation of glaciers a sun is necessary, to vaporize the water and to transport it in clouds and then to condense it. Every kilogram of vapor formed represents a quantity of solar heat sufficient to raise five kilograms of cast iron to its fusing point (1110°.) By lessening the intensity of the sun's action we exhaust the glacier supply.

"So that it is not the snow, nor the glaciers which will cover the earth, but the frozen remnant of the sea. For a long time previously streams and rivers will have ceased to exist and every atmospheric current will have disappeared, unless indeed, before giving up the ghost, the sun shall have passed through one of those spasms to which we referred a moment ago, shall

have released the ice from sleep and have produced new clouds and aerial currents, re-awakened the springs, the brooks and the rivers, and after this momentary but deceitful awakening, shall have fallen back again into lethargy. That day will have no morrow."

Another voice, that of a celebrated electrician, was heard from the center of the hemicycle.

"All these theories of death by cold," he observed, "are plausible. But the end of the world by fire? This has been referred to only in connection with the comet. It may happen otherwise.

"Setting aside a possible sinking of the continents into the central fire, brought about by an earthquake on a large scale, or some widespread dislocation of the earth's crust, it seems to me that, without any collision, a superior will might arrest our planet midway in its course and transform its motion into heat."

"A will?" interrupted another voice.

"But positive science does not admit the possibility of miracles in nature."

"Nor I, either," replied the electrician. "When I say 'will,' I mean an ideal, invisible force. Let me explain.

"The earth is flying through space with a velocity of 106,000 kilometers per hour, or 29,460 meters per second. If some star, active or extinct, should emerge from space, so as to form with the sun a sort of electro-dynamic couple with our planet on its axis, acting upon it like a brake—if, in a word, for any reason, the earth should be suddenly arrested in its orbit, its mechanical energy would be changed into molecular motion, and its temperature would be suddenly raised to such a degree as to reduce it entirely to a gaseous state."

"Gentlemen," said the director of the Mont Blanc observatory, from his chair, "the earth might perish by fire in still another manner. We have lately seen in the sky a temporary star which, in a few weeks, passed from the sixteenth to the fourth



PRIMARY VEGETATION AT THE NORTH POLE.

magnitude. This distant sun had suddenly become 50,000 times hotter and more luminous. If such a fate should overtake our sun, nothing living would be left upon our planet. It is probable, from the study of the spectrum of the light emitted by this burning star, that the cause of this sudden conflagration was the entrance of this sun and its system into some kind of nebula. Our own sun is travelling with a frightful velocity in the direction of the constellation of Hercules, and may very well some day encounter an obstacle of this nature."

"To resume," continued the director of the Paris observatory, "after all we have just now heard, we see that our planet will be at a loss to choose among so many modes of death. I have as little fear now as before of any danger from the present comet. But it must be confessed that, solely from the point of view of the astronomer, this poor, wandering earth is exposed to more than one peril. The child born into this world, and destined to reach the age of maturity, may be compared to a person stationed at the entrance to a narrow street, one of those picturesque streets of the sixteenth century, lined with houses at whose every window is a marksman armed with a good weapon of the latest model. This person must traverse the entire length of the street, without being stricken down by the weapons levelled upon him at close range. Every disease which lies in wait and threatens us, is on hand: dentition, convulsion, croup, meningitis, measles, smallpox, typhoid fever, pneumonia, enteritis, brain fever, heart disease, consumption, diabetes, apoplexy, cholera, influenza, etc., etc., for we omit many, and our hearers will have no difficulty in supplementing this offhand enumeration. Will our unhappy traveller reach the end of the street safe and sound? If he does, it will only be to die, just the same.

"Thus our planet pursues its way along its heavenly path, with a speed of more than 100,000 kilometers per hour, and, at the same time, the sun hurries it on, with all the planets, toward the constellation of Hercules. Recapitulating what has just been said, and allowing for what may have been omitted: it may meet a comet



A WORLD OF ICE.

ten or twenty times larger than itself, composed of deleterious gases which would render the atmosphere irrespirable; it may encounter a swarm of uranolites, which would have upon it the effect of a charge of shot upon a meadow lark; it may meet in its path an invisible sun, much larger than itself, whose shock would reduce it to vapor; it may encounter a sun which would consume it in the twinkling of an eye, as a furnace would consume an apple thrown into it; it may be caught in a system of electric forces, which would act like a brake upon its eleven motions, and which would either melt it, or set it afire, like a platinum wire in a strong current; it may lose the oxygen which supports life; it may be blown up like the crust over a crater; it may collapse in some great earthquake; its dry land may disappear, in a second deluge, more universal than the first; it may, on the contrary, lose all its water, an element essential to its organic life; under the attraction of some passing body, it may be detached from the sun and carried away into the cold of stellar space; it may part, not only with the last vestige of its internal heat, which long since has ceased to have any influence upon its surface, but also with the protecting envelope which maintains the temperature necessary to life; one of these days, when the sun has grown dark and cold, it may be neither lighted, nor warm, nor fertilized; on the other hand, it may be suddenly scorched by an outburst of heat, analogous to what has been observed in temporary stars; not to speak of many other sources of accidents and mortal peril, whose easy enumeration we leave to the geologists, paleontologists, meteorologists, physicists, chemists, biologists, physicians, botanists, and even to



the veterinary surgeons, inasmuch as the arrival of an army of invisible microbes, if they be but deadly enough, or a well-established epidemic, would suffice to destroy the human race and the principal animal and vegetable species, without working the least harm to the planet itself, from a strictly astronomical point of view."

Just as the speaker was uttering these last words, a voice, which seemed to come from a distance, fell, as it were, from the ceiling overhead. But a few words of explanation may here perhaps be desirable.

As we have said, the observatories established on the higher mountains of the globe were connected by telephone, with the observatory of Paris, and the sender of the message could be heard at a distance from the receiver, without being obliged to apply any apparatus directly to the ear. The reader doubtless recollects that, at the close of the preceding session, a phonogram from Mt. Gaurisankar stated that a photophonic message, which would be at once deciphered, had been received from the inhabitants of Mars. As the translation of this cipher had not arrived at the opening of the evening session, the bureau of communications had connected the Institute with the observatory by suspending a telephonoscope from the dome of the amphitheater.

The voice from above said :

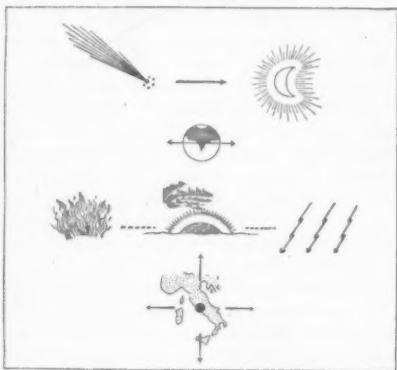
"The astronomers of the equatorial city of Mars warn the inhabitants of the earth that the comet is moving directly toward the earth with a velocity nearly double that of the orbital velocity of Mars. Mechanical motion to be transformed into heat, and heat into electrical energy. Terrible magnetic storms. Move away from Italy."

The voice ceased amid general silence and consternation. There were, however, a few sceptics left, one of whom, editor of *La Libre Critique*, raising his monocle to his right eye, had risen from the reporters desk and had exclaimed in a penetrating voice :

"I am afraid that the venerable doctors of the Institute are the victims of a huge joke. No one can ever persuade me that the inhabitants of Mars—admitting that there are any and that they have really sent us a warning—know Italy by name. I doubt very much if one of them ever

heard of the Commentaries of Cæsar or the History of the Popes, especially as"—

The orator, who was launching into an interesting dithyrambus, was at this point suddenly squelched by the turning off of the electric lights. With the exception of the illuminated square in the ceiling, the room was plunged in darkness and the voice added these six words : "This is the despatch from Mars;" and thereupon the following symbols appeared on the plate of the telephonoscope :



As this picture could only be seen by holding the head in a very fatiguing position, the president touched a bell and an assistant appeared, who by means of a projector and mirror transferred these hieroglyphics to a screen on the wall behind the desk, so that every one could readily see and analyze them at their leisure. Their interpretation was easy ; nothing indeed could be more simple. The figure representing the comet needed no explanation. The arrow indicates the motion of the comet toward a heavenly body, which as seen from Mars presents phases, and sparkles like a star ; this means the earth, naturally so delineated by the Martians, for their eyes, developed in a medium less luminous than ours, are somewhat more sensitive and distinguish the phases of the Earth, and this the more readily because their atmosphere is rarer and more transparent. (For us the phases of Venus are just on the limit of visibility.) The double globe represents Mars looking at the Kaiser sea, the most characteristic feature of Martian geography, and indicates a velocity for the comet double



the orbital velocity, or a little less, for the line does not quite reach the edge. The flames indicate the transformation of motion into heat; the aurora borealis and the lightning which follow, the transformation into electric and magnetic force. Finally, we recognize the boot of Italy, visible from Mars, and the black spot marks the locality threatened, according to their calculation, by one of the most dangerous fragments of the head of the comet; while the four arrows radiating in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass seem to counsel removal from the point menaced.

The photophonic message from the Martians was much longer and far more complicated. The astronomers on Mt. Gaurisankar had previously received several such, and had discovered that they were sent from a very important intellectual and scientific center situated in the equatorial zone not far from Meridian bay. The last message, whose general meaning is given above, was the most important. The remainder of it had not been transmitted, as it was obscure, and it was not certain that its exact meaning had been made out.

The president rang his bell for order. He was about to sum up what had been said, before adjourning the meeting.

"Gentlemen," he began, "although it is after midnight, it will be of interest, before we separate, to summarize what has been told us in these two solemn sessions.

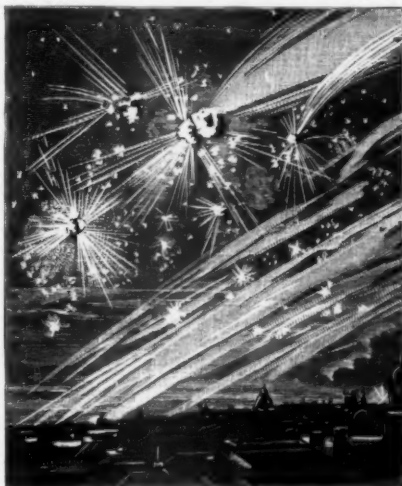
"The last despatch from Gaurisankar may well impress you. It seems clear that the inhabitants of Mars are farther advanced in science than ourselves, and this is not surprising, for they are a far older race and have had centuries innumerable in which to achieve this progress. Moreover, they may be much more highly organized than we are, they may possess better eyes, instruments of greater perfection, and intellectual faculties of a higher order. We observe, too, that their calculations, while in accord with ours as to the collision, are more precise, for they designate the very point which is to receive the greatest shock. The advice to flee from Italy should therefore be followed, and I shall at once telephone the pope, who at this very moment is assembling the prelates of entire Christendom.

"So the comet will collide with the earth, and no one can yet foresee the con-

sequences. But in all probability the disturbance will be local and the world will not be destroyed. The carbonic-oxide is not likely to penetrate the respirable portions of the atmosphere, but there will be an enormous development of heat.

"As to the veritable end of the world, of all the hypotheses which today permit us to forecast that event the most probable is the last—that explained to us by the learned chancellor of the Columbian academy: the life of the planet depends upon the sun; so long as the sun shines humanity is safe, unless indeed the diminution of the atmosphere and aqueous vapor should usher in before that time the reign of cold. In the former case we have yet before us twenty million years of life; in the latter only ten.

"Let us then await the night of July 13-14



"LIKE A CHARGE OF SHOT UPON A MEADOW-LARK."

without despair. I advise those who can to pass these fête days in Chicago, or better still in San Francisco, Honolulu or Noumea. The trans-Atlantic electric air-ships are so numerous and well managed that millions of travellers make the journey before Saturday night."

## V.

While the above scientific discussions were taking place at Paris, meetings of a similar character were being held at Lon-

don, Chicago, St. Petersburg, Yokohama, Melbourne, New York, and in all the principal cities of the world, in which every effort was made to throw light upon the great problem which so universally preoccupied the attention of humanity. At Oxford a theological council of the Reformed church was convened, in which religious traditions and interpretations were discussed at great length. To recite, or even to summarize here the proceedings of all these congresses would be an endless task, but we cannot omit reference to that of the Vatican as the most important from

voted to the discussion of this problem.

The patriarch of Jerusalem, a man of great piety and profound faith, was the first to speak, in Latin. "Venerable fathers," he began, "I cannot do better than to open before you the Holy Gospel. Permit me to quote literally." He then read the words of the evangelists\* describing the last days of the earth, and went on:

"These words are taken verbatim from the Gospels, and you know that on this point the evangelists are in perfect accord.

"You also know, most reverend fathers,

that the last great day is pictured in still more striking language in the apocalypse of St. John. But every word of the Scriptures is known to you, and, in the presence of so learned an audience, it seems to me superfluous, if not out of place, to make further citations from what is upon every lip."

Such was the beginning of the address of the patriarch of Jerusalem. His remarks were divided under three heads: First, the teachings of Christ; second, the traditions of the Church; third, the dogma of the resurrection of the body, and of the last judgment. Taking first the form of an historical statement, the address soon became a sort of sermon, of vast range; and when the orator, passing from St. Paul to Clement of Alexandria, Tertulian and Origen,

reached the council of Nice and the dogma of universal resurrection, he was carried away by his subject in such a flight of eloquence as to move the heart of every prelate before him. Several, who had renounced the apostolic faith of the earlier centuries, felt themselves again under its spell. It must be said that the surroundings lent themselves marvellously to the occasion. The assembly took place in



THE PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL.

a religious point of view, just as that of the Institute of Paris was from a scientific one.

The council had been divided into a certain number of sections or committees, and the then often discussed question of the end of the world had been referred to one of these committees. Our duty here is to reproduce as accurately as possible the physiognomy of the main session, de-

\* St. Matthew, xxiv. and xvi.; St. Mark, xiii.; St. Luke, xvii. and xxi.

the Sistine chapel. The immense and imposing painting of Michael Angelo, like a new apocalyptic heaven, was before every eye. The awful mingling of bodies, arms and legs, so forcibly and strangely foreshortened; Christ, the judge of the world; the damned borne struggling away by hideous devils; the dead issuing from their tombs; the skeletons

returning to life and reclothing themselves with flesh; the frightful terror of humanity trembling in the presence of the wrath of God—all seemed to give a vividness, a reality, to the magnificent periods of the patriarch's oratory, and, at times, in certain effects of light, one might almost hear the advancing trumpet sounding from heaven the call to judgment, and see between earth and sky the moving hosts of the resurrection.

Scarcely had the patriarch of Jerusalem finished his speech, when an independent bishop, one of the most ardent dissenters of the council, the learned Mayerstross, rushed to the tribune, and began to insist that nothing in the Gospel, or the traditions of the Church, should be taken literally.

"The letter kills," he cried, "the spirit vivifies! Everything is subject to the law of progress and change. The world moves. Enlightened Christians cannot any longer admit the resurrection of the body. All these images," he added, "were good for the days of the catacombs. For a long time no one has believed in them. Such ideas are opposed to science, and, most reverend fathers, you know, as well as I do, that we must be in accord with science, which has



THE LAST JUDGMENT.

ceased to be, as in the time of Galileo, the humble servant of theology: *theologiae humilis ancilla*. The body cannot be reconstituted, even by a miracle, so long as its molecules return to nature and are appropriated, successively, by so many beings—human, animal and vegetable. We are formed of the dust of the dead, and, in the future, the molecules of oxygen, hydro-

gen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, or iron, which make up our flesh and our bones, will be incorporated in other human organisms. This change is perpetual, even during life. One human being dies every second; that is more than 86,000 each day, more than 30,000,000 each year, more than three milliards each century. In a hundred centuries—not a long period in the history of a planet, the number of the resurrected would be three hundred milliards. If the human race lived but a 100,000 years—and no one here is ignorant of the fact that geological and astronomical periods are estimated by millions of years—there would be gathered before the judgment throne something like three thousand milliards of men, women and children. My estimate is a modest one, because I take no account of the secular increase in population. You may reply to me, that only the saved will rise! What, then, will become of the others? Two weights and two measures! Death and life! Night and day, good and evil! Divine injustice and good-will, reigning together over creation! But, no, you will not accept such a solution. The eternal law is the same for all. Well! What will you do with these thousands of milliards? Show me the valley of

Jehosophat vast enough to contain them. Will you spread them over the surface of the globe, do away with the oceans and the icefields of the poles, and cover the world with a forest of human bodies? So be it! And afterwards? What will become of this immense host? No, most holy fathers, our beliefs must not, cannot, be taken literally. Would that there were here no theologians with closed eyes, that look only within, but astronomers with open eyes, that look without."

These words had been uttered in the midst of an indescribable tumult; several times they wished to silence the Croatian bishop, gesticulating violently and denouncing him as schismatic; but the rules did not permit this, for the greatest liberty was allowed in the discussion. An Irish cardinal called down upon him the thunders of the Church, and spoke of excommunication and anathema; then, a distinguished prelate of the Gallican church, no less a person than the archbishop of Paris himself, ascended the rostrum and declared that the dogma of the resurrection of the dead might be discussed without incurring any canonical blame, and that it might be interpreted in entire harmony with reason and faith. According to him, one might admit the dogma, and at the same time recognize the rational impossibility of a resurrection of the body!

"The Doctor Angelicus," he said, speaking of St. Thomas, maintained that the complete dissolution of every human body by fire would take place before the resurrection. (*Summa theologica*, III.) I readily concede with Calmet (on the resurrection of the dead) that to the omnipotence of the Creator it would not be impossible to reassemble the scattered molecules in such a way that the resurrected body should not contain a single one which did not belong to it at some time during its mortal



MAYERSTROSS.

life. But such a miracle is not necessary. St. Thomas has himself shown (*loco citato*) that this complete material identity is by no means indispensable to establish the perfect identity of the resurrected body with the body destroyed by death. I also think, therefore, that the letter should give way to the spirit.

"What is the principle of identity in a living body? Assuredly it does not consist in the complete and persistent identity of its *matter*. For in this continual change and renewal, which is the very essence of physiological life, the elements, which have belonged success-

ively from infancy to old age to the same human being, would form a colossal body. In this torrent of life the elements pass and change ceaselessly; but the organism remains the same, notwithstanding the modifications in its size, its form and its constitution. Does the growing stem of the oak, hidden between its two cotyledons, cease to be the same plant when it has become a mighty oak? Is the embryo of the caterpillar, while yet in the egg, no longer the same insect when it becomes a caterpillar, and then a chrysalis, and then a butterfly? Is individuality lost as the child passes through manhood to old age? Assuredly not. But in the case of the oak, the butterfly, and the man, is there a single remaining molecule of those which constituted the growing stem of the oak, the egg of the caterpillar or the human embryo? What then is the principle which persists through all these changes? This principle is a reality, not a fiction. It is not the soul, for the plants have life, and yet no souls, in the meaning of the word as we use it. Nevertheless, it must be an imponderable agent. Does it survive the body? It is possible. St. Gregory of Nyssus believed so. If it remains united to the soul, it may be invoked to furnish

it with a new body identical with that which death has destroyed, even though this body should not possess a *single molecule* which it possessed at any period of its terrestrial life, and this would be as truly our body as that which we had when five, fifteen, or thirty, or sixty years of age.

"Such a conception agrees perfectly with the expressions of holy writ, according to which it is certain that after a period of separation the soul will again take on the body forever.

"In addition to St. Gregory of Nyssus, permit me, most reverend fathers, to cite a philosopher Leibnitz, who held the opinion that the physiological principle of life was imponderable but not incorporeal, and that the soul remains united to this principle, although separated from the ponderable and visible body. I do not pretend to either accept or reject this hypothesis. I only note that it may serve to explain the dogma of the resurrection, in which every Christian should firmly believe."

"This effort to conciliate reason and faith," interrupted the Croatian bishop, "is worthy of praise, but it seems to me more ingenious than probable. Are these bodies, bodies like our own? If they are perfect, incorruptible, fitted to their new conditions, they must not possess any organ for which there is no use. Why a mouth, if they do not eat? Why legs, if they do not walk? Why arms, if they do not work? One of the fathers of the early church, Origen, whose personal sacrifice is not forgotten, thought these bodies must be perfect spheres. That would be logical

but not very beautiful or interesting."

"It is better to admit with St. Gregory of Nyssus and St. Augustin," replied the archbishop, "that the resurrected body will have the human form, a transparent veil of the beauty of the soul."

Thus was the modern theory of the Church on the resurrection of the body summed up by the French cardinal. As to the objections on the score of the locality of the resurrection, the number of the resurrected, the insufficiency of surface on the globe, the final abode of the elect and the damned, it was impossible to come to any common understanding for the contradictions were irreconcilable. The resultant impression, however, that these matters also should be understood figuratively, that neither the heaven or the hell of the theologian represented any definite place, but rather states of the soul, of happiness or of misery, and that life, whatever its form, would be perpetuated on the countless worlds which people infinite space. And so it appeared that Christian thought had gradually become transformed, among the enlightened, and followed the progress of astronomy and the other sciences.

The council had been held on Tuesday evening, that is to say on the day following the two meetings of the Institute, of which an account has been given above. The pope had made public the advice of the president of the Institute to leave Italy on the fatal day, but no attention had been paid to it, partly because death is a deliverance for every believer, and partly because most theologians denied the existence even of inhabitants upon Mars.

(Concluded in the August Number.)



THE RESURRECTION.





BY M. S. MERWIN.

IT is an undeniable fact that works of fiction are coming to play a more and more important part in the intellectual life of Christendom. It is no longer the tale, in which the dreaming populations of the orient delight, nor the Gothic romance, the reflection and afterglow of Europe's age of chivalry, but the novel, a peculiar product of our own times, which has the ascendancy over the public mind.

Very diverse are the opinions of the teachers of mankind regarding the value of this species of literature. In the religious world, especially, there are still some who decry it as evil or worthless. Zealous representatives of some of the sects thunder against it as an invention of the evil one; and even in many convent schools intended for the education of women for the higher walks of life the novel is looked upon with suspicion, if not entirely excluded.

The most earnest advocate of novel-reading would not hesitate to admit that there is a vast quantity of fiction poured forth annually upon the market which is either simply worthless or distinctively noxious. In any serious consideration of the place of the novel in the intellectual development of humanity, we must carefully exclude the empty products of an unwarranted ambition for the laurels of authorship, or of a purely mercenary spirit among persons devoid of a literary vocation. There is no portion of the book-

market so loaded down with trash of both these varieties. The art of fiction, like that of criticism, is a very delicate one, requiring exceptional talents; but the one and the other invite the efforts of the shallow and the juvenile, to the great detriment of the reading public.

Relegating to the pathological psychologist on the one hand, and the practical humanitarian on the other, the question of the influence of this class of fiction which cannot be said to belong properly to the realm of literature, let us consider briefly the value and dignity of the novel, taken at its best, as a fine art, and as a medium of instruction. For it is both. Nowhere is the soul and hand of the true artist more needed than in that portrayal and grouping of human lives which is the work of the novelist. It is the sculptor's part to depict the outward form, the painter's to add to it color and setting; but the novelist must go still farther, and, portray the inmost workings of the soul, tear aside the veil of the secret closet, follow the life through all its mazes, and unravel the knots which bind it to other lives. The poet in his prophetic insight makes manifest the inmost depths of the human spirit, and yet but partially and mysteriously as by a sudden lightning flash, while the novelist may reveal all its minutest details, not only as it is, but in its successive changes under the influence of environment. The art of fiction claims

a high position among those arts whose instrument is the spoken or written word, on account both of the dignity of its materials and of the extreme difficulty of binding them together into a consistent unity and of vivifying them with the ideals which are the soul of every artistic creation.

All art is educational. No part of the work of education is more important than the infusion into the yet plastic mind of true and lofty ideals. The character is determined by the passions, high or low, uplifting or degrading; the passions, in this wider sense of the word, being the impulses of the will towards the objects of its delectation. The nature of the objects which inspire and attract the will is determined by the ideals which are cherished by the mind. Since art is a formal embodiment and expression of human ideals, it is one of the most important factors in the moulding of character. As is the art of a nation—its painting, its sculpture, its architecture, its poetry, its ballads, its fiction, its criticism—so will be its ideals, and so its impulses and its activities. If such is the influence of art in general, how specially potent must be the influence of fiction! For the influence of pictic, plastic and harmonic art is very subtle and selective, and makes itself felt but slowly and in the course of generations upon the masses of the people; while the novel, by its vivid portrayal of events in their natural succession, and of the interior workings of the minds of men and women, has a direct and immediate influence, like that of outward experience and companionships.

But not only as an art, as a means to the rapid and general diffusion of ideals, true or false, is the novel an educative factor. It may be used for the propagation of theories, or the diffusion of knowledge of various kinds; hence we have such things as "religious," "philosophical," "theosophical," "scientific," or "political" novels. But a polemic, partisan, moral or strictly didactic aim on the part of the novelist must be regarded as detrimental to the dignity and value of the novel as such. Is the novel, then, only fortuitously and in abnormal instances a means of scientific instruction? Not at all. On the contrary, that is one of its first and foremost functions.

The normal and primary material of the novelist's art is constituted by human experience, subjective and objective. But subjective experience is the domain of the science of psychology, and objective experience that of historical and sociological science. A novel written by the hand of a master, from the pure love of his art, without the slightest didactic aim, is apt to be a vast repository of psychological and sociological facts, furnishing the best possible materials for the scientific specialist. It is the business of the novelist to carefully observe and truly record such facts, and to record them, not in the dry formulæ of science, but in the fullness of their living entity; to set them before the mind of the reader all aglow with palpitating life; to study, explain, compare and interpret them. The novel is the only text-book of the school of experience; only there can experience be gained without its bitter cost; only by its means is it ordinarily possible for a man to acquire in one life the experience of many. If the novelist is not a student and a teacher of experience, he is untrue to his vocation.

I repeat, that the artistic aim should always be held first and foremost. It is not necessary for the plot to be plausible or the incidents possible. Sometimes the least credible details will betray the deepest knowledge of human nature, and be the most profoundly instructive. If there is no pretence of portraying human nature and life as it is, the book, though it may be a work of art, is not a novel, but a romance, which is a different variety of composition. But it must be insisted upon, that a story is not less real because it is thrilling, or more real because it is commonplace.

Real life is not commonplace; it is full of tragedies and comedies, of pathos and bathos, which need but the delicate perception of the trained observer, and the skilful interpretation of the true artist, to awake in lyric sympathy the deepest emotions of the heart. One meets every day in the ordinary life of the office and the shop the very counterpart of the seemingly overdrawn and fantastic characters of Dickens, and many of those who read these lines know the secrets of some heart-tragedy more thrilling than any of those of Zola or of Ibsen.

To that class of objectors who say that novel-reading tends to give false views of life, it may be retorted that it is their own false and inadequate view of life, their lack of appreciation of its deep significance and mystery, and of the strange complications and cataclysmic crises to which it is liable, that inspires their complaint.

Who, in reading such bizarre creations as the *Décadence* latine of that most colossal and aberrant genius of modern times, Joseph Peladan, or the theosophical novels of Marie Corelli, or even the story of the dream-love of Peter Ibbetson, has not sometimes suddenly found himself revealed to himself in most startling verisimilitude, or recognized in what might seem the wildest freak of imagination some fact that has come under his own observation and which he had not dared until then to credit or even to think of?

If sensationalism is not necessarily a defect, neither is realism, considered in its positive and not in its privative sense. The realism which implies the absence of a dominating ideal is unartistic; but realism, in the sense of a portrayal of even the blackest and foulest of realities, when demanded by the artistic exigencies of the occasion, or, indeed, whenever they do no detriment to the schema of the book or its esthetic completeness, cannot, from the standpoint of a purely literary criticism, be considered even a defect. Whether or not such a portrayal be ob-

jectionable, from an ethical point of view, will depend partly upon the setting which the dark picture receives in the particular case, but still more upon the theory of moral teaching, illuministic or obscurantist, which the ethical censor may hold.

It is sometimes urged that whatever may be said of the value of the novel, such literature has about it a kind of dangerous fascination, which is likely to so impress the reader as to withdraw him more and more from the practical duties of life into a land of fancy in which he will, as the habit of such reading grows upon him, dream away the precious irrevocable hours in as hopeless an intoxication as that of the opium-eater.

The response is, that all things which stir the depths of the human consciousness, all things which are really great and magnifying, have a fascination which tempts to extremes and makes them dangerous. It is impossible to go aside from the path of hopeless mediocrity without entering a realm whose mighty heaven-dividing peaks are flanked by torrent-thundering abysses, and whose most exquisite flowers grow at the mouth of the viper's den.

There is nobleness and highest profit in daring to tread the dizzy pathway which ascends the height, while watching well the footsteps, lest by some trifling deviation one might be cast into the immeasurable depth.



## ARS ET LABOR.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Nor without toil the poet may impart  
Unto his verse the permanence of art:  
Labor alone can make the pebble rhyme  
A jewel worthy to be worn by time.

## A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

### VII.

THE Altrurian looked at Mrs. Makely with an amazement visibly heightened by the air of complacency she put on after delivering this poser: "Do you really think Christ meant that you *ought* always to have the poor with you?" he asked.

"Why, of course!" she answered triumphantly. "How else are the sympathies of the rich to be cultivated? The poverty of some and the wealth of others, isn't that what forms the great tie of human brotherhood? If we were all comfortable, or all shared alike, there could not be anything like charity, and Paul said 'the greatest of these is charity.' I believe it's 'love,' in the new version, but it comes to the same thing."

The Altrurian gave a kind of gasp and then lapsed into a silence that held until we came in sight of the Camp farmhouse. It stood on the crest of a roadside upland, and looked down the beautiful valley, bathed in Sabbath sunlight, and away to the ranges of hills, so far that it was hard to say whether it was sun or shadow that dimmed their distance. Decidedly, the place was what the country people call sightly. The old house, once painted a Brandon red, crouched low to the ground, with its lean-to in the rear, and its flat-arched wood-sheds and wagon-houses, stretching away at the side to the barn, and covering the approach to it with an unbroken roof. There were flowers in beds along the under-pinning of the house, which stood close to the street, and on one side of the door was a clump of Spanish willow; an old-fashioned June rose climbed over it from the other. An aged dog got stiffly to his feet from the threshold stone, and whimpered, as our buckboard drew up; the poultry picking about the path and among the chips, lazily made way for us, and as our wheels ceased to crunch upon the gravel, we heard hasty steps, and Reuben Camp came round the corner of the house in time to give Mrs. Makely

his hand, and help her spring to the ground, which she did very lightly; her remarkable mind had kept her body in a sort of sympathetic activity, and at thirty-five she had the gracile ease and self-command of a girl.

"Ah, Reuben," she sighed, permitting herself to call him by his first name, with the emotion which expressed itself more definitely in the words that followed, "how I envy you all this dear, old, home-like place! I never come here without thinking of my grandfather's farm in Massachusetts, where I used to go every summer when I was a little girl. If I had a place like this, I should never leave it."

"Well, Mrs. Makely," said young Camp, "you can have this place cheap, if you really want it. Or almost any other place in the neighborhood."

"Don't say such a thing!" she returned, "It makes one feel as if the foundations of the great deep were giving way. I don't know what that means, exactly, but I suppose it's equivalent to mislaying George's hatchet, and going back on the Declaration generally; and I don't like to hear you talk so."

Camp seemed to have lost his bitter mood, and he answered pleasantly, "The Declaration is all right, as far as it goes, but it don't help us to compete with the western farm operators."

"Why, you believe every one was born free and equal, don't you?" Mrs. Makely asked.

"Oh, yes, I believe that; but"—

"Then why do you object to free and equal competition?"

The young fellow laughed, and said, as he opened the door for us: "Walk right into the parlor, please. Mother will be ready for you in a minute." He added, "I guess she's putting on her best cap, for you, Mr. Homos. It's a great event for her, your coming here. It is for all of us. We're glad to have you."

"And I'm glad to be here," said the Altrurian, as simply as the other. He looked about the best room of a farm-

house that had never adapted itself to the tastes or needs of the city boarder, and was as stiffly repellant in its upholstery, and as uncompromisingly severe in its decoration as haircloth chairs and dark brown wall-paper of a trellis-pattern, with drab roses, could make it. The windows were shut tight, and our host did not offer to open them. A fly or two crossed the doorway into the hall, but made no attempt to penetrate the interior, where we sat in an obscurity that left the high-hung family photographs on the walls vague and uncertain. I made a mental note of it as a place where it would be very characteristic to have a rustic funeral take place; and I was pleased to have Mrs. Makely drop into a sort of mortuary murmur, as she said: "I hope your mother is as well as usual, this morning?" I perceived that this murmur was produced by the sepulchral influence of the room.

"Oh, yes," said Camp, and at that moment a door opened from the room across the hall, and his sister seemed to bring in some of the light from it in to us, where we sat. She shook hands with Mrs. Makely, who introduced me to her, and then presented the Altrurian. She bowed very civilly to me, but with a touch of severity, such as country people find necessary for the assertion of their self-respect with strangers. I thought it very pretty, and instantly saw that I could work it into some picture of character; and I was not at all sorry that she made a difference in favor of the Altrurian.

"Mother will be so glad to see you," she said to him, and, "Won't you come right in?" she added to us all.

We followed her and found ourselves in a large, low, sunny room on the south-east corner of the house, which had no doubt once been the living-room, but which was now given up to the bed-ridden invalid; a door opened into the kitchen behind, where the table was already laid for the midday meal, with the plates turned down in the country fashion, and some netting drawn over the dishes to keep the flies away.

Mrs. Makely bustled up to the bedside with her energetic, patronizing cheerfulness. "Ah, Mrs. Camp, I am glad to see you looking so well this morning. I've been meaning to run over for several days past, but I couldn't find a moment

till this morning, and I knew you didn't object to Sunday visits." She took the invalid's hand in hers, and with the air of showing how little she felt any inequality between them, she leaned over and kissed her, where Mrs. Camp sat propped against her pillows. She had a large, nobly-moulded face of rather masculine contour, and at the same time the most motherly look in the world. Mrs. Makely bubbled and babbled on, and every one waited patiently till she had done, and turned and said, toward the Altrurian: "I have ventured to bring my friend, Mr. Homos, with me. He is from Altruria." Then she turned to me, and said, "Mr. Twelvemough, you know already through his delightful books;" but although she paid me this perfunctory compliment, it was perfectly apparent to me that in the esteem of this disingenuous woman the distinguished stranger was a far more important person than the distinguished author. Whether Mrs. Camp read my perception of the fact in my face or not, I cannot say, but she was evidently determined that I should not feel a difference in her. She held out her hand to me first, and said that I never could know how many heavy hours I had helped to lighten for her, and then she turned to the Altrurian, and took his hand. "Oh!" she said, with a long, deep, drawn sigh, as if that were the supreme moment of her life. "And are you really from Altruria? It seems too good to be true!" Her devout look and her earnest tone gave the commonplace words a quality that did not inhere in them, but Mrs. Makely took them on their surface.

"Yes, doesn't it?" she made haste to interpose, before the Altrurian could say anything. "That is just the way we all feel about it, Mrs. Camp. I assure you, if it were not for the accounts in the papers, and the talk about it everywhere, I couldn't believe there *was* any such place as Altruria; and if it were not for Mr. Twelvemough here—who has to keep all his inventions for his novels, as a mere matter of business routine,—I might really suspect him and Mr. Homos of—well, *working* us, as my husband calls it."

The Altrurian smiled vaguely, but politely, as if he had not quite caught her meaning, and I made answer for both: "I am sure, Mrs. Makely, if you could un-



derstand my peculiar state of mind about Mr. Homos, you would never believe that I was in collusion with him. I find him quite as incredible as you do. There are moments when he seems so entirely subjective with me, that I feel as if he were no more definite or tangible than a bad conscience."

"Exactly!" said Mrs. Makely, and she laughed out her delight in my illustration.

The Altrurian must have perceived that we were joking, though the Camps all remained soberly silent. "I hope it isn't so bad as that," he said, "though I have noticed that I seem to affect you all with a kind of misgiving. I don't know just what it is; but if I could remove it, I should be very glad to do so."

Mrs. Makely very promptly seized her chance: "Well, then, in the first place, my husband and I were talking it over last night, after we left you, and that was one of the things that kept us awake; it turned into money afterwards. It isn't so much that a whole continent, as big as Australia, remained undiscovered till within such a very few years, as it is the condition of things among you: this sort of all living for one another, and not each one for himself. My husband says that is simply moonshine; such a thing never was and never can be; it is opposed to human nature, and would take away incentive, and all motive for exertion and advancement and enterprise. I don't know *what* he didn't say against it; but one thing: he says it's perfectly un-American." The Altrurian remained silent, gravely smiling, and Mrs. Makely added, with her most engaging little manner: "I hope you won't feel hurt, personally or patriotically, by what I've repeated to you. I know my husband is awfully Philistine, though he *is* such a good fellow, and I don't, by any means, agree with him on all those points; but I *would* like to know what you think of them. The trouble is, Mrs. Camp," she said, turning to the invalid, "that Mr. Homos is so dreadfully reticent about his own country, and I am so curious to hear of it at first hands, that I consider it justifiable to use any means to make him open up about it."

"There is no offense," the Altrurian answered for himself, "in what Mr. Make-

ly says, though, from the Altrurian point of view, there is a good deal of error. Does it seem so strange to you," he asked, addressing himself to Mrs. Camp, "that people should found a civilization on the idea of living for one another, instead of each for himself?"

"No, indeed!" she answered. "Poor people have always had to live that way, or they could not have lived at all."

"That was what I understood your porter to say last night," said the Altrurian to me. He added, to the company generally: "I suppose that even in America there are more poor people than there are rich people?"

"Well, I don't know about that," I said. "I suppose there are more people independently rich than there are people independently poor."

"We will let that formulation of it stand. If it is true, I do not see why the Altrurian system should be considered so very un-American. Then, as to whether there is or ever was really a practical altruism, a civic expression of it, I think it cannot be denied that among the first Christians, those who immediately followed Christ, and might be supposed to be directly influenced by his life, there was an altruism practised, as radical as that which we have organized into a national polity and a working economy in Altruria."

"Ah, but you know," said Mrs. Makely, with the air of advancing a point not to be put aside, "they had to drop *that*. It was a dead failure. They found that they couldn't make it go at all, among cultivated people, and that, if Christianity was to advance, they would have to give up all that crankish kind of idolatry of the mere letter. At any rate," she went on, with the satisfaction we all feel in getting an opponent into close quarters, "you must confess that there is a much greater play of individuality here."

Before the Altrurian could reply, young Camp said: "If you want to see American individuality, the real, simon-pure article, you ought to go down to one of our big factory towns, and look at the mill-hands coming home in droves after a day's work, young girls and old women, boys and men, all fluffed over with cotton, and so dead-tired that they can hardly walk. They come shambling along with all the individuality of a flock of sheep."

"Some," said Mrs. Makely, heroically, as if she were one of these, "must be sacrificed. Of course, some are not so individual as others. A great deal depends upon temperament."

"A great deal more depends upon capital," said Camp, with an offensive laugh. "If you have capital in America, you can have individuality; if you haven't, you can't."

His sister, who had not taken part in the talk before, said demurely: "It seems to me you've got a good deal of individuality, Reub, and you haven't got a great deal of capital either," and the two young people laughed together.

Mrs. Makely was one of those fatuous women whose eagerness to make a point, excludes the consideration even of their own advantage. "I'm sure," she said, as if speaking for the upper classes, "*we* haven't got any individuality at all. We are as like so many peas, or pins. In fact, you have to be so, in society. If you keep asserting your own individuality too much, people avoid you. It's very vulgar, and the greatest bore."

"Then you don't find individuality so desirable, after all," said the Altrurian.

"I perfectly detest it!" cried the lady, and evidently she had not the least notion where she was in the argument. "For my part, I'm never happy, except when I've forgotten myself and the whole individual bother."

Her declaration seemed somehow to close the incident, and we were all silent a moment, which I employed in looking about the room, and taking in with my literary sense, the simplicity and even bareness of its furnishing. There was the bed where the invalid lay, and near the head, a table with a pile of books and a kerosene lamp on it, and I decided that she was a good deal wakeful, and that she read by that lamp, when she could not sleep at night. Then there were the hard chairs we sat on, and some home-made hooked rugs, in rounds and ovals, scattered about the clean floor; there was a small melodeon pushed against the wall; the windows had paper shades, and I recalled that I had not seen any blinds on the outside of the house. Over the head of the bed hung a cavalrman's sword, with its belt; the sword that Mrs. Makely had spoken of. It struck me as a room

where a great many things might have happened, and I said: "You can't think, Mrs. Camp, how glad I am to see the inside of your house. It seems to me so typical."

A pleased intelligence showed itself in her face, and she answered: "Yes, it is a real old-fashioned farmhouse. We have never taken boarders and so we have kept it as it was built, pretty much, and only made such changes in it as we needed or wanted for ourselves."

"It's a pity," I went on, following up what I thought a fortunate lead, "that we city people see so little of the farming life, when we come into the country. I have been here now for several seasons, and this is the first time I have been inside of a farmer's house."

"Is it possible!" cried the Altrurian, with an air of utter astonishment; and when I found the fact appeared so singular to him, I began to be rather proud of its singularity.

"Yes, I suppose that most city people come and go, year after year, in the country, and never make any sort of acquaintance with the people who live there the year round. We keep to ourselves in the hotels, or if we go out at all, it is to make a call upon some city cottager, and so we do not get out of the vicious circle of our own over-intimacy with ourselves, and our ignorance of others."

"And you regard that as a great misfortune?" asked the Altrurian.

"Why, it's inevitable. There is nothing to bring us together, unless it's some happy accident, like the present. But we don't have a traveller from Altruria to exploit every day, and so we have no business to come into people's houses."

"You would have been welcome in ours, long ago, Mr. Twelvemough," said Mrs. Camp.

"But, excuse me!" said the Altrurian. "What you say really seems dreadful to me. Why, it is as if you were not the same race, or kind of men!"

"Yes," I answered. "It has sometimes seemed to me as if our big hotel there were a ship, anchored off some strange coast. The inhabitants come out with supplies, and carry on their barter with the ship's steward, and we sometimes see them over the side, but we never speak to them, or have anything to do with them."

We sail away at the end of the season, and that is the end of it till next summer."

The Altrurian turned to Mrs. Camp. "And how do you look at it? How does it seem to you?"

"I don't believe we have thought about it very much; but now that Mr. Twelve-mough has spoken of it, I can see that it does look that way. And it seems very strange, doesn't it, for we are all the same people, and have the same language, and religion and country—the country that my husband fought for, and I suppose I may say, died for; he was never the same man after the war. It does appear as if we had some interests in common, and might find it out if we ever came together."

"It's a great advantage, the city people going into the country so much as they do now," said Mrs. Makely. "They bring five million dollars into the state of New Hampshire, alone, every summer."

She looked round for the general approval which this fact merited, and young Camp said: "And it shows how worthless the natives are, that they can't make both ends meet, with all that money, but have to give up their farms and go west, after all. I suppose you think it comes from wanting buggies and pianos."

"Well, it certainly comes from something," said Mrs. Makely, with the courage of her convictions.

She was evidently not going to be put down by that sour young fellow, and I was glad of it, though I must say that I thought the thing she left to rankle in his mind from our former meeting had not been said in very good taste. I thought, too, that she would not fare best in any encounter of wits with him, and I rather trembled for the result. I said, to relieve the strained situation, "I wish there was some way of our knowing each other better. I'm sure there's a great deal of good will on both sides."

"No, there isn't," said Camp, "or at least I can answer for our side, that there isn't. You come into the country to get as much for your money as you can, and we mean to let you have as little as we can. That's the whole story, and if Mr. Homos believes anything different, he's very much mistaken."

"I hadn't formed any conclusion in regard to the matter, which is quite new to

me," said the Altrurian, mildly. "But why is there no basis of mutual kindness between you?"

"Because it's like everything else with us, it's a question of supply and demand, and there is no room for any mutual kindness in a question of that kind. Even if there were, there is another thing that would kill it. The summer folks, as we call them, look down on the natives, as they call us, and the natives know it."

"Now, Mr. Camp, I am sure that you cannot say / look down on the natives," said Mrs. Makely, with an air of argument.

The young fellow laughed. "Oh, yes, you do," he said, not unamiably, and he added, "and you've got the right to. We're not fit to associate with you, and you know it, and we know it. You've got more money, and you've got nicer clothes, and you've got prettier manners. You talk about things that most natives never heard of, and you care for things they never saw. I know it's the custom to pretend differently, but I'm not going to pretend differently." I recalled what my friend, the banker, said about throwing away cant, and I asked myself if I were in the presence of some such free spirit again. I did not see how young Camp could afford it; but then I reflected that he had really nothing to lose by it, for he did not expect to make anything out of us; Mrs. Makely would probably not give up his sister as seamstress, if the girl continued to work so well and so cheaply as she said. "Suppose," he went on, "that some old native took you at your word, and came to call upon you at the hotel, with his wife, just as one of the city cottagers would do if he wanted to make your acquaintance?"

"I should be perfectly delighted!" said Mrs. Makely. "And I should receive them with the greatest possible cordiality."

"The same kind of cordiality that you would show to the cottagers?"

"I suppose that I should feel that I had more in common with the cottagers. We should be interested in the same things, and we should probably know the same people and have more to talk about."

"You would both belong to the same class, and that tells the whole story. If you were out west, and the owner of one of those big, twenty thousand acre farms called on you with his wife, would you

act toward them as you would toward our natives? You wouldn't! You would all be rich people together, and you would understand each other because you had money."

"Now, that is not so," Mrs. Makely interrupted. "There are plenty of rich people one wouldn't wish to know at all, and who really can't get into society; who are ignorant and vulgar. And then when you come to money, I don't see but what country people are as glad to get it as anybody."

"Oh, gladder," said the young man.

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Makely, as if this were a final stroke of logic. The young man did not reply, and Mrs. Makely continued: "Now I will appeal to your sister to say whether she has ever seen any difference in my manner toward her from what I show to all the young ladies in the hotel." The young girl flushed, and seemed reluctant to answer. "Why, Lizzie!" cried Mrs. Makely, and her tone showed that she was really hurt.

The scene appeared to me rather cruel, and I glanced at Mrs. Camp, with an expectation that she would say something to relieve it. But she did not. Her large, benevolent face expressed only a quiet interest in the discussion.

"You know very well, Mrs. Makely," said the girl, "you don't regard me as you do the young ladies in the hotel."

There was no resentment in her voice or look, but only a sort of regret, as if, but for this grievance, she could have loved the woman from whom she had probably had much kindness. The tears came into Mrs. Makely's eyes, and she turned toward Mrs. Camp. "And is this the way you *all* feel toward us?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't we?" asked the invalid, in her turn. "But, no, it isn't the way all the country people feel. Many of them feel as you would like to have them feel; but that is because they do not think. When they think, they feel as we do. But I don't blame you. You can't help yourselves, any more than we can. We're all bound up together in that, at least."

At this apparent relenting, Mrs. Makely tricked her beams a little, and said, plaintively, as if offering herself for further condolence: "Yes, that is what that woman at the little shanty back there said: some have to be rich, and some have to be poor; it takes all kinds to make a world."

"How would you like to be one of those that have to be poor?" asked young Camp, with an evil grin.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Makely, with unexpected spirit; "but I am sure that I should respect the feelings of all, rich or poor."

"I am sorry if we have hurt yours, Mrs. Makely," said Mrs. Camp, with dignity. "You asked us certain questions, and we thought you wished us to reply truthfully. We could not answer you with smooth things."

"But sometimes you do," said Mrs. Makely, and the tears stood in her eyes again. "And you know how fond I am of you all!"

Mrs. Camp wore a bewildered look. "Perhaps we have said more than we ought. But I couldn't help it, and I don't see how the children could, when you asked them here, before Mr. Homos."

I glanced at the Altrurian, sitting attentive and silent, and a sudden misgiving crossed my mind concerning him. Was he really a man, a human entity, a personality like ourselves, or was he merely a sort of spiritual solvent, sent for the moment to precipitate whatever sincerity there was in us, and show us what the truth was concerning our relations to each other? It was a fantastic conception, but I thought it was one that I might employ in some sort of purely romantic design, and I was professionally grateful for it. I said, with a humorous gaiety: "Yes, we all seem to have been compelled to be much more honest than we like; and if Mr. Homos is going to write an account of his travels, when he gets home, he can't accuse us of hypocrisy, at any rate. And I always used to think it was one of our virtues! What with Mr. Camp, here, and my friend, the banker, at the hotel, I don't think he'll have much reason to complain even of our reticence."

"Well, whatever he says of us," sighed Mrs. Makely, with a pious glance at the sword over the bed, "he will have to say that, in spite of our divisions and classes, we are all Americans, and if we haven't the same opinions and ideas on minor matters, we all have the same country."

"I don't know about that," came from Reuben Camp, with shocking promptness. "I don't believe we all have the same country. America is one thing for

you, and it's quite another thing for us. America means ease, and comfort, and amusement for you, year in and year out, and if it means work, it's work that you *wish* to do. For us, America means work that we *have* to do, and hard work, all the time, if we're going to make both ends meet. It means liberty for you; but what liberty has a man got who doesn't know where his next meal is coming from? Once I was in a strike, when I was working on the railroad, and I've seen men come and give up their liberty for a chance to earn their family's living. They knew they were right, and that they ought to have stood up for their rights; but they had to lie down, and lick the hand that fed them! Yes, we are all Americans, but I guess we haven't all got the same country, Mrs. Makely. What sort of a country has a black-listed man got?"

"A black-listed man?" she repeated. "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, a kind of man that I've seen in the mill towns, that the bosses have all got on their books as a man that isn't to be given work on any account; that's to be punished with hunger and cold, and turned into the street, for having offended them; and that's to be made to suffer through his helpless family, for having offended them."

"Excuse me, Mr. Camp," I interposed, "but isn't a black-listed man usually a man who has made himself prominent in some labor trouble?"

"Yes," the young fellow answered, without seeming sensible of the point I had made.

"Ah!" I returned. "Then you can hardly blame the employers for taking it out of him in any way they can. That's human nature."

"Good heavens!" the Altrurian cried out. "Is it possible that in America it is human nature to take away the bread of a man's family, because he has gone counter to your interest or pleasure on some economical question?"

"Well, Mr. Twelvemough seems to think so," sneered the young man. "But whether it's human nature or not, it's a fact that they do it, and you can guess how much a black-listed man must love the country where such a thing can happen to him. What should you call such a thing as black-listing in Altruria?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Makely pleaded, "do let us get him to talking about Altruria, on any terms. I think all this about the labor question is so tiresome; don't you, Mrs. Camp?"

Mrs. Camp did not answer; but the Altrurian said, in reply to her son: "We should have no name for such a thing, for with us such a thing would be impossible. There is no crime so heinous, with us, that the punishment would take away the criminal's chance of earning his living."

"Oh, if he was a criminal," said young Camp, "he would be all right, *here*. The state would give him a chance to earn his living, then."

"But if he had no other chance of earning his living, and had committed no offense against the laws" —

"Then the state would let him take to the road. Like that fellow."

He pulled aside the shade of the window, where he sat, and we saw pausing before the house, and glancing doubtfully at the door-step, where the dog lay, a vile and loathsome-looking tramp, a blot upon the sweet and wholesome landscape, a scandal to the sacred day. His rags burlesqued the form which they did not wholly hide; his broken shoes were covered with dust; his coarse hair came in a plume through his tattered hat; his red, sodden face, at once fierce and timid, was rusty with a fortnight's beard. He offended the eye like a visible stench, and the wretched carrion seemed to shrink away from our gaze, as if he were aware of his loathsomeness.

"Really," said Mrs. Makely, "I thought those fellows were arrested, now. It is too bad to leave them at large. They are dangerous." Young Camp left the room, and we saw him going out toward the tramp. "Ah, that's quite right!" said the lady. "I hope Reuben is going to send him about his business. Why, surely he's not going to feed the horrid creature!" she added, as Camp, after a moment's parley with the tramp, turned with him, and disappeared round the corner of the house. "Now, Mrs. Camp, I think that is really a very bad example. It's encouraging them. Very likely, he'll go to sleep in your barn, and set it on fire with his pipe. What do you do with tramps in Altruria, Mr. Homos?"

The Altrurian seemed not to have heard her. He said to Mrs. Camp: "Then I un-



derstand from something your son let fall that he has not always been at home with you, here. Does he reconcile himself easily to the country after the excitement of the town life? I have read that the cities in America are draining the country of the young people."

"I don't think he was sorry to come home," said the mother with a touch of fond pride. "But there was no choice for him after his father died; he was always a good boy, and he has not made us feel that we were keeping him away from anything better. When his father was alive we let him go, because then we were not so dependent, and I wished him to try his fortune in the world, as all boys long to do. But he is rather peculiar, and he seems to have got quite enough of the world. To be sure, I don't suppose he's seen the brightest side of it. He first went to work in the mills down at Ponkwasset, but he was laid off there, when the hard times came, and there was so much overproduction, and he took a job of railroading, and was braking on a freight train, when his father left us."

Mrs. Makely said, smiling, "No, I don't think that was the brightest outlook in the world. No wonder he has brought back such gloomy impressions. I am sure that if he could have seen life under brighter auspices he would not have the ideas he has."

"Very likely," said the mother dryly. "Our experiences have a great deal to do with forming our opinions. But I am not dissatisfied with my son's ideas. I suppose Reuben got a good many of his ideas from his father: he's his father all over again. My husband thought slavery was wrong, and he went into the war to fight against it. He used to say when the war was over that the negroes were emancipated, but slavery was not abolished yet."

"What in the world did he mean by that?" demanded Mrs. Makely.

"Something you wouldn't understand as we do. I tried to carry on the farm after he first went, and before Reuben was

large enough to help me much, and ought to be in school, and I suppose I overdid. At any rate that was when I had my first shock of paralysis. I never was very strong, and I presume my health was weakened by my teaching school so much, and studying, before I was married. But that doesn't matter now and hasn't for many a year. The place was clear of debt, then, but I had to get a mortgage put on it. The savings bank down in the village took it, and we've been paying the interest ever since. My husband died paying it, and my son will pay it all my life, and then I suppose the bank will foreclose it. The treasurer was an old playmate of my husband's, and he said that as long as either of us lived, the mortgage could lie."

"How splendid of him!" said Mrs. Makely. "I should think you had been very fortunate."

"I said that you would not see it as we do," said the invalid patiently.

The Altrurian asked: "Are there mortgages on many of the farms in the neighborhood?"

"Nearly all," said Mrs. Camp. "We seem to own them, but in fact they own us."

Mrs. Makely hastened to say: "My husband thinks it's the best way to have your property. If you mortgage it close up, you have all your capital free, and you can keep turning it over. That's what you ought to do, Mrs. Camp. But what was the slavery that Captain Camp said was not abolished yet?"

The invalid looked at her a moment without replying, and just then the door of the kitchen opened, and young Camp came in, and began to gather some food from the table on a plate.

"Why don't you bring him to the table Reub?" his sister called to him.

"Oh, he says he'd rather not come in, as long as we have company. He says he isn't dressed for dinner; left his spike-tail in the city."

The young man laughed, and his sister with him.



A WINTER NIGHT AT BELLE ISLE.

## PRISON LIFE AT BELLE ISLE.

BY JOSEPH C. HELM.

ON the 11th of October, 1863, General Sherman and staff, with the Thirtieth U. S. infantry, were surprised and completely surrounded at Colliersville, Tenn., by a division of Forrest's cavalry under the command of General Chalmers. A small garrison was stationed at this point, but the total Union force numbered less than 450 men, as against a force of Confederates estimated at over 3200 and supported by a battery of five guns. Sherman, of course, declined to surrender, and the engagement immediately began, the Confederates, though cavalry in name, fighting on foot. Until the arrival of Corse's division of the Fifteenth corps, a period of nearly four hours, the unequal contest raged with a determination and daring rarely equalled during the war. I do not know the loss suffered by the entire garrison, but although somewhat protected by trees, stumps and underbrush, over twenty-five per cent. of the regulars were killed, wounded or captured.

As may be imagined, in this engagement, private soldiers were at a premium over drummer boys. I exchanged my drum for a musket, and just before the retreat of Chalmers began, suddenly found myself, with four other comrades, gazing into the muzzles of what seemed to us at least half a hundred Confederate rifles. A score of voices suggested in language more forcible than polite, the propriety of our immediate surrender. A moment's hesitation, and — bang — bang — bang — whiz — whiz —, two of our number were wounded. We dallied no longer, down went our guns and up went our hands. "How many Yanks yo' got in thar?" "Just wade in, Johnny, and you'll find out." "Got any batteries?" "Well, wait till Old Billy turns loose, and you'll see." These, and similar dialogues took place as we nimbly made for the rear with minnie balls flying about us in the most uncomfortable proximity.

I omit the details of our journey to

Richmond, though a number of interesting incidents occurred. Passing through Mobile, Atlanta, Columbia, Raleigh and Petersburg, we reached our destination as speedily as the limited railway facilities would permit. At Richmond we were placed in a tobacco warehouse a few blocks distant from Libby prison. Castle Thunder, a large brick building then occupied, as we were told, by imprisoned civilians and Union soldiers from the Army of the Cumberland, faced us on the opposite side of the street. Twice each day a detail under guard brought our rations from the basement of Libby, where they were cooked. Here, for the third time we were searched for greenbacks, our clothing being removed, turned wrong side out

of level ground. It was surrounded by an embankment about four feet high, with a ditch inside. Near the inner edge of this ditch was the dead-line; a step beyond the dead-line was almost certain death, and imminent danger attended a near approach thereto. A heavy guard of infantry constantly patrolled the entire distance around the camp immediately outside the embankment. Large reliefs were at hand and a battery of artillery was posted on a little eminence back of and overlooking the camp. These guns were kept loaded with grape and canister, and cannoneers were always beside them. On the Richmond bank of the river were a number of larger guns so planted and manned as to constitute a further menace



BELLE ISLE FROM RICHMOND.

and the seams and patches being thoroughly and minutely explored.

A week later we joined the starving multitude on Belle Isle, and began to experience the real horrors of imprisonment. This island lies in the James river, opposite the upper end of Richmond. My recollection is that at the time of which I am speaking it was a treeless expanse of sand, the level being broken by occasional slight undulations. The distance from the island to the Richmond shore was apparently about half a mile; with the opposite bank it was connected by a bridge of considerable length. The river on either side of the island seemed to be both rapid and deep. The prison covered a few acres, not exceeding six at the utmost,

to the prisoners. The bridge above mentioned was constantly occupied or watched by sentinels, and apparatus was kept at hand wherewith it might be quickly destroyed in case of a general uprising. Everything in the shape of boats, rafts, boards or timbers, that could possibly aid an escaping prisoner in the water was most carefully placed out of reach. I believe there are no recorded escapes from Belle Isle, and in view of the foregoing facts this circumstance is easily accounted for.

On our arrival, the prison contained 6700 men, and while I was there this number was considerably augmented. The space allotted us was so small that it was difficult to elbow one's way through

the crowds moving aimlessly about, and almost impossible to lie down in the open air without being continually stumbled over and trampled upon. A few old tents that would hardly shed rain, were furnished, but not enough for one-half of the prisoners. What is known in army parlance as "spooning" was in these tents carried to its highest perfection. These "spoons" were complicated affairs—legs, arms and bodies being almost inextricably commingled. When one man turned, a dozen others were compelled to do likewise, and if one man was restless, all in the "spoon" were kept awake. But, uncomfortable as the situation was, it was luxury which rendered the tent occupants the envy of the remaining prisoners. I was fortunate enough, in the course of two or three days, to get into a tent, and thus became a member of what might be termed the "aristocracy" of the prison. My tentmates, ten in number, belonged to regiments from New York, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Illinois and Maryland, besides one other member of the regular army. Space does not allow me to mention personally all of my tent companions. But I cannot

refrain from speaking of Ostrom, "Happy Jack" we called him, a private in the Seventeenth Illinois infantry. No ration was so small, no day so cold, and no suffering so intense, but that Jack could always find something encouraging to say. He magnified our comforts and made light of our privations. While intensely emotional and sympathetic by nature, he possessed the happy faculty of inspiring with hopefulness hearts almost in the throes of dissolution. I am glad to record that, though shattered in health, "Happy Jack" is living today.

During my stay upon the island the weather was severe, and the cold, coupled with the absence of fires and lack of clothing and blankets, caused a great deal of suffering. Occasionally, a squad of "fresh fish" (as newly captured prisoners were called) arrived from the Army of the Potomac moderately well clad, but, so far as I know, no western man ever reached the prison with a blanket or overcoat. My wardrobe was a fair sample of the rest. It consisted of a pair of army trousers, ragged and frayed in the legs; an old army shirt, tolerably good, though, of course, in filthy condition; a dilapidated



VIEW OF BELLE ISLE SOON AFTER THE WAR.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S POSITION AT COLLIERSVILLE.

blouse, through the rents of which the wind whistled at its own sweet will, and a pair of old shoes in an advanced state of decomposition. Frequently, in the morning, water in and about the camp was covered with ice, and several times during the month of December we had light falls of snow. Many of the men who were not fortunate enough to be members of the tent aristocracy, collected in groups of three or four hundred and stood through the night, pressing against each other, or

lay "spooning" along the principal avenue. Thus, by personal contact, they kept a little warmth in parts of the body; but the utter inadequacy of these devices was often too painfully apparent. No one who was there will ever forget the fearful cold of January 1, 1864. On that New Year's morning, a number of the sleepers along the avenue—twenty-nine, I was told—were carried out dead, and while their dear ones at home were looking forward to a happy reunion during the year just beginning, their bodies were being carelessly thrust into unmarked graves.

Whatever excuse may have existed for the inadequacy of shelter, clothing and food, there appeared to be no necessity for the absence of fuel. Quite a body of timber was but a short distance away and wood might have been procured, as for a time it subsequently was at Andersonville, by prisoners detailed for the purpose. Yet we were deliberately permitted to suffer day after day and night after night this



UPPER END OF BELLE ISLE FROM TREDEGAR RAILROAD BRIDGE.



additional, and as it seemed to us, wholly unnecessary hardship. Four or five times while I was on the island, a pretence of issuing fuel was made; but the issue consisted in each instance of one stick of cord wood to twenty men. In order to avoid dissatisfaction it was necessary that the stick should be divided into twenty pieces, and each man be given his puny proportion. Most of us buried these little fragments of wood in the sand and diligently searched for meatless bones ignorantly thrown away by "fresh fish," which, when obtained, were pounded to pieces and manufactured into soup; if our searches were unrewarded, we nevertheless preserved the wood and used it in cooking the food issued raw, or in boiling bones that fell to us as part of our rations.

venting their surviving comrades from drawing the rations, for any considerable time, of deceased prisoners.

One of the first men I met after being ushered into the prison, was a schoolmate of the name of Chesterman, who belonged to the same regiment, but had been taken prisoner in the Vicksburg campaign several months previous. He gave me the benefit of his observations and initiated me into the mysteries of life in the prison. Among other things he informed me that when prisoners were exchanged, the squads lowest in numerical order were called out first. Thus, if five hundred men were wanted, squads numbered one to five, inclusive, were taken. Besides the equity of this rule, it possessed the advantage to the Confederates of releasing, in the main, those men who, having been



LOWER END OF BELLE ISLE FROM TREDEGAR RAILROAD BRIDGE.

Probably a score of men on an average, were daily carried out dead or apparently dying; the latter being taken to alleged hospitals in Richmond, and hardly one in five of them surviving. Thus each squad was decimated, so that about twice a month the process of "squadding off" was gone through with. That is, all the prisoners were marched out of the pen; the squads were then called in their numerical order beginning with number one; and filled to the full complement of one hundred. This step was, of course, essential to the orderly distribution of the scanty rations; it was also useful in pre-

longest in prison were most likely to be of no further service to the Union. Acting upon Chesterman's suggestion, at each "squadding off," I endeavored to get as far down in the list as possible, and at the time of my exchange had passed from No. 67 to No. 14. Chesterman seemed, however, to be under an unlucky star, for while his pupil got away he did not. He was among the first prisoners sent to Andersonville from Belle Isle, and within a week after his arrival had incurred the bitter hostility of Wirtz by refusing to assist in constructing the prison stockade. When



THE PRISON CAMP, FROM AN OLD PAINTING.

ordered to work he informed Wirtz that he'd be d—d if he'd help to build his own prison. His temerity cost him dearly, for besides going two days without a mouthful to eat, he was kept for weeks with a ball and chain attached to his ankle. Notwithstanding these privations, however, and even greater punishments inflicted because of two attempted escapes, he survived and was one of the last men to leave that horrible death-trap. About the close of the war he arrived unheralded at Newport, Ky., the regimental headquarters. Appearing before Colonel Burbank, he was asked who he was and what he wanted. To his answer, "I am Charles Chesterman of Company A," the sturdy old colonel responded: "Impossible, sir, the battalion records show that you have been dead for eighteen months."

A sergeant or corporal (there were no commissioned officers on the island) was put in charge of each squad, and the squads were subdivided by the men themselves into messes of twenty-five each. The rations for the squad were issued to the non-commissioned officer in charge, and by him separated into four equal

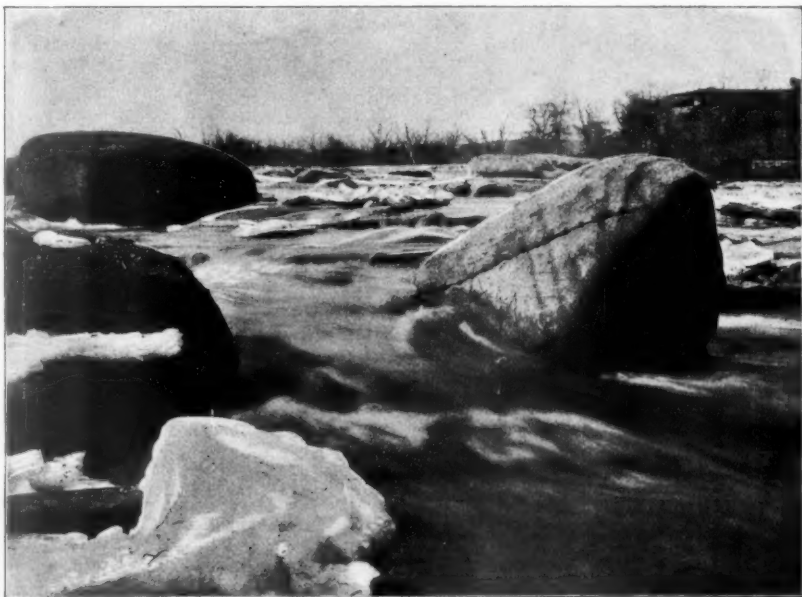
parts for the messes. Each fourth was then subdivided into as many portions as the mess contained men. There were often unavoidable inequalities in these divisions, and to avoid controversy, it became necessary to distribute the portions by lot.

Nominally, we drew rations once a day, but often twenty-four hours elapsed with nothing at all to eat. To the best of my recollection, the daily allowance was substantially as follows: a piece of bread, made from unbolted corn meal, not to exceed four inches square, and a pint of thin soup made of rice or "nigger" beans, or the bread with a piece of meat, usually mutton, weighing three or four ounces; or a sweet potato, frequently raw, with the bread or the meat, or the soup. The food was rarely seasoned, even with salt (the latter commodity having become an almost unattainable luxury in Richmond). It is needless to say that every scrap was eagerly devoured, sometimes raw, as it was issued, the meatless bones being, as already suggested, jealously preserved for the purpose of converting the atoms of marrow they contained into soup.

Any surviving prisoner who was on Belle Isle during this period will remember the dog incident, which temporarily created quite a commotion. Captain Bossou, the officer in command of the prison, or "Sandy," of whom I will presently speak, I am not certain which, was the owner of a black and tan dog. This dog was a great pet with the captain and "Sandy." He sometimes accompanied "Sandy" through the prison, and while greedily watched, was not molested. But one unlucky day he concluded to make a little visit on his own hook, and trotted through the gate and across the dead-line alone. Suddenly and mysteriously he disappeared, and in spite of the most vigorous and thorough search, could not be found. Both threats and rewards proved unavailing. Whether or not the dog voluntarily found his way to the "sailors' tent," and was there captured and slain, I do not know. But true it is that "Happy Jack" was his slayer, and true it is that his carcass, having been wrapped in some old papers and hidden in the sand until the search was over, was resurrected and cooked, constituting one of the squarest meals the inmates of the "sail-

ors' tent" enjoyed during their sojourn.

Late in December, some clothing and pickled pork for the prisoners came to Richmond from the sanitary commission. Three or four Union officers from Libby, including, I believe, General Neal Dow, were detailed to distribute the clothing; the Confederates dealt out the pork themselves. This pork was the greatest luxury those of us who could eat it at all ever tasted. It was issued instead of the usual ration, and sometimes entirely uncooked; but whether cooked or raw, it seemed to us a dish "fit for the gods." The rock salt in the brine was carefully preserved, and thereafter given us in limited quantities. But the pork and the salt gave out in three or four days, and we fell back upon the old Confederate diet. The clothing was also a most salutary gift. I only hope that the givers experienced a pleasure in giving proportionate to the gratitude of those emaciated sufferers in receiving. Very few, if any, received an entire suit, but all of the more needy got something. Coming, as it did, in mid-winter, to men practically unsheltered, it lessened the misery of hundreds and undoubtedly saved many lives.



THE JAMES RIVER FALLS ABOVE THE ISLAND.



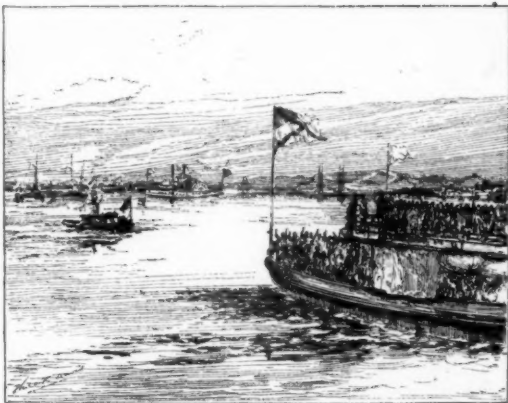
VIEW OF THE REDOUT ABOVE THE PRISON CAMP.

Darwin would have found in the prison a veritable bonanza of evidence confirmatory of his pet theory. Many of the distinguishing characteristics between the human and the brute seemed to have wholly disappeared. Common honesty was below par, and a reckless disregard of property rights was the rule, not the exception. Hundreds of the prisoners were as quarrelsome, as covetous, and as selfish as hungry dogs in the street. A piece of bread was almost sure to be snatched from its owner and made away with if the slightest opportunity presented itself. Quarrelling and fighting upon the most trivial pretexts were constantly taking place. Fisticuffs, however, rarely lasted more than a minute or two, as the combatants were quickly exhausted by their own exertions, and these belligerent encounters were always more ludicrous than harmful. Robbery, especially of blankets and overcoats, was of frequent occurrence. Woe to the "fresh fish" who, wrapping his overcoat or blanket about him, lay down to sleep. His visions of home and kindred were sure to be disturbed by the sensation of a sudden fall, and he roused up only to realize that

his coat or blanket had disappeared forever. The object in "borrowing" (as the proceeding was facetiously termed) coats and blankets was not to get something to wear, but something to eat. This being a strictly truthful history, and the statute of limitations having interposed its bar, I shall make the painful confession that the larder of the "sailors' tent" was more than once replenished in this way. Our Confederate guards were all sadly in need of clothing, and it was through them our little commercial transactions were accomplished. Having "borrowed" an article of commercial value (i.e., a blanket or garment of wearing apparel) it was carefully hidden in the sand to prevent possible discovery until a guard appeared containing some old soldiers; we always avoided the risk of attempting to communicate with those whose demeanor betokened the recruit or conscript. Then selecting a sentinel whose looks inspired confidence and whose relief would bring him on post again about midnight, the subject would be cautiously broached and if he proved favorable a contract would be quietly agreed upon. This was not difficult, for as will be remembered the

prisoner inside the dead-line and the sentinel outside the embankment were not over twenty-five or thirty feet apart and plainly visible to each other. So far as I know, these contracts were always fulfilled to the letter, though the guards, had they been so disposed, might have obtained the blanket or coat and then have refused to deliver the consideration specified. I became the commercial agent for the tent. My last trade was the exchanging of a blanket for twenty-four light (?) biscuits. These biscuits were small, stale, hard and heavy, but they were supposed to be made of milk and wheat flour and we considered the transaction quite a bargain.

Captain Bossou, unlike Wirtz, was not a cruel man by nature. He seemed powerless, however, to avoid or ameliorate our suffering. It is said that, realizing his helplessness in this respect, at his own repeated and urgent request, he was finally sent to his regiment, under Lee, at the front. Acts of petty tyranny and personal ill-usage almost always came from men whom we recognized as recent conscripts or recruits. A one-eyed Confederate sergeant of the Thirty-First Virginia battalion, who, because of his hair and complexion, was known throughout the camp as



THE EXCHANGE BOATS ON THE JAMES RIVER.

"Sandy," enjoyed kicking, and pounding with his fists and revolver, those unfortunate prisoners who in any way incurred his displeasure; or, what was worse, sometimes, in the heat of passion, he seized the poor ration of food from the hand of the alleged culprit and trampled it in the dirt under his feet or threw it over the embankment. He had a great deal to do with the management of the prison, and many opportunities were presented for the exhibition of his fiendish propensity. He knew himself to be an object of the profoundest hatred and seemed to enjoy retaliating by the indiscriminate infliction of suffering. Since the war I have learned that he was regarded



VIEW OF BELLE ISLE FROM THE RICHMOND SIDE.





THE UPPER END OF BELLE ISLE FROM THE MANCHESTER SIDE.

as a brute by the men of his own regiment, and that upon the disbanding of the Confederate troops he probably met a violent death at the hands of some of his former comrades in arms. I find great difficulty, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century, in honestly expressing the sentiment, "Peace to his ashes."

We were told that one day, shortly before our arrival, a New York artillery sergeant, in charge of some prisoners policing the camp, accidentally stepped over the dead-line and was instantly killed. Also, that, a short time previous, some of the prisoners became involved in a boisterous and heated quarrel, and were ordered to desist by one of the guards; not at once obeying, they were fired upon, one being killed and two wounded.

Mental delusions of various degrees and kinds were one of the unhappy results of prison life. Lunacy was not uncommon; sometimes the sufferer was talkative and apparently happy; sometimes he was sulky and quarrelsome, though seldom, if ever, really vicious or dangerous. One night we heard a challenge from the guard in our immediate neighborhood; in response, a prisoner answered

that he was going to see his mother; a second challenge and command to halt elicited from him a similar declaration; before we could interpose, a third challenge was made and instantly followed by the discharge of a musket. The poor fellow fell into the ditch, and, when reached by the guard, had passed beyond earthly suffering. It is doubtful if the fond mother, to whom his mind instinctively turned in its disordered fancies, ever learned the fate of her boy.

I have spoken of the brutalizing effects produced by the cold, vermin and starvation. But there was certainly one characteristic peculiar to the human upon which these hardships seemed to make little impression. They could not extinguish the divine spark of patriotism. Liberty and pay would have been the reward of any Union soldier willing to enlist in the Confederate army. Carpenters, tailors and other artisans were constantly tempted by offers of food and shelter, to enter the employ of the Confederacy and work at their trades. Once only, while I was there, were these temptations, to my knowledge, considered with favor. Three or four tailors decided to accept employ-

ment, and were taken over to Richmond. Their determination, in some way, became known, and I shall never forget the jeering abuse and humiliation heaped upon them by the remaining prisoners, as they marched past us outside the embankment toward the bridge. The reward of an extra ration was, on one occasion, offered by "Sandy" to any prisoner who would, the next morning, voluntarily hoist the Confederate flag that floated over the camp. It seemed, for a while, as if the luring proffer would be scornfully rejected. But, finally, a man was found (I refrain from giving his name and the state he came from) whose fortitude gave way to the cravings of his empty stomach. He hoisted the flag. While he remained on the island, fear restrained his fellow-prisoners from physically expressing their scorn of his act. But I am told that afterwards, when paroled and in camp at Annapolis, he was treated by them to such a blanket-tossing as he could never forget. It is more than likely that, while flying through the air, amid the taunts and jeers of his comrades, he concluded that his extra ration was dearly purchased.

Among the prisoners was a cousin of

mine, who belonged to a different regiment, but whom I first met, as a prisoner, in the slave-pen used as a temporary prison at Mobile. When captured, he was a strong, healthy man; but illness, coupled with the hardships endured, speedily reduced him to a physical wreck. We were not together in the prison, but once in a while accidentally encountered each other. On my last "squadding off" day we did not receive even the usual scanty ration of food. My cousin and I met, and I shall never forget the pathos of his piteous appeal: "Joe, for God's sake, get me a piece of bread! I am so hungry!" He well knew his entreaty would be vain, as bread was no less difficult for me to obtain than for him. Besides, if I had secured an extra ration, it is doubtful if the ties of kindred or the promptings of humanity would have been strong enough to have overcome the selfish demand of my own rapacious appetite. Poor William! His trembling voice and white and emaciated face revealed only too clearly the fact that his days were numbered. He was never again seen by any member of the family. Opposite his name, in the Confederate hos-



VIEW FROM THE RICHMOND SIDE JUST ABOVE THE OLD WATER WORKS.

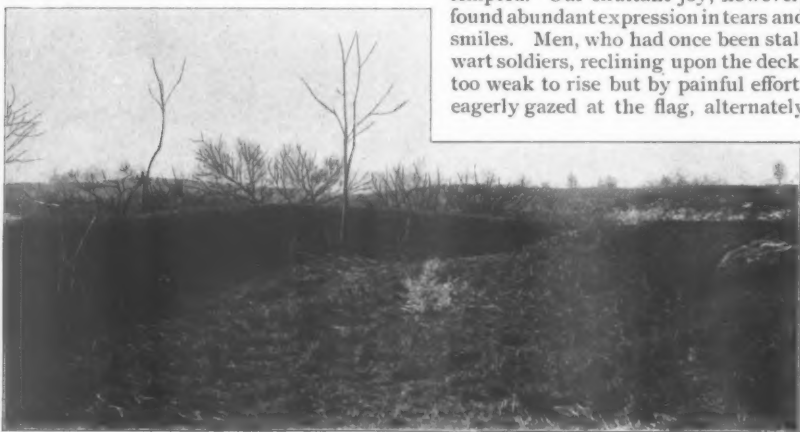
pital records at Richmond, however, was afterwards found the following laconic, but expressive inscription: "Deceased—general debility."

One day it was reported, as it had often been reported before, that they were going to parole some prisoners. The rumor proved true, and having taken my stand as near the gate as possible, I quietly stepped into one of the squads as it marched out. There being several vacancies, I was not molested, and thus became one of the lucky 500, though many others should have had precedence. We were taken over to Richmond, loaded upon a little steamer and two flatboats attached to it by cables, and sometime during the night carried down the James, past the river fortifications below the city. But little attention was paid to the familiar paroling act, or to the rumor that we were being taken to the new prison recently established at Andersonville. For even had this rumor been true, we were willing "to fly to ills we knew not of," rather than longer suffer those with which we had become so familiar. Early the next forenoon our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the stars and stripes at the masthead of the good ship *New York*, anchored off City Point. No one who has not undergone a similar experience can ever appreciate the thrill of joy that animated our hearts at this moment. We then began to believe that our deliverance was at



THE SITE OF THE PRISON CAMP AS IT APPEARS NOW.

hand. Five hundred Confederate prisoners on board the *New York* for exchange greeted their flag floating over our steamer with three lusty cheers. We certainly were not less patriotic than they, and, as best we could, sought to respond by a similar expression of our own feelings at sight of the loved Union emblem. The enthusiasm was there, the spirit was there, but I am sorry to record that the flesh proved unequal to the occasion. The first cheer was feeble, indeed; the second sounded more like a wail of despair than the happy outpouring of gratitude, because of deliverance from bondage; the third was not even attempted. Our exultant joy, however, found abundant expression in tears and smiles. Men, who had once been stalwart soldiers, reclining upon the deck, too weak to rise but by painful effort, eagerly gazed at the flag, alternately



THE INTERIOR OF THE REDOUT.

laughing and crying like little children.

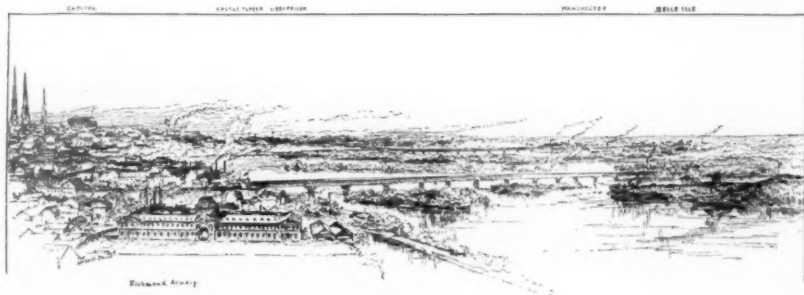
Our transfer to the New York was no sooner accomplished than we began receiving food. But great precautions were necessary to prevent the fearful mortality that would have speedily followed unrestricted access to the provisions. A heavy guard of Union soldiers watched over us and kindly but firmly frustrated all our little schemes to reach the ship's pantry and storeroom. While steaming down the river and up Chesapeake bay, and while anchored off Fortress Monroe and Annapolis, we were fed frequently, but in the most cautious manner; and until we landed at the latter city our diet was mainly light bread, soup and coffee. Notwithstanding this caution, the reaction proved too much for many of the men, and over 200 were carried to the hospital on stretchers.

Upon landing, our clothing, much of which had been received from the sanitary commission a short time previous, was thrown away on account of the vermin, and after cleansing our persons we dressed from head to foot in new uniforms. Determined to have a square meal, I took the extra shirt issued me to a bakery near at hand, where I traded it for about two feet of gingerbread and half a gallon of sweet milk. My anticipated feast was a dismal failure. The gingerbread, or the milk, or the combination, proved altogether too much for my enervated stomach. Years passed before I could contemplate with composure either of these articles of food, and my appetite therefor has never fully returned.

Freedom to go and come as we pleased

was for a time quite a novelty. It seemed as though, somehow, we had lost a part of ourselves. In walking along the street, every now and then I would instinctively start and look around, expecting to see the familiar form of the Confederate guard beside me. A vague uneasiness, accompanied by a peculiar sensation of danger, would at such moments come over me. More than once I imagined that I could see in some tree or shrub the well-known slouch hat and butternut suit, and could hear the familiar command, "Git back thar, Yank, into yo' place, or I'll shoot yo' damned head off."

Many other prison recollections have pressed upon me while writing this article, but I am admonished by its unexpected length to forbear. During the years that have passed since the prisons of Belle Isle and Andersonville contained the last starving soldier, nature has done all she could to turn over the leaf and hide from view this, the darkest page in the history of the great war. The blue and the gray now fraternally commingle upon fields where they once engaged in deadly conflict. Johnston, with bowed head, sadly follows the bier of Sherman, and distinguished Union soldiers stand uncovered beside the grave of Johnston. The surviving prisoner cherishes no resentment. All bitter thoughts are resolutely put behind him. But poor human nature is not equal to the task of obliterating the hideous recollections of prison life. And no survivor would forget, if he could, the heroism of those patriotic comrades who saw the light of freedom and plenty only through the portal of death.





# IN A DAHABIEH

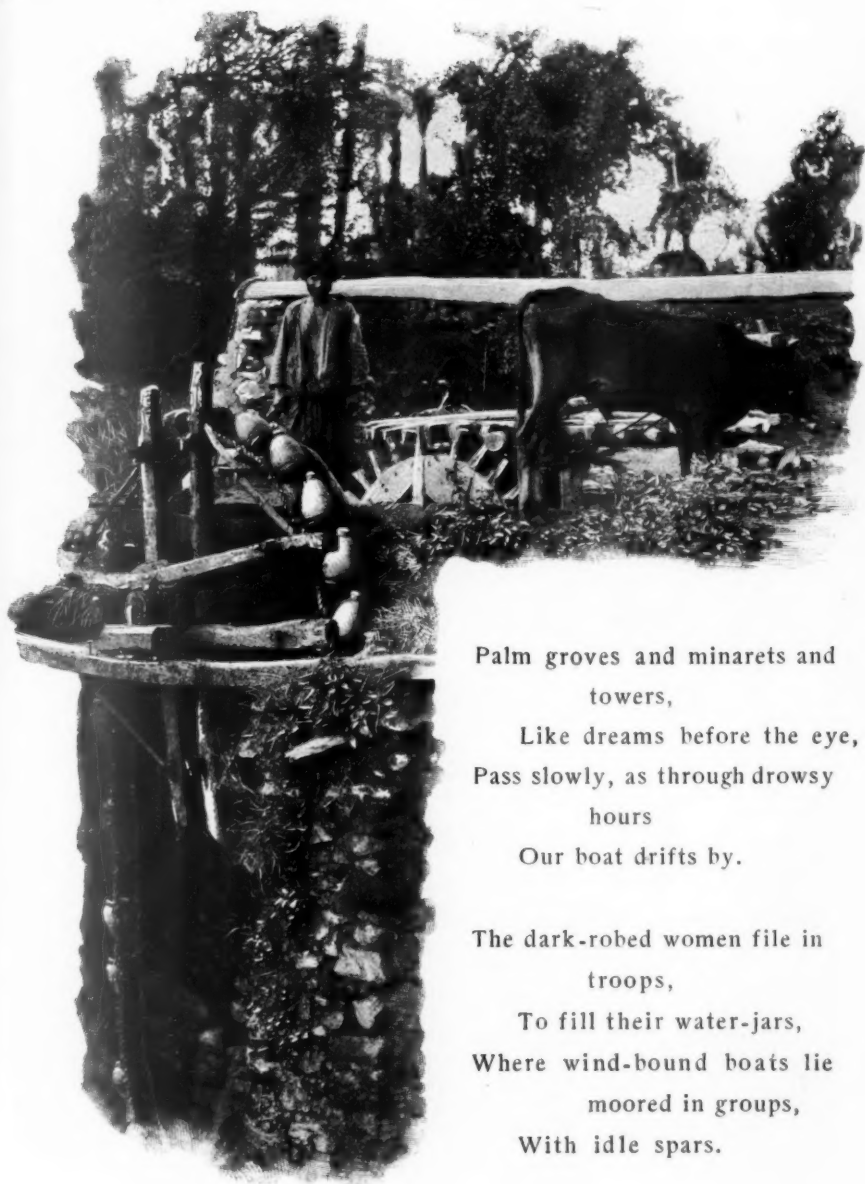
BY FREDERICK PETERSON.



A DESERT lies on either hand,  
In stern and lone  
repose;  
Between the wastes of  
yellow sand  
The dark Nile flows.

All through the valley, strait  
and green,  
Are wafted faint  
perfumes  
From fields of clover and  
sweet-bean  
And lentil-blooms.





Palm groves and minarets and  
towers,

Like dreams before the eye,  
Pass slowly, as through drowsy  
hours

Our boat drifts by.

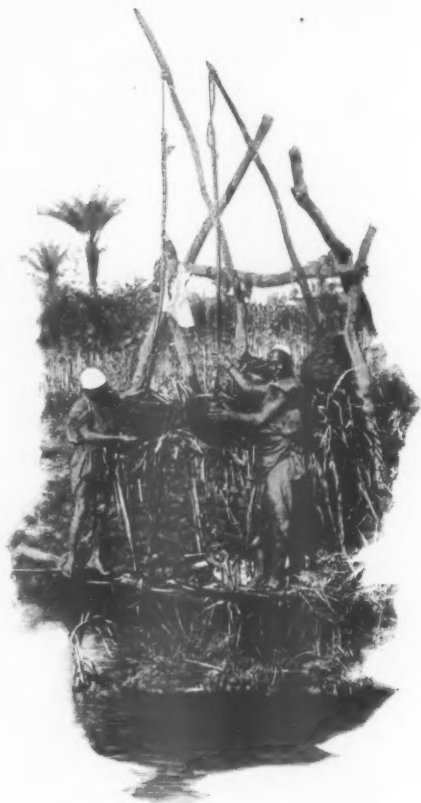
The dark-robed women file in  
troops,

To fill their water-jars,  
Where wind-bound boats lie  
moored in groups,  
With idle spars.

All day a strident monotone  
 Along the shore line steals—  
 The noise of wells, the creak  
     and groan  
 Of waterwheels.

Up from the river softly floats  
 The boatmen's wailing song,  
 Where, up and down, the swan-  
     winged boats  
 Glide all day long.

Soon, sharp against the  
     reddening sky,  
 By sunset canopied,  
 Looms up, remote and shadowy,  
 A pyramid.



Strange sounds, by curious  
     wading birds,  
 Are heard along the bars,  
 When night brings forth, too  
     fair for words,  
 Her moon and stars.

Then—lo, a ghost! Seneferoo  
 Comes from his giant tomb,  
 To guard his Egypt all night  
     through  
 On huge Maydoom!



THE LARGEST LOAD EVER HAULED.

## LUMBERING IN THE NORTHWEST.

BY J. E. JONES.

SO this is a lumber camp!

I gaze with bewilderment at the group of log shanties before me, and wonder if the "forest primeval" is not ashamed of the living quarters provided for its destroyers.

We do not stop at the camp, but drive on down the logging road, and are soon in the midst of a thick growth of pine trees, and on either hand the woodsmen are busily at work in the timber. The sawyers are diligently drawing the sharpened edges of the cross-cut saw through the trunks of giant pines. I regard the men and their work attentively, and observe that by a few short strokes of the sharpened instrument the tree is severed

from its stump, and swinging high in the air, its massive form comes crashing and tumbling to the earth; where in a few short minutes the master hand of man trims away its branches, divests it of its beauty, and deprives it of all the grandeur it has gathered by centuries of slow growth. Nature's unaided forces have been at work, it is authoritatively stated, rarely less than two hundred years to produce the giants which we cut down today.

The woodsmen press their work, and the tree which I have seen felled is cut into log lengths, and the work of demolition is complete. That which so recently stood erect and grand, has become an ugly



DINNER TIME.

log, and is left lying on the ground until the teamster shall drag it away to the skidway, where it is to lose its identity by being thrown among thousands of others of its kind.

The "skidding," as it is commonly called, is commenced early in the winter (although it is carried on during nearly the entire logging season), so as to furnish a quantity of logs for the teams by the time the ground is well frozen and the snowy roads packed; when all is in readiness to begin hauling.

Some of the loads hauled are marvels in size. Perhaps the largest load ever hauled was drawn by a four-horse team a distance of three miles, on Ann river, in Minnesota, February 13th, 1892. This load contained sixty-three very large logs, fifty-eight of which were sixteen feet long, and five measured eighteen feet in length; and its weight, including sled and chains, was 114 tons; the sled and chains alone weighed five tons. This enormous load contained 31,480 feet of lumber, and measured twenty-one feet in height, and twenty feet in width. The dimensions of the sled upon which it was hauled are as follows: the runners are five inches thick, eleven inches high, nine feet long, and nine feet apart. The bars are fifteen by eighteen inches and twelve feet long. The rocker is fifteen by eighteen inches and six-

teen feet three inches long. These figures may seem quite incredible to the person who has seen nothing of logging, and many an old lumberman has stood aghast when learning of the number of feet the load contained. The reader should understand that the logs for this load were selected stock, all being large, and that it was made up and hauled under advantageous conditions.

But the ordinary load of logs is not so enormous in size, as hauling large loads is not profitable. They scale on the average 6000 or 7000 feet, but loads scaling over 20,000 feet are not uncommon. The dimensions of the logging sleds would not be as great as those given. On a smoothly iced, or snow-packed road it is not as difficult to haul these large loads as might be supposed. Once in motion they are quite easily drawn by four-horse teams, where there are no hills to mount; and I may add that, although attempts have been made to haul logs by means of steam apparatus, in each instance the machines were found to be impracticable, and, after much delay, and often following heavy losses, the faithful horse was replaced at the sled tongue.

The men engaged in this industry are of a disposition akin to that of all people similarly employed. Rather rough in appearance, they are, nevertheless, good-

hearted and jovial, and as a rule, robust and healthy. They work hard, and as a natural result are blessed with large appetites and unfailing digestive organs. When not working they spend their time for the most part in innocent enjoyments, or "knocking about town." They are a jolly class to be among, and are always courteous and attentive to visitors at the camps. Many are educated and enlightened on public questions, and not infrequently we find them prominent in local affairs, and acknowledged political leaders.

The living apartments of a camp are crude, and constructed for but a few winters' use, and oftentimes for but a single season. The large, low buildings are constructed of logs, while the roofs which are nearly flat, are made of wooden tiles, hewn out from logs, or from overlapping boards. The furniture, which in both "cook shanties" and "men's shanties," is usually made from rough pine boards, consists of tables, benches, a few shelves upon which to put dishes, and the men's bunks. Rough bark covers the walls, while mud is used to "chink up" the cracks. In the cook shanties are the large stove and long tables surrounded by benches that answer the purpose of chairs. Apart from the main camp are oftentimes found living apartments for the foreman and his family, and the woman cook, when one is employed. One cook, with the

help of a "chore boy," or "cookee," is able to prepare food for from thirty to fifty men. The lumberman's food is substantial, and usually so prepared as to be quite palatable; and to the time-honored pork and beans there are added pastries and delicacies.

In the center of the men's shanty stands a large stove, which by the crackling dry pine or tamarack fire, adds cheerfulness to the long winter evenings. On either wall, arranged in tiers of from two to three deep, are the men's bunks, each large enough to hold two persons. In this room they spend their evenings, reading, telling stories, or engaged in general conversation.

As soon as the snow goes off the ground the work is abandoned until another winter, and the men are off to the town to enjoy a short period of recreation—and, too often, a protracted spree; after which they go on to the log drives, and into the mills for the summer's work.

The logging industry has witnessed many wonderful evolutions within the past few years, and is, at present, transacted upon the strictest scientific and business principles. When we examine statistics, and find that the present lumber cut in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan amounts in each year to 10,000,000,000 feet, and that for the ten years ending January 1st, 1890, the cut was



INTERIOR OF A CAMP.



86,039,917,567 feet, we are almost appalled at the magnitude of the figures. The latter amount would be contained in a pile of logs 400 feet wide, 40 feet high and extending from New York to San Francisco.

It will no doubt be interesting to the reader to learn of the usual manner in which logs are taken long distances to the mills, for as the forests recede the mills are left further and further from the products which are so necessary for their utility.

It is sometimes necessary to drive the logs by steam a distance of from 100 to 200 miles, and even further. On the Mississippi river logs are driven fully 300 miles. Rivers and creeks are often filled for miles with saw logs, all piling and crowding on top of one another. The work of the drivers is to keep the logs floating in the streams, and they receive large pay, for their work is hard and hazardous and they are obliged to be at their post from fifteen to sixteen hours out of each twenty-four. In cold or damp, during rain or shine, they are obliged to be on duty. While water is to be had the logs must be kept afloat. It is an almost every-day occurrence among rivermen to be in the water up to the waist, pushing and prying, to release logs that have become lodged in the stream and thus form an obstruction. Often, while the ice still lines the banks, are they obliged to work, at intervals, for hours in the cold waters. The foremost of the logs are particularly looked after, and special attention is taken to keep them moving freely; but the whole mass of logs must also be attentively guarded, to avoid jams.

In spite of the hardest efforts, however, it is often impossible to keep the streams clear. The water at the "driving period" needs to be high, and the seething currents press hard against bulky obstructions, often piling logs high in the air. The upper logs weigh down the lower ones, until the whole stream is entirely filled. The logs behind this press on, and crowd, and push, and the whole mass forms an almost solid wedge stretching from bank to bank of the stream, and constantly growing larger and more compact. After several days of hard labor these jams are usually removed, and the immense body of logs is again set moving toward the mills.

Oftentimes, however, many days, and even weeks, pass by without the workmen being able to break the compact formations. Dynamite and other powerful explosives are used to advantage, but sometimes even these fail of their purpose. In the spring of 1892 a jam formed on the St. Croix, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, that was about six miles in length; one formed on the Chippewa, in Wisconsin, in 1886, that was fully ten miles in length; while about twenty years ago this same stream was perhaps the scene of the largest log jam known in history. This jam, as near as the writer can ascertain, was in the neighborhood of twenty-five miles in length, and was estimated to have contained over 150,000,000 feet of lumber.

Log jams are common, and even those measuring miles in length are not infrequent. However, it is often the case that an entire spring's drive is made without any such large formations. The whole matter of successful drives depends upon high water, and when this fails the logs are "hung up" along the shores, and the work greatly retarded, and often temporarily suspended.

But with the use of the logging railways the necessity of the drives disappears, with their accompanying disadvantages such as low waters, the loss of logs by being left stranded on the banks of the stream, and many other troublesome features of the "water route." Besides this, the cost of transportation by rail is shown to be cheaper than by water. Once in operation the railroads afford excellent advantages to the lumbermen. Their superiority was discovered several years ago, and today there are several hundred miles of logging railway used exclusively for lumbering purposes in the three states.

Boarding one of the trains of a logging company, the writer, after a ride of about fifteen miles, found himself at the terminus of one of these roads, where the loading works of the company are located. Here in a small lake is a vast quantity of logs, and at the side of the lake, standing high above the water, are the works. A "slip" about six feet wide is constructed from the latter down to the lake. Along the entire length of this slip, or sloping platform, is an endless chain, which at the bottom passes around a pul-



AT WORK.

ley, and at the top over a large wheel, that is kept in motion by a twenty horsepower engine. All along this chain are sharp projections (or in the technical words of the woodsmen—"steel dogs"), that fasten onto the logs as they are placed lengthwise along the course travelled by the chain, which in its circuit comes up under the water. By this means the logs are held fast until they are brought upon the platform above. Here they are taken in hand by several men and rolled onto the cars which are side-tracked alongside the works. As soon as a car is loaded it is pushed down the track, and another car run into place and filled. So rapidly is this work performed that a train load of twenty cars, containing about 40,000 feet, can be loaded in a little more than one hour, by the labor of about a half dozen workmen. These works are kept in operation throughout most of the summer, and will handle nearly 20,000,000 feet of logs during the season. This work is, as we have noticed, mostly accomplished during the warm seasons, and bears the same relation to the industry

under discussion as do the log drives. But the logging trains are not obliged to suspend operations during the winter months. In this latter season of the year they make regular trips to the woods, and haul vast quantities of logs to the mills. Sometimes, however, the trains haul to the streams, where the logs are unloaded into the river, and "drove" down the streams. The logs from the skidways located near the tracks, are drawn by teams to the railroad, where they are loaded on the cars by a small force of men, with surprising rapidity.

There is also another phase of logging, which, although not in general use, is, nevertheless, interesting. It is called "summer logging," deriving its name from the season during which it is performed. The process is much the same as that of the work done in winter, only differing in the manner of hauling logs. A team is hitched to two or three logs, and they are dragged, or "snaked" off to the bank of a stream, or railroad, as the case may be.

Perhaps the most interesting and scien-

tific mode of conducting the work during the summer season is by the use of the steam skidder. This ingenious invention can only be used where the timber is near to the stream, and in the railway logging the track is laid so as to have the trains within reach of the skidder. The feasibility of the contrivance is best adapted to the railway logging, where it is more generally found. This skidder consists of a steam engine of twenty-four horsepower, or thereabouts, sitting side-tracked on a flat-car. Near the skidder is a large tree, and attached to this at a distance from the ground of about forty feet, is a heavy wire cable. Six hundred feet off, in the woods, is another large tree, and the other end of the cable is attached to it, at a corresponding height. Both trees are supported by heavy guy ropes. Over the main wire, extending from the two trees, is a hanging block working on pulleys, and running down from this by means of ropes are grab-hooks. A receding line carries the hanging block or "velocipede" to the tree farthest in the wood, where workmen fasten the grab-hooks, which are similar to ice-tongs, to the logs. The signal is then given to the engineer, and the rope which is attached to the logs

is rapidly wound around a huge drum, and the logs are raised from the ground, and three or four of them go rapidly through the air, while the lower ends strike on the stumps and underlying obstructions. As soon as the car is reached upon which they are to be loaded, two or three men with "peavies"\* in hand fasten onto the logs, and they are lowered in place on the cars, and when a train load is secured, are hurried away to the mill.

The work in the woods is, withal, quite simple, but of a very interesting nature.

At the mill, all the varied products of the forest are manufactured and made ready for the markets. Laths, shingles, boards, planks and timbers are here made in great quantities, to supply the nation's—aye, the whole world's demand.

The mills are usually located, for convenience, on the banks of a lake, river or pond, in which the logs are deposited, partly as a protection against fire, but mostly as a matter of economy in handling. The logs are enclosed in "booms," which are simply long timbers chained at the ends and drawn around the outer edge of the logs, so as to hold its contents from breaking loose and being set afloat. A quantity of logs for sawing are always



A SAW-MILL WITH ITS LOG RESERVOIR.

\* Peavie—a lifting pole, with grab-hook on end.

to be found next to the mill, where they are kept for immediate use.

The logs are got into the mill in the same manner as at the loading works (which has already been described), and are placed on a platform, from which they are rolled onto a "carriage"; and the carriage shoots forth, past a huge saw, which plunges into the end of the log and plows its way rapidly from one end to another—a board is dropped from the side of the log, on to a set of revolving rollers, that carry it a short distance, where it is

and by the saw. But the "gang"-saw is the wonder of the mill. Although its motion is slow, it accomplishes a marvelous amount of work, as it saws a number of logs at a time. The "gang" is of various sizes, the smallest size consisting of twenty-four saws, while the largest size has sixty saws.

A modern first-class saw-mill, which the writer recently visited, contains the following machinery: four sets of saws for sawing lumber, two being gangs, one rotary, and one band; two double edgers,



IN A LUMBER CAMP.

taken in charge by two workmen, and placed on a machine through which it is passed, and trimmed of its rough edges. Again the board speeds forth on the rollers, until it is placed on another machine, which trims it of its rough ends. This latter machine drops the board (finished, except planing) again upon the revolving rollers, and it passes out of the mill, onto a large platform, where it is taken in hand by more men, and loaded onto the cars, or wagons, to be drawn off to the yards and piled.

The different manners in which a board can be sawed is interesting. The time-honored rotary saw cuts one board at a time, as also does the band-saw, and so quick is their work accomplished that it is only after considerable practice that a man is able to stand upon and operate the "carriage" which carries the logs to

for trimming rough edges from boards; two trimmers, for trimming off ends of boards; two slab-slashers, which work the waste material from the logs into firewood; one entire lath-mill; and a complete shingle-mill. This machinery is contained in one room, eighty feet in breadth and 175 feet in length. Apart from a mill of this description would be found the "filing-rooms," where all the saws of the mill are sharpened; the engine rooms, containing the immense engines, or, in case water-power was used, the race-courses and flumes; a large planing-mill, for dressing lumber; machine shops, and the general and yard offices of the company. To this is not infrequently added an electric light plant, used for lighting all the company's works, pumping-houses for fire protection, and a large amount of buildings used for various

other purposes. So perfect is the machinery used in the manufacture of lumber, that an industry having all the connections mentioned above would employ less than 400 persons in the transaction of its entire business. In the course of a season's work, which would occupy seven or eight months, about \$400,000 worth of lumber, lath and shingles would be manufactured.

\* \* \*

It is hoped that from the foregoing the reader may have learned something regarding the manner in which the house in which he lives, the table at which he sits, and the carriage in which he rides, was extracted from the trees of the forests. The work is nearly all conducted in out-of-the-way-places, so that it is viewed by but a small per cent. of what is known as "the public."

But in writing of the industry, we are too fully aware that the scientific point to which it has been brought, and the great demands made by the builders' and manu-

facturers' trades for pine lumber, are fast exterminating our forests, and, unless some new material for building is introduced that will considerably lessen the consumption of the present product, our timber will soon be entirely gone, and the proud states that now boast of their plentiful forests will be treeless and bare.

Some of the figures presented to the Forestry Congress, recently held at Philadelphia, though quite incomplete, are, nevertheless, impressive. From them it appears that the woodlands of the United States now cover 450,000,000 acres, or about twenty-six per cent. of the area. Of this, not less than 25,000,000 acres are cut over, annually. It was also stated, that, while the wood growing annually in the United States amounted to 12,000,000,000 cubic feet, the amount cut annually is 24,000,000,000 cubic feet, besides a vast amount destroyed by fire and not included in the estimate. The country's supply is being depleted, therefore, twice as fast as it is being reproduced, which clearly goes to show that a timber famine



A LAKE FILLED WITH LOGS.



is approaching quite rapidly. It must be very serious when it comes, and cannot be relieved very easily or soon.

But, aside from the damage which must inevitably befall the country when the forests are exhausted, we do not feel as though this article could be properly brought to a close without some expression of the appreciation we have for the forests as they now exist—their beauty, their healthfulness, and their grandeur.

"It is doubtful," says some one, writing on this subject, "if toil wrings from the earth in cereal products a richer harvest than the untilled forests yield. But the wealth of the woods is the gift of the silent centuries. Trees, fertilized by their own foliage, fed by the earth and watered by the sky, bring their unbought contributions to every field of human industry, minister to the comforts and elegancies of life, enrich every sense with their fruit and their fragrance, with the melody of

their music, and the beauty of their form and foliage. Trees imprison the wealth of melting snows and of falling showers in cisterns woven of their fragile roots, holding back their reserves from the drenched fields in spring, and yielding them to the parched soil in the hot and arid summer. Forests arrest the scorching blasts of summer and the chilling winds of winter; dam up the waters that would sweep to destruction the ungarnered wealth of fields and flocks; preserve the springs and rivulets that make glad the hearts of the field, and the fowls of the air; give to rivers a more constant flow, absorb the poisonous exhalations of the atmosphere, and pour back into it a steady flow of pure, life-giving moisture. Birds learn their music from the whispering leaves and the murmuring brooks, and so brooks and birds follow the forests, leaving to the parched earth only such melodies as may lay on the other side of silence."

### WHAT THE BLOSSOMS TOLD.

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS.

TWICE in the year the orchard feels a thrill,  
Twice is it happy past the heart of man:  
When hurrying blossoms break the winter's ban,  
And when the boughs bend down to autumn's will.  
These are the seasons which its life fulfill,  
Its guerdon for the sultry summer tan,  
Its fee for icy fetters; this the plan  
Which rears a sweetness from the soil of ill.

Heart, it is thus with thee! The day, the night  
Tread onward at thy side down all the years;  
The ill perplexes and the sorrow sears—  
And yet thou hast thy holy-tides of light:  
Buds break about thee, freshening in thy tears;  
The harvest gathers under winter's blight.



## AMERICAN SOCIETY IN PARIS.

BY MARY BACON FORD.

IT is rather the fashion to decry the present position of the American colony in Paris, by invidious comparisons between its later glories and those of the second empire. Nothing could be more natural, and nothing could be more unfair.

The tinsel that covered the fall of the house of Napoleon, hid the shortcomings of many who shared in its triumphs. Ostentation ruled, and the pace set by the court was copied by its devotees. The

revolution wrought in French society by Prussian rifle balls, did not stop at the Tuileries. Foreigners, as well as native, benefited by the change. A simpler mode of life obtained, and, as is always the case, with less gilding came more refinement. In a word, social frankness has emerged, and though it may still be a far cry to the ideal state of things, the change is sufficiently marked to all for notice.

It should not be inferred, however, that

the purchasing power of a dollar has suffered eclipse in the Rue de la Paix, or that delicious *déjeuners* are not provided, as of old, by brilliant and beautiful matrons, whose French wines are second only to their American wit. No! ginger is still hot in the mouth, the supply of cakes and ale is sufficient unto the day thereof, and beauty's reign is undimmed. Empires pass, *Boulangers* have their little hour, *Cronstadt* jollifications come and go and *Panama* celebrities fade and fall—but the American belle remains, with sceptre as potent as when *Madame Patterson Bonaparte* danced herself into the good graces of Europe.

While it is undeniable that England, as contrasted with continental countries, has the larger share of fair Americans, owing to the irresistible attraction of the English court, Paris still remains the abiding place of many American women of note. It is manifestly impossible, in the limits of a magazine article, to do justice to all who are at the moment in evidence in the colony,—and this, too, without reference to those who having



MRS. JOHN MONROE.

married Frenchmen move almost wholly in French society; for the American colony, though in these days it numbers between two and three thousand members, is still a little city within a big one—having its own social cliques and customs, its charities, clubs, churches, shops and pensions.

American travellers passing through Paris, to the number of about twenty-five thousand a year, see little or nothing of the resident life of the permanent colony. They visit the banks and reading rooms, register at the Herald office, drop into Brentano's, seek Fuller's for American soda-water, and go up to the American church in the avenue de l'Alma, but beyond this they have little interest in anything but the foreign element around them. If it so happens that they are in Paris on the Fourth of July, or any other American holiday, they cannot but note the stars and stripes about in profusion, or they cannot but feel at home at any time of the year on the avenue de l'Opéra, so filled



MISS REED.

is it with branch houses of American firms. Many American charities are in operation in Paris, the Travellers' club is the resort for all Americans, both permanent and passing, and the Art Students' association in the Latin quarter has become the rendezvous of the hundreds of students who annually crowd to the great city.

Many old and well-known American families have been, and are represented in Paris, as is shown by such names as Grimes, Pell, Post, Jay, Thorne, Vanderbilt, Corse, King, Forbes, Riggs, Howland, Winthrop, Pumpelly, Willing, Ridgway, Wilmerding, Gurnee, Morgan, Draper, Bryant and Lorillard-Spencer.

The legation at the moment is presided over with unquestioned success by Mrs. Coolidge, assisted by her charming daughter Mrs. Sears. Mrs. Coolidge has already achieved distinction in the performance of the duties of a post distinguished by many American women of note. Her house, in the avenue Marceau, commanding a view of the Arc de Triomphe, is magnificent and homelike, and is the scene of many pleasant dinners and festivities.

It is given to few to sway the social sceptre for the length of time which has been allotted to Mrs. Walden Pell. Over a quarter of a century ago, she was an



MRS. W. T. MOORE.

honored society leader, and today, her prestige is at its apogee. The snows of many winters have silvered her hair, but the stately lady of fourscore years still dispenses in her salon the hospitality that has always endeared her to her friends. The story of her charitable deeds among American art students and singers would make a book of many pages. Mrs. Pell celebrates her birthday each autumn by a "hen party" of over fifty covers, which in reality opens the winter season, and is followed by her well-known musicales.

Mrs. Monroe, the widow of the late noted banker, is one of the most prominent members of the colony. Indeed it would be difficult to imagine American society in Paris without her. Not only has she for many years presided over her home on the Champs-Élysées, but her name has been connected with every good work in American - Paris for two generations. The Post family of New York, has for a long period been represented in the French capital by Mrs. Jotham Post and her beautiful daughters, — Miss Lena Post having been as well known in New York as she is in Paris. Mrs. Post occupies a house in the Rue Copernic, and is one of the most tireless workers in the American church. The noted Mrs. Von Hoffmann, formerly Miss Grimes, of New Orleans, and sister of Mrs. Sam Ward, occupies a palatial residence overlooking the Arc de Triomphe. Of late years, however, Mrs. Von Hoffmann is seldom to be seen in Paris, spending the greater part of

her time at her Cannes villa, the celebrated Villa Bocca, the most beautiful on the Riviera. One of her daughters is the wife of Marquis de Mores. Mrs. Ridgway, like Mrs. Von Hoffmann, now spends the greater part of the year away from Paris. Her château, at Resson, Oise, is a fine old estate, and proclaims her to have become almost more French than American, though she was born a Willing, of Philadelphia. Her son, Mr. Henry Ridgway, has recently married the beautiful Miss Ellen Monroe, and is a leading spirit in all coaching matters. Mrs. Robert J. Niven, a daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, occupies a dwelling in the Rue de Galilée. Formerly Mrs. Clarke, and the owner at one time of a large property on Long Island, Mrs.

Niven, since the marriage of her daughter, Miss Niven, to Comtede Sers, has moved almost exclusively in French society, to the loss of her compatriots. The apartment of Mrs. Ritchie, née Sheldon, on the Champs-Élysées is always a rendezvous for Americans. Miss Ritchie assists her mother in her social duties and is a great favorite among all who know her. Mrs. Meredith Read, née Pumpelly, wife of General Read, lives in the Rue la Boétie. Though in such delicate health that she moves little in society, Mrs. Read's home is the resort of all well-known people. Her distinguished husband is the founder of the most successful American club in Paris. Mrs. Adam G. King, wife of the consul-general, is



MRS. RAOUL-DUVAL.

also in delicate health, and does not on this account entertain as much as she might wish. She is assisted by her two daughters in the functions of her position, and is liked by every one. Mrs. W. H. Stewart, though less in evidence, than formerly, is still a prominent figure in society. Mr. Stewart's art treasures are celebrated throughout the world, notably his collection of *Fortunys*, probably the most complete in existence. Their son, Mr. Jules Stewart, is the celebrated genre and portrait painter.

Mrs. Auffmordt has had a magnificently appointed home in the Rue Marignan for many years, and Mrs. Meredith Howland has recently taken up her residence on the Esplanade des Invalides. Mrs. Burkhardt, the mother of the beautiful Mrs. Hadden of New York, and of the late Mrs. Ackerly, is a very old resident and is known for her delightful dinners, her philanthropy, and her unending devotion to church work. Mrs. Thomas W. Evans is another pillar in the American church. She has lived near the Bois de Boulogne for many years. Her husband, Dr. Evans, is a marked figure in Paris, and the story of his kind offices in the escape of the Empress Eugénie, has become a page in history. Dr. Evans is the owner of a weekly paper published in Paris, called the *American Register*, and has recently put up one of the finest modern apartment houses in the city. Mrs. Robert M. Hooper, wife of the vice consul-general, and the able correspondent, has had a long residence in Paris. Her hospitality is ever open to Americans, and her dinners are proverbial. Miss Hooper's talents are matters of public knowledge, as are the valuable services of Mr. Hooper in his offices on the avenue de l'Opéra. Mrs. John B. Morgan, wife of the rector of the church of the Holy Trinity, in the avenue de l'Alma, and a daughter of the late Mr. Junius Morgan, of London, is in rather delicate health, and though she finds little time for society, she is none the less sought after by her many friends. Almost a Parisienne, through long contact, Mrs. A. A. Van Bergen is still a thorough American, and her vivacity and ready sympathy are appreciated by all who



MISS SCHREINER.

visit her home on the Champs-Élysées.

Miss Bryant, a daughter of the poet, has lived in Paris for many years. In her exquisite house, in the Rue de Galilée, are beautiful things from many countries, and though Miss Bryant is not always in as robust health as her friends could wish, she presides over it, aided by her charming cousin, Miss Fairchild, the greater part of each year. As may be imagined, she has pronounced literary tastes, and her inherited sympathy for letters is shared in by those who frequent her pleasant abodes. Resembling her father in a remarkable degree, the nobility which distinguished him in all his relations with his fellows is associated, in a strong degree, with her who is now the sole inheritor of his name.



There are some women who are artists by instinct, who seem always in touch with the finer chords of life, and who, wherever fate may have placed them, serve as centers about which revolve wit and wisdom. These words are singularly applicable to Miss Fanny Reed, aunt of the beautiful Mrs. Paget, who has passed the last dozen years of her life in the American colony of Paris. To sterling qualities of head and heart, she unites grace, wit and quick appreciation. Miss Reed knows everyone, goes everywhere, and is *au fait* on everything. It was she who first heralded Miss Sybil Sanderson, before that operatic star had carried the world by storm. If there is an American girl of talent in Paris, struggling for success in music, be sure Miss Reed will be among the first to know the fact, and to hold out the hand of sympathy and help. Her musical evenings are the enjoyment of

her many friends. Herself a musician of uncommon capacity, with a voice so far above the ordinary that it is the gift of genius, she has preferred to live a quiet life rather than to seek a career on the stage. As it is, her voice is heard whenever a concert is organized for any cause or charity, and in the French salons of the Marquise de Blocqueville, the Vicomtesse de Trédern, Madeleine Lemaire, and many others, Miss Reed is always surrounded by a circle of friends, attracted by this polished woman of the world.

Among the older residents must not be forgotten the names of the Princess Ruspoli, formerly Mrs. Riggs; Mrs. W. T. Dannat, mother of the artist; Mrs. Greatorex and her daughters; Mrs. Taber, wife of the Paris representative of the Equitable Life; Mrs. Sorchon, mother of Mrs. Horace E. Binney; the Misses Fetridge, Mrs. Harjes and many others equally well known.

In a somewhat younger set, and perhaps at its head, is Mrs. John Monroe, the wife of the present senior of the banking house of that name. Mrs. Monroe has a queenly presence, and is the best-dressed woman in the colony—a thing to say, when every woman in it is well habited. Mrs. Monroe carries her artistic insight into her private life, and her home on the Place de l'Éna is a dream of color and comfort, every nook in it bespeaking the refined tastes of its gracious occupant, who has an enviable career before her, if affability and generous impulse have still the power to charm.

There is no more delightful hostess to be found anywhere than Mrs. W. T. Moore. She blends sprightliness and independence with charm and good-humor, and the result is that her apartment in the Avenue Marceau is the rendezvous, during the season, of the best and brightest people in town—in fact, hers is a cosmopolitan salon,



MRS. JAMES C. AYER.



THE AMERICAN ART STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

where you are always sure to meet foreigners of distinction. A favorite in French society, no gathering of note in American circles would seem complete without her. For Mrs. Moore, though young herself, is never more happy than when giving enjoyment to others; and this, coupled with her charitable deeds, has won for her an army of friends. Her chef is above reproach, her box at the opera is always full, and her well-groomed horses take the dust from none on the Champs-Élysées.

The wife of the second secretary of the legation, Mrs. Augustus Jay, has resided in Paris through two administrations. Née Miss Kane, she is as much admired in Paris as she was formerly in New York and Newport. She, also, goes largely into French society, where her quiet beauty and many accomplishments have won her a unique place.

Mrs. Luckemeyer occupies a delightful apartment on the Avenue de l'Alma. There are few Americans in Paris more beautiful than she. Her hair is superb, her complexion is fair, and her features and bearing are as charming as her manner. Mrs. Luckemeyer's tastes are musical

and artistic. She is seen at all private views, and her cream-colored boudoir is lined with rare French engravings and filled with objects of art.

Among the younger set, no one holds a more prominent place than Miss Julia Schreiner, both on account of her beauty and of her talents. Those who meet Miss Schreiner only in society, or who recall her late social success in New York, are not aware that she is a gifted artist and an accomplished musician and linguist. Should she continue in the path she is at present pursuing, she bids fair to become a famous artist. It is to be doubted if finer pastel work than hers has ever been produced by a woman. Paris may lose her for awhile, as she is going to England, and later, perhaps, may open a studio in New York.

Mrs. Raoul-Duval, née Miss Urquhart, and sister of Mrs. James Brown Potter, though she has recently married into a noted French family, has been a belle in the American colony for some years, and promises now to become more thoroughly established therein than ever. Mrs. Duval, as well as her husband, is devoted to outdoor sport of all kinds, and excels

as a horsewoman, skater and tennis-player. Her manner and mind are quite unusual, and it is not difficult to foresee that in her salon of the future, brains will not lack for entertainment. Other lights in the younger set are the two beautiful girls, Miss Lillie May, of New York, and Miss Rebecca Scott, of Philadelphia, the Misses Forbes, the Misses Post, the Misses Barbey, Miss Dyer, and, among the married women, Mrs. Henry Ridgway, Mrs. George Monroe, Mrs. Julian Story, Mrs. Henry C. Hall, Mrs. Oliver E. Boddington, and many another.

The list of comparative newcomers to Paris seems to increase annually. Within a few years, Mrs. Gurnee, Mrs. Wilmerding, Mrs. Wanamaker, and many more, have come to make Paris their home. The

most noted newcomers are: Mrs. James C. Ayer, Mrs. Pulitzer, and the Princess Hatzfeldt, the most beautiful American in Paris.

Mrs. Ayer has already won for herself a position that is to be envied, and she holds it without a rival in the field. Her residence, the stately house formerly occupied by the Duchesse de Mouchy, née Princesse Murat, faces the Esplanade des Invalides, and is one of the finest private hotels in the aristocratic quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain. Palatial in its arrangements, it is well fitted for the entertainments which make the invitations to Mrs. Ayer's receptions so much sought after. Here the hostess has gathered about her many of the pictures and works of art that beautified her former home in New

York, and that proclaim her a connoisseur of rank. Indeed, Mrs. Ayer is the only American in Paris who has a collection of works of the modern French school. The third-richest American woman in her own right, she seems to regard her fortune in the light of a power for good to those who need her help. It is, of course, impossible to always hide her light under a bushel, and it is now known that the American Art Association of Paris owes its existence to her generous and timely aid in its early struggles. For years there had been a real need, in Paris, for some organization and headquarters for American art students. Futile efforts were made, from time to time, to place such an institution on its feet, and, thanks to Mrs. Ayer's generous help, what was once a dream became a realization. Art students in Paris will always have cause to remember her with gratitude. In selecting the French capital as her permanent home, she has given its citizens many instructive object lessons in hospitality. But the memory of her tender philanthropies will linger with those



MRS. PULITZER.

whom she has benefited, long after the story of her hospitality is forgotten.

Regal is the one word that does justice to Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer. Southern by birth, and a niece of the late Jefferson Davis, she typifies the qualities of the rarer women of the South. Her social charms and beauty have already brought her place and fame. Indeed, if Mr. Pulitzer has the journalistic World in his hand, it is clear that Mrs. Pulitzer has the social world of the continent at her feet. Her untiring devotion in the affliction through which her husband has passed, and her equally touching solicitude for the demands and education of a large family of children, do not arrest her interest in things charitable, musical and artistic; nor do they prevent her fulfilling the duties of a hostess in gathering at her dinner-table the social lights of the colony. Her present home in the Rue la Pérouse, formerly occupied by Madame de Stuers, is one of the best-appointed in the capital.

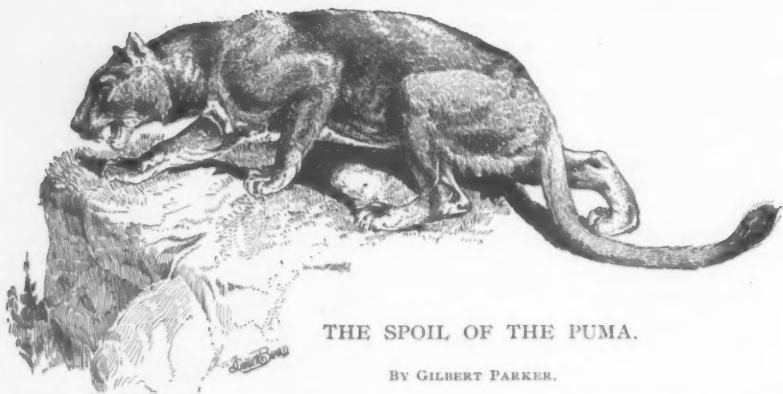
The Princess Hatzfeldt, née Miss Huntington, of New York, perhaps the latest addition to an already brilliant circle, is a brunette of flawless features, with the unaffected and simple manners that always go with gentle breeding. Though famed for her personal attractions, they are merely a setting for her accomplishments and graces of heart. Since her marriage she has determined to make Paris her headquarters. Her interest in hunting matters is well known, and no season at Pau is considered successful without her presence, as well as that of her genial husband. She is destined to assume the rôle of a social leader, and is already sought after everywhere.

And here the demands of space bring this fragmentary sketch to a close, leaving mention of the fair Americans who have married into the French nobility for a subsequent article. Many well-known names and faces on the Champs-Élysées and boulevards have of necessity been omitted. Miss S. T. Hallowell, the art critic and assistant secretary of the fine arts section of the World's Fair, Miss Mackenzie-Evans, the clever journalist, Miss Sanderson, Miss Van Zandt, and Miss Groll, the famous American singers, Miss Kate Fuller, the *littérateur* and head



PRINCESS HATZFELDT.

of a delightful coterie, Mrs. Waterbury, the correspondent and brilliant conversationalist, are all American women with homes in Paris. Mr. Theodore Tilton, poet and dreamer, pouring over a book-stall on the quays and always an esteemed and valued companion; Mr. James Gordon Bennett, as young as ever, walking briskly toward his office; Mr. Stephen H. Tyng waving a hand from a cab to some other passing American; kind old Dr. Warren driving about on his daily round of visits; Mr. Sheridan Ford, the art critic of *Galvani's*, sauntering in the direction of Georges Thomas; Mr. Henry Haynie the delightful correspondent going for a quiet *déjeuner* into Vian's; Messrs. Goodridge, Forbes, Penniman, Thorne and Draper, walking leisurely toward the Traveller's,—these and many others are sights that have long been familiar to American eyes in the streets of American-Paris.



### THE SPOIL OF THE PUMA.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

**J**UST at the point where the Peace river first hugs the vast outpost hills of the Rockies, before it hurries timorously on, through an unexplored region, to Fort St. John, there stood a hut. It faced the west, and was built half-way up Clear mountain. In winter it had snows above it and below it; in summer it had snow above it and a very fair stretch of trees and grass, while the river flowed on the same winter and summer. It was a lonely country. Travelling north, you would have come to the Turnagain river; west, to the Frying Pan mountains; south, to a goodly country. But from the hut you had no outlook towards the south; your eye came plump against a hard lofty hill, like a wall between heaven and earth. It is strange, too, that, when you are in the far north, you do not look to the south until the north turns an iron hand upon you and refuses the hospitality of food and fire; your eyes are drawn towards the pole by that charm—so often deadly yet beautiful—which has made men give up three points of the compass, with their pleasures and ease, and be sat-

isfied with a grave solitude, broken only by the beat of a musk-ox's hoofs, the long breath of the caribou, or the wild cry of the puma.

Sir Duke Lawless had felt this charm, and had sworn that one day he would again leave his home in Devon and his house in Pont street, and, finding Shon McGann and others of his old comrades, together they would travel into those austere yet pleasant wilds. He kept his word, found Shon McGann, and on an autumn day of a year not so long ago lounged in this hut on Clear mountain. They had had three months of travel and sport, and were filled, but not sated, with the joy of the hunter. They were very comfortable, for their host, Pourcette, the French Canadian, had fire and meat in plenty, and, if silent, was attentive to their comfort—a little, black-bearded, gray-headed man, with overhanging brows, under which small watchful eyes gazed; deft with his fingers, and an excellent sportsman, as could be told from the skins heaped in all the corners of the large hut. The skins were not those of



Mr. Gilbert Parker is a Canadian by birth, but he has visited, in pursuit of material for his admirable short stories, most of the recondite portions of the globe—the Hawaiian islands, New Zealand, the South Sea islands, and Australia. In the last-named country he was associate editor of the Sydney Morning Herald, and the Times. As might have been expected from his constant travels, his tales breathe a vigorous out-of-door atmosphere of freedom and adventure. His latest and probably most successful field has been the Hudson bay lands, the picturesque life and history of which have given him a fresh and fertile ground-work for the volume of short stories, "Pierre and His People." He has published three other books of fiction and travel and is a constant contributor to the English periodicals. Mr. Parker has just left New York for his present home in England after a stay which has brought him many friends and well-wishers.



mere foxes or martens or deer, but of mountain lions and grizzlies, and there was a soft, tiger-like skin, which Sir Duke did not recognize. He kept looking at it, and at last went over and examined it.

"What's this, Monsieur Pourcette?" he said, feeling it as it lay on the top of the pile.

The little man pushed the log on the fire-place with his moccasined foot, before he replied, with an upward glance of the eyes, slowly: "Of a puma, monsieur."

Sir Duke smoothed it with his hand. "I didn't know there were pumas here."

"Faith, Sir Duke"—

Sir Duke Lawless turned on Shon, quickly. "You're forgetting again, Shon. There's no 'Sir Dukes' between us. What you were to me years ago, on the wallaby-track and the buffalo-trail, you are now, and I'm the same: McGann and Lawless, and no other."

"Well, then, Lawless, it's true enough as he says it, for I've seen more than wan skin-brought in, though I nivr clapped eye on the beast alive. There's few men go huntin' them av their own free will, not more than they do grizzlies; but, bedad, this Frinch gentleman has either the luck o' the world, or the gift o' that man ye tould me of, that slew the wild boars in anciency. Look at that now: there's twenty-five or thirty puma skins, and I'd take my oath there isn't another man in the country that's shot half the number in his lifetime."

During the speech, Pourcette's eyes were on the skins, not on the men, and he did not appear to listen. He sat leaning forward, with a strange look on his face. Presently he got up, came over, and stroked the skins softly. A queer, chuckling noise came from him.

"It was good sport?" said Lawless, feeling all at once a new interest in him.

"The grandest sport—but it is not so easy," answered the old man. "The grizzly comes on you bold and strong; you know your danger right away, and have it out. So. But the puma comes—God, how the puma comes!" He broke off, his eyes burning bright under his bushy brows and his body arranging itself into an attitude of expectation and alertness.

"You have travelled far. The sun goes

down. You build a fire and cook your meat, and then good tea and the tabac. It is pleasant. You hear the loon crying on the water, or the last whistle of the heron up the pass. The lights in the sky come out and shine through a thin mist—there is nothing like that mist, it is so fine and soft. Allons. You are sleepy. You bless the good God. You stretch pine branches, wrap in your blanket, and lie down to sleep. If it is winter and you have a friend, you lie close. It is all quiet. As you sleep, something comes. It glides along the ground on its belly, like a snake. It is a pity if you have not ears that feel—the whole body as ears. For there is a swift lunge, a snarl—ah, you should hear it! the thing has you by the throat, and there is an end!"

During this speech the old man had acted all the scenes: a sidelong glance, a little gesture, a movement of the body, a quick, harsh breath—without emphatic excitement, yet with a reality and force that held his two listeners fascinated. When he paused, Shon let go a long breath, and Lawless looked with keen inquiry at their entertainer. This almost unnatural, yet quiet, intensity had behind it something besides the mere spirit of the sportsman. Such exhibitions of feeling generally have an unusual personal interest to give them point and meaning.

"Yes, that's wonderful, Pourcette," he said; "but that's when the puma has things its own way. How is it when these come off?" He stroked the soft furs under his hand.

The man laughed, yet without a sound—the inward, stealthy laugh, as from a knowledge wicked in its suggestiveness. His eyes ran from Lawless to Shon, and back again. He put his hand on his mouth, as though for silence, stole noiselessly over the wall, took down his gun quietly, and turned round. He spoke softly:

"To kill the puma, you must watch—always watch. You will see his yellow eyes sometimes in a tree: you must be ready before he springs. You will hear his breath at night as you pretend to sleep, and you wait till you see his foot steal out of the shadow—then you have him. From a mountain wall you watch in the morning, and, when you see him,



THE OLD MAN STOOD LEANING ON HIS GUN.

you follow, and follow, and do not rest till you have found him. You must never miss fire, for he has great strength and a mad tooth. But when you have got him, he is worth all. You cannot eat the grizzly—he is too thick and coarse; but the puma—well, you had him from the pot tonight. Was he not good?"

Lawless's brows ran up in surprise. Shon spoke quickly:

"Heaven above!" he said. "Was it puma we had between the teeth? And what's puma, but an almighty cat? Sure, though, it wint as tinder as pullets, for all that—but I wish you hadn't towld us."

The old man stood leaning on his gun, his chin on his hands, as they covered the muzzle, his eyes fixed on something with which those present had nothing to do, for it was a matter of memory, the vision of an incident or incidents he had lived or seen.

Lawless went over to the fire and relit his pipe. Shon followed him. They both watched Pourcette in his abstraction.

"D'ye think he's mad?" said Shon in a whisper.

Lawless shook his head: "Mad? No. But there's more in this puma-hunting than appears. How long has he lived here, did he say?"

"Four years; and, durin' that time, yours and mine are the only white faces he has seen, except one."

"Except one. Well, whose was the one? That might be interesting. Maybe there's a story in that."

"Faith, Lawless, there's a story worth the hearin', I'm thinkin', to every white man in this country. For the two years I was in the mounted police, I could count a story for all the days o' the calendar—and not all o' them would make you happy to hear."

By this time Pourcette had turned round to them. He seemed to be listening to Shon's words. He went to the wall and hung up the rifle; then he came to the fire and stood holding out his hands to the blaze. He did not look in the least mad, but like a man who was dominated by some one thought, more or less weird. Short and slight, and a little bent, but more from habit—the habit of listening and watching—than from age, his face had a stern kind of earnestness and loneliness, and nothing at all of insanity.

Presently Lawless went to a corner, and from his kit drew forth a flask. The old man saw, and immediately brought out a wooden cup. There were two on the shelf, and Shon pointed to the other. Pourcette took no notice. Shon went over to get it, but Pourcette laid a hand on his arm: "Not that, comrade."

"For ornamin!" said Shon, laughing, and at the moment his eyes were arrested by things on the wall. They interested him. He went over and looked at them. They were a suit of buckskin and a cap of beaver. He turned them over, and then suddenly drew back his hand, for he saw in the back of the jacket a knife-slit. There was blood, also, on the buckskin.

"Holy mother!" he said, and retreated. Lawless had not noticed Shon. He was pouring out the liquor. He had handed the cup first to Pourcette, who, singular to note, raised the cup towards a gun hung above the fire-place, and said a few words under his breath.

"A dramatic little fellow," thought Lawless; "the French Canadian has the same old spirit of his forefathers—a good deal of heart, a little of the poseur."

At the same time, he glanced at the gun hanging on the chimney. As he did so, he heard Shon's exclamation, and turned. Pourcette, also, was looking hard at Shon.

"It's an ugly sight," said Shon, looking at Lawless and pointing to the jacket. Then they both looked at Pourcette, expecting him to speak. The old man went up to the coat, and, turning it so that the cut and the blood were hid, ran his hand down it caressingly. "Ah, poor Jo! poor Jo Gordineer!" he said; then he came over once more to the fire, sat down, and held out his hands to the fire, shaking his head.

"For God's sake, Lawless, give me a

drink," said Shon. Their eyes met, and there was the same look in the faces of both. Without a word, Lawless gave him the little allowance of liquor to which they had to restrict themselves, and, when Shon had drunk, he said: "So, that's what's come to our old friend, Jo: dead—killed or murdered!"

"Don't speak loud," said Lawless. "Let us get the story from him first, if we can."

Years before, when Shon McGann and Pretty Pierre and he had sojourned in the Pipi valley, Jo Gordineer had been with them, as stupid and true a man as ever drew in his buckle in a hungry land, or let it out to much corn and oil. When Lawless returned to find Shon and others of his companions, he had asked for Gordineer. But not Shon nor anyone else could tell aught of him; he had wandered north to outlying gold-fields, and then had disappeared completely. But there, as it would seem, his coat and cap hung, and his rifle, dust-covered, kept guard over the fire.

Shon went over to the coat, did as Pourcette had done, and said: "Is it gone y'are, Jo, with your slow tongue and your big heart? Wan by wan the lads are off."

Pourcette, without any warning, began speaking, but in a very quiet tone at first, as if unconscious of the others:

"Poor Jo Gordineer! Yes, he is gone. He was my friend—so tall, and such a hunter! We were at the Ding-Dong gold-fields together. When luck went bad, I said to him: 'Come, we will go where there is plenty of wild meat, and a summer more beautiful than in the south.' I did not want to part from him, for once, when some miner stole my claim, and I fought, he helped me and saved me. But in some things he was a little child. That was from his big heart. Well, he would go, he said; and we started away."

He suddenly relapsed into silence, as if he had forgotten Shon and Lawless, and shook his head, and spoke under his breath.

"Yes," said Lawless, quietly, "you went away. What then?"

He looked up quickly, as if he was just aware that he had been speaking in their presence, and continued:

"Well, the other followed, as I said, and"—

"No, Pourcette," interposed Lawless, "you *didn't* say. Who was the other that followed?"

The old man looked at him gravely, and a little severely, and went on:

"As I said, Gawdor followed—he and an Indian. Gawdor thought we were going for gold, because I had said I knew a place in the north where there was gold in a river—I know the place, but that is no matter. We did not go for gold just then. Gawdor hated Jo Gordineer. There was a half-breed girl. She was fine to look at. She would have gone to Gordineer if he had beckoned, any time; but he waited—he was very slow, except with his finger on a gun; he waited too long. Gawdor was mad for the girl. He knew why her feet came slow to the door when he knocked. He would have quarrelled with Jo, if he had dared; Gordineer was too quick a shot. He would have killed him from behind then; but it was known in the camp that he was no friend of Gordineer, and it was not safe."

Again Pourcette was silent. Lawless put on his knee a new pipe, filled with tobacco. The Canadian took it, lighted it, and smoked on in silence for a time undisturbed. Shon broke the silence, by a whisper to Lawless:

"Jo was a quiet man, as patient as a priest; but when his blood came up, there was trouble in the land. Do you remember when?"

Lawless interrupted him and motioned towards Pourcette. The old man, after a few puffs, held the pipe on his knee, disregarding it. Lawless silently offered him some more whiskey, but he shook his head. Presently, he again took up the thread:

"Bien, we travelled slow up through the Smoky river country, and beyond into a wild land. We had bully sport as we went. Sometimes I heard shots behind us; but Gordineer said it was my guess, for we saw nobody. But I had a feeling. Never mind. At last we came to the Peace river. It was in the early autumn like this, when the land is full of comfort. What is there like it? Nothing. The mountains have colors like a girl's eyes; the smell of the trees is sweet like a child's breath, and the grass feels for the foot and lifts it with a little soft spring. We said we could live here for-

ever. We built this house high up, as you see, first, because it is good to live high—it puts life in the blood; and, as Gordineer said, it is noble to see so far over the world, every time your house-door is open, or the parchment is down from the window. Yes, it was good to live. We killed wapiti and caribou without number, and cached them for our food. We caught fish in the river, and made tea out of the brown berry—it was very good. We had flour, a little, which we had brought with us, and I went to Fort St. John and got more. Since then, down in the valley, I have wheat every summer; for the Chinook winds blow across the mountains and soften the bitter cold. Well, for that journey to Fort St. John. When I got back I found Gawdor with Gordineer. He said he had come north to hunt. His Indian had forsaken him, and he had lost his way. Gordineer believed him. He never lied himself. I said nothing, but watched. After a time he asked where the gold-field was. I told him, and he started away—it was about fifty miles to the north. He went, and on his way back he came here. He said he could not find the place, and was going south. I knew he lied. It was at this time I saw Gordineer was changed. He was slow in the head, and so, when he began thinking up here, it made him lonely. It is always in a beautiful land like this, where game is plenty and the heart dances for joy in your throat and you sit by the fire—that you think of some woman who would be glad to draw in and tie the strings of the tent-curtain, or fasten the latch of the door upon you two alone."

Perhaps some memory stirred within the old man, other than that of his dead comrade, for he sighed, muffled his mouth in his beard, and then smiled in a distant way at the fire. The pure truth of what he said came home to Shon McGann and Sir Duke Lawless; for both, in days gone by, had sat at camp-fires in silent plains, and thought upon women from whom they believed they were parted forever, and yet who were only kept from them for a time, to give them happier days. They were thinking of these two women now. They scarcely knew how long they sat there thinking. Time passes swiftly when thoughts are cheerful, and only tinged

with the soft melancholy of a brief separation. Memory is man's greatest friend and worst enemy.

At last the old man went on: "I saw the thing grew on him. He was not sulky, but he stared much in the fire at night. In the daytime he was different. A hunter thinks only of his sport. Gawdor watched him. Gordineer's hand was steady. His nerve was all right. I have seen him stand still till a grizzly came within twice the length of his gun. Then he would twist his mouth, and fire into the mortal corner. Once we were out in the Wide Wing pass. We had never had such a day. Gordineer made grand shots, better than my own; and men have said I can shoot like the devil—ha! ha!" He chuckled to himself noiselessly, and said in a whisper: "Twenty grizzlies, and fifty pumas!" Then he rubbed his hands softly on his knees, and spoke aloud again: "Ici, I was proud of him. We were standing together on a ledge of rock. Gawdor was not far away. Gawdor was a poor hunter, and I knew he was wild at Gordineer's great luck . . . A splendid bull-wapiti came out on a rock across the gully. It was a long shot. I did not think Gordineer could make it; I was not sure that I could—the wind was blowing and the range was long. But he drew up his gun like lightning, and fired all at once. The bull dropped clean over the cliff, and tumbled dead upon the rocks below. It was fine. But, at that, Gordineer slung his gun under his arm, and said: 'That is enough. I am going to the hut.'

"He went away. That night he did not talk. The next morning, when I said, 'We will be off again to the pass,' he shook his head. He would not go. He would shoot no more, he said. I understood. It was the girl. He was wide awake at last. Gawdor understood also. He knew that Gordineer would go to the south—to her. I was sorry; but it was no use. Gawdor went with me to the pass. When we came back, Jo was gone. On a bit of birch-bark he had put where he was going and the way he should take. He said he would come back to me—ah, he was a brave comrade! Gawdor said nothing, but his looks were black. I had a feeling. I sat up all night, smoking. I was not afraid, but I

knew Gawdor had found the valley of gold, and he might be rash, because to know of such a thing alone is fine. After I thought much, I guessed that he would follow Gordineer. Just at dawn, he got up and went out. He did not come back. I waited, and at last went to the pass. In the afternoon, just as I was rounding the corner of a cliff, there was a shot—then another. The first went by my head; the second caught me along the ribs, but not to great hurt. Still, I fell from the shock, and lost some blood. It was Gawdor. He thought he had killed me.

"When I came to myself, I bound up the little furrow in the flesh, and started away. I knew that he would now follow Gordineer. I followed him, knowing the way he must take. I have never forget the next night. I had to travel hard, and I track him by his fires and other things. When sunset came, I did not stop. I was in a valley, and I pushed on. There was a little moon. At last I saw a light ahead—a camp-fire, I knew. I was weak, and could have dropped; but a dread was on me. I came to the fire. I saw a man lying near it. Just as I saw him, he was trying to rise. But, as he did so, something sprang out of the shadow upon him. At his throat. I saw him raise his hand, and strike it with a knife. The thing let go, and then I fired—but only scratched, I think. It was a puma. It sprang away, into the darkness. I ran to the man, and raised him. It was my friend. He looked up at me and shook his head. He was torn at the throat. But there was something else—a wound in the back. He had been stooping over the fire when he was stabbed, and fell. He saw that it was Gawdor. He had been left for dead, as I was. It was terrible that, just when I came and could have saved him, the puma came also. It is the best men who have such luck. I have seen it often. I used to wonder that they did not curse God."

Here he crossed himself and mumbled something. Lawless rose, and walked up and down the room once or twice, pulling at his beard and frowning. But his eyes were wet. Shon kept blowing into his closed hand and blinking at the fire. Pourcette got up and took down the gun from the chimney. He brushed off the



dust with his coat-sleeve, and fondled it, shaking his head at it a little. When he began to speak again, Lawless sat down:

"Now I know why they do not curse. Something curses for them. He gave me a word for her, and said: 'Well, it is all right; but I wish I had killed the puma.' There was nothing more. . . . I followed Gawdor for days. I knew that he would go and get some one, and go back to the gold. I thought at last I had missed him; but no. I had made up my mind what to do when I found him. One evening just as the moon was showing over the hills, I came upon him. I was quiet as a puma. I had a stout cord in my pocket, and another about my body. Just as he was stooping over the fire, as Gordi-

neer did, I sprang upon him, clasping him about the neck, and bringing him to the ground. He could not get me off. I am small, but I have a grip. Then, too, I had one hand at his throat. It was no use to struggle. The cord and a knife were in my teeth. It was a great trick, but his breath was well gone, and I tied his hands. It was no use to struggle. I tied his feet and legs. Then I carried him to a tree, and bound him tight. I unfastened his hands again, and tied them round the tree. Then I built a great fire not far away. He begged at first, and cried. But I was hard. He became wild, and at last when I left him he cursed! It was like nothing I ever heard. He was a devil. . . .

I came back after I had carried the message to the poor girl—it is a terrible thing to see the first great grief of the young. He was not there. The pumas and others had been with him.

"There was more to do. I wanted to kill that puma which fastened its teeth in the throat of my friend. I hunted the woods where it had happened, beating everywhere, thinking that, perhaps, it was dead; but there was not much blood on the leaves, so I guessed that it had not died. I hunted from that spot, and killed many—many. I saw that they began to move northward. At last I got back here. From here I have hunted and have killed them slowly; but never that one with a wound in the shoulder from my friend's knife. Still, I can wait. There



"HE STRUGGLED GRANDLY WITH THE BEAST."

is nothing like patience for the hunter and the man who would have blood for blood."

He paused. Lawless spoke. "And when you have killed that puma, Pourcette—if you ever do—what then?"

Pourcette fondled the gun, then rose and hung it up again before he replied. "Then I will go to Fort St. John, to the girl—she is there with her father—and sell all the skins to the factor, and give her the money." He waved his hand round the room. "There are many skins here, but I have more cached not far away. Once a year I go to the fort for flour and bullets. A dog-team and a bois-brûlé bring them, and then I am alone as before. When that is done I will come back."

"And then, Pourcette?" said Shon.

"Then I will hang that one skin over the chimney where his gun is—and go out and kill more pumas. What else can one do? When I stop killing I shall be killed. A million pumas and their skins are not worth the life of my comrade."

Lawless looked round the room, at the wooden cup, the gun, the bloodstained clothes on the wall, and the skins. He got up, came over, and touched Pourcette on the shoulder.

"Little man," he said, "give it up and come with me. Come to Fort St. John, sell the skins, give the money to the girl, and then let us travel to the Barren Ground together, and from there to the south country again. You will go mad up here. You have killed enough—Gawdor and many pumas. If Jo could speak, he would say, Give it up. I knew Jo. He was my good friend before he was yours—mine and McGann's here—and we searched for him to travel with us. He would have done so, I think, for we had sport and trouble of one kind and another together. And he would have asked you to come also. Well, do so, little man. We haven't told you our names. I am Sir Duke Lawless, and this is Shon McGann."

Pourcette nodded: "I do not know how it came to me, but I was sure from the first that you were his friends. He spoke often of you and of two others—where are they?"

Lawless replied, and, at the name of Pretty Pierre, Shon hid his forehead in his hand, in a troubled fashion—but of that elsewhere.

"And you will come with us," said Lawless, "away from this loneliness?"

"It is not lonely," was the reply. "To hear the thrum of the pigeon, the whistle of the hawk, the chatter of the black squirrel, and the long cry of the eagle, is not lonely. Then, there is the river and the pines—all music; and for what the eye sees, God has been good; and to kill pumas is my joy. . . . So, I cannot go. These hills are mine. Few strangers come, and none stop but me. Still, I will show you the way to the valley where the gold is tomorrow or any day. Perhaps riches is there, perhaps not. You shall find."

Lawless saw that it was no use to press the matter. The old man had but one idea, and nothing could ever change it—solitude fixes our hearts immovably on things—call it madness, what you will. In busy life we have no real or lasting dreams, no ideals. We have to go to the primeval hills and the wild plains for them. When we leave the hills and the plains, we lose them again. Shon was, however, for the valley of gold. He was a poor man, and it would be a joyful thing for him, if one day he could empty ample gold into his wife's lap. Lawless was not greedy, but he and good gold were not at variance.

"See," said Shon, "the valley's the thing. We can hunt as we go, and if there's gold for the scrapin', why, there y'are—fill up and come again. If not, devil the harm done. So here's thumbs up to go, say I. But I wish, Lawless, I wish that I'd niver known how Jo wint off, an' I wish we were all t'gither agin, as down in the Pipi valley."

"There's nothing stands in this world, Shon, but the faith of comrades and the truth of good women. The rest hangs by a hair. I'll go to the valley with you. It's many a day since I washed my luck in a gold-pan. It'll be like old times."

"I will take you there," said Pourcette, suddenly rising and, with shy abrupt motions, grasping their hands and immediately letting them go again. "I will take you tomorrow." Then he spread skins upon the floor, put wood upon the fire, and the three were soon asleep.

The next morning, just as the sun came laboriously over the white peak of a mountain, and looked down into the great

gulch beneath the hut, the three started. For many hours they crept along the side of the mountain, then came slowly down upon pine-crested hills, and over to where a small plain stretched out. It was Pourcette's little farm. Its position was such that it caught the sun always, and was protected from the north and east winds. Tall shafts of Indian corn with their yellow tassels were still standing, and the stubble of the field where the sickle had been, showed in the distance like a carpet of gold. It seemed strange to Lawless that this old man beside him should be thus peaceful in his habits, the most primitive and arcadian of farmers, and yet one whose trade was blood—whose one purpose in life was destruction and vengeance.

They pushed on. Towards the end of the day they came upon a little herd of caribou, and had excellent sport. Lawless noticed that Pourcette seemed scarcely to take any aim at all, so swift and decisive was his handling of the gun. They skinned the deer and cached them, and took up the journey again. For four days they travelled and hunted alternately. Pourcette had shot two mountain lions, but they had seen no pumas.

On the morning of the fifth day they came upon the valley where the gold was. There was no doubt about it. A beautiful little stream ran through it, and its bed was sprinkled with gold—a goodly sight to a poor man like Shon, and interesting enough to Lawless. In the days when they had first been together, Shon was an indifferent miner; he had not the thirst for gold. But now he had a wife and child, and with them came the wish to give them all that money could buy. So, for days, while Lawless and Pourcette hunted, he labored like a galley slave making the little specks into piles, and now and again crowning a pile with a nugget. The fever of the hunter had passed from him, and another fever was on him. The others urged him to come away. The winter would soon be hard on them; he must go, and he and Lawless would return in the spring.

At last, they prevailed on him, and they started back to Clear mountain. The first day Shon was abstracted. He carried the gold he had gathered in a bag wound about his body. It was heavy, and he could not travel fast. One morn-

ing, Pourcette, who had been off in the hills, came to say that he had sighted a little herd of wapiti. Shon had fallen, and sprained his arm the evening before, (gold is heavy to carry), and he did not go with the others. He stayed and dreamed of his good fortune, and of his home. In the late afternoon, he lay down in the sun beside the camp-fire, and fell asleep from much thinking. Lawless and Pourcette had little success. The herd had gone before they arrived. They beat the hills, and turned back to camp at last, without fret, like good sportsmen. At a point, they separated, to come down upon the camp at different angles, in the hope of still getting a shot. The camp lay exposed upon a platform of the mountain.

Lawless came out upon a ledge of rock opposite the camp, a gulch lying between. He looked across. He was in the shadow, the other wall of the gulch was in the sun. It was a day when the air was incomparably clear and fresh with an autumnal freshness. Everything stood out distinct and sharply outlined, nothing flat or blurred. He saw the camp, and the fire, with the smoke quivering up in a diffusing, blue column, Shon lying beside it. He leaned upon his rifle musingly. The shadows of the pines were blue and cold, but the tops of them were burnished with the cordial sun, and a glacier-field, somehow, took on a rose and violet light, reflected, maybe, from the soft-complexioned sky. He drew in a long breath of delight, and widened his line of vision. As he did so, something he saw made him lurch backward. At an angle in almost equal distance from him and Shon, upon a small peninsula of rock, he saw a strange sight. Old Pourcette was kneeling, engaged with his moccasin. Behind him was the sun, against which he was abruptly defined, looking larger than usual. Clear space and air soft with color were about him. Across this space, on a little, sloping plateau near him, there crept an animal. It seemed to Lawless that he could see the lithe stealthiness of its muscles and the ripple of its skin. But that was imagination, because he was too far away. He cried out, and swung his gun should-erwards in desperation. But, at that, Pourcette turned sharply round, saw his danger, caught his gun, and fired as the

puma sprang. There had been no chance for aim, and the beast was only wounded. It dropped upon the man. He let the gun fall; it rolled and fell over the cliff. Then came a scene, wicked in its peril to Pourcette, for whom no aid could come, though two men stood watching the great fight—Shon McGann, awake now, and Lawless—with their guns silent in their hands. They dare not fire, for fear of injuring the man, and they could not reach him in time to be of help.

There against the weird solitary sky the man and the puma fought. When the animal dropped on him, Pourcette caught it by the throat with both hands, and held back its fangs; but its claws were furrowing the flesh of his breast and legs. His long arms were of immense strength, and though the pain of his torn flesh was great, he struggled grandly with the beast, and bore it away from his body. As he did so he slightly changed the position of one hand. It came upon a welt—a scar. When he felt that, new courage and strength seemed given him. He gave a low growl like an animal, and then, letting go one hand, caught at the knife in his belt. As he did so the puma sprang away from him, and crouched upon the rock, making ready for another spring. Lawless and Shon could see its tail curving and beating. But now, to their astonishment, the man was the aggressor. He was filled with a fury which knows nothing of fear. The welt his fingers had felt burned them. He came slowly upon the puma. Lawless could see the hard glitter of his knife. The puma's teeth sawed together, its claws picked at the rocks, its body curved for a spring. The man sprang first, and ran the knife in; but not into a mortal corner. Once more they locked. The man's fingers were again at the puma's throat, and they swayed together, the claws of the beast making surface havoc. But now as they stood up, to the eyes of the fearful watchers inextricably mixed, the man lunged again with his knife, and this time straight into the heart of the murderer. The puma loosened, quivered, fell back dead. The man rose to his feet with a cry, and his hands stretched above his head as it were in a kind of ecstasy. Shon forgot his gold and ran; Lawless hurried also.



"TWO FAINT REPORTS CAME IN REPLY."

When the two men got to the spot they found Pourcette binding up his wounds. He came to his feet, heedless of his hurts, and grasped their hands. "Come, come, my friends," he broke out, "and see."

He pulled forward the loose skin on the puma's breast and showed them the scar of a knife-wound above the one his own knife had made.

"I have killed the other murderer," he said; "Gordineer's knife went in here. God, but it is good!"

Pourcette's flesh needed little medicine; he did not feel his pain and stiffness. When they reached Clear mountain, bringing with them the skin which was to hang above the fire-place, Pourcette prepared to go to Fort St. John, as he had said he would, to sell all the skins and give the proceeds to the girl.

"When that is done," said Lawless, "you will have no reason for staying here. If you will come with us after, we will go to the fort with you. We three and others will then come back in the spring to the valley of gold and glut ourselves with sport and riches."

He spoke lightly yet seriously too. The old man shook his head. "I have thought," he said. "I cannot go to the south. I am a hunter now, nothing more. I have been long alone; I do not wish for change. I shall remain at Clear mountain when these skins have gone to Fort St. John, and if you come to me in the spring or at any time, my door will open

to you, and I will share all with you. Gordineer was a good man. You are good men. I'll remember you, but I can't go with you. Some day you would leave me to go to the women who wait for you, and then I should be alone again. I will not change."

On the morning they left, he went and got Jo Gordineer's cup from the shelf, and from a hidden place brought out a flask half-filled with liquor. He poured out a little in the cup gravely, and handed it to Lawless, but Lawless gave it back to him.

"You must drink from it," he said, "not me." He held out the cup of his own flask. When each of the three had a share, the old man raised his long arm solemnly, and said in a tone so gentle that the others hardly recognized his voice: "To the memory of a lost comrade!" They drank in silence.

"A little gentleman!" spoke Lawless, under his breath. When they were ready

to start, Lawless said to him at the last: "What will you do here, comrade, as the days go on?"

"There are pumas in the mountains," he replied. And by that Lawless knew that the fever of destruction would never leave him, even though he had had his avenging hour with the slayers of his friend.

They parted from him upon the ledge where the great fight had occurred, and travelled into the east. They turned many times and saw him still standing there. At a point where they must lose sight of him, they looked. He was alone with his solitary hills, leaning on his rifle. They fired two shots into the air. They saw him raise his rifle and two faint reports came in reply. He became again immovable: as much a part of those hills as the shining glacier; never to leave them.

In silence the two rounded the cliff and saw him no more.



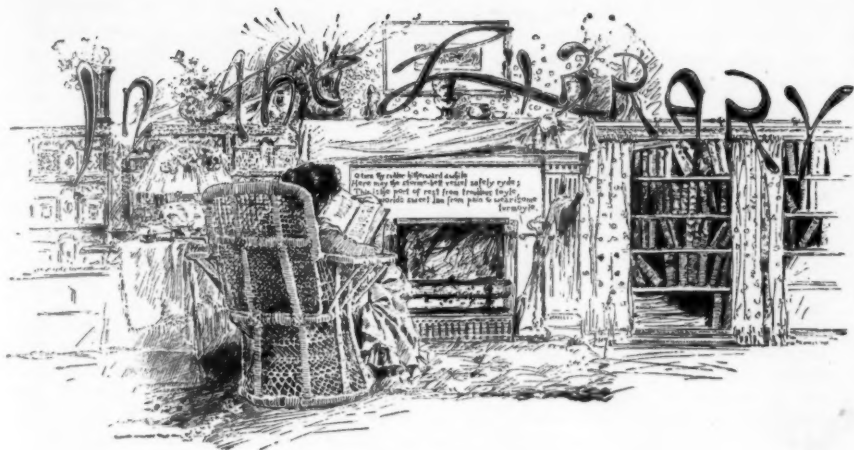
## THE PARENTAGE OF ART.

BY SELDEN L. WHITCOMB.

CHANGE mocks thee, Life! Thou must all things resign;  
 Mad passion, and the calm sad years attain.  
 Strong-struck or mild, swift dies each wondrous strain  
 That trembles on the spirit's harp divine.  
 No labor wins reward thou canst call "mine" —  
 What sheaves thy toil-taught hand, strong-purposed brain,  
 Have gleaned from fields of mystery and pain,  
 Are deluge-swept and lost in ocean's brine.

Philosophers say coldly, "all things flow;"  
 The wicked curse, good hearts despair or pray.  
 O scorner Change! O Life! whose deep need sought  
 The safe abiding-place of truth to know:  
 Power blessed long since the poet-soul; today  
 The womb of Love gives birth to deathless thought.





## HENRIK IBSEN'S POEMS.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH ROYSEN.

**D**R. GEORG BRANDES, who possesses an extraordinary gift of epigrammatic statement, has remarked of Ibsen, that he has had a lyrical Pegasus killed under him. Nothing can more happily account for the extreme bitterness of tone, the sarcasm, the utter disillusion, which predominate in Ibsen's verse. It coincides with the poet's own declaration in his Millennial Ode (July 18, 1872), which commences:

"My people, thou that poured'st out to me  
The bitter but salubrious elixir,  
Whence strength I drank, upon the grave's dark  
brink,  
In broken beams of day to fight my battle—  
Oh, thou that gavest me the staff of exile,  
And sorrow's load, the rapid soles of anguish,  
The outfit, grave and heavy, for my journey—  
To thee I send my greeting from the world."

This is the burden of Ibsen's verse, and the dominant note in all his autobiographical utterances. His country has spurned, maltreated and despitefully used him; and, though he admits the wholesomeness of the discipline, he harbors, apparently, a lasting resentment. It is in his lyrics that a poet is likely to undisguise himself most unreservedly, and Ibsen's lyrics do, indeed, reveal his personality in a striking light. The charm of this personality lies, to me, primarily, in its admirable distinct-

ness and distinction. Genial and lovable it is surely not. But it has neither a parallel nor a predecessor in literary history. With what a clear, sharp, refreshingly definite profile it traces itself against all the dim and blurred flabbiness of contemporary literature! It is etched on the century's page in the most biting acids.

There was a time, when, under the influence of "Love's Comedy" and "The League of Youth," I conceived of Ibsen as a kind of Schopenhauer dramatized. The personal resentment of real or fancied wrongs, which so largely colored Schopenhauer's philosophy, I recognized in nearly every one of Ibsen's poems then published. But as with each successive work, the poet's physiognomy stood out in clearer relief, I arrived at the conclusion that my classification was defective. As, however, I could not give up the attempt to discover his spiritual affinities, I tried Voltaire, with whose gaieté de cœur and arsenal of winged epigrams he is unprovided; Rousseau, whose deep, revolutionary radicalism he possesses, but whose warm eloquence and maudlin sentimentality he lacks; Carlyle, whose rugged force, roaring indignation, luminous inspiration of phrase and moral Berserker rage he never approaches, but whose disgust at democracy and keenness in detecting the

pitfalls of civilization he has more than rivalled. He has assumed the same sort of moral censorship, though with a more incisive equipment on the side of the intellect, and a far scantier one on the side of the emotions. Ibsen's cold "dry-light" sheds a clearer, more pitiless illumination upon the moral problem, than Carlyle's storm-beleaguered Scotch beacon, whose warm, warning rays often pierce far into the gloom, but in the end are lost in the encompassing mists and twilight.

The last spirit I found who displayed a kinship to Ibsen was Henri Beyle (Stendhal), whose intense individualism, corrosive irony and detestation of moral cant he shares, but from whose morbid self-consciousness, outspoken sensualism and half-distracted chase after the effective he is far removed. But the most radical difference lies in this: Beyle's mask is Ibsen's real countenance, or, at least, strongly resembles it. What with Beyle were largely fads and hobbies, are with Ibsen convictions. When the former went about pricking every bubble whose iridescent beauty danced in the sunlight, it was in a spirit of wanton bravado, because it gave him pleasure to demonstrate (what thousands knew as well as he) that it was hollow. When, however, Ibsen engages in the same occupation, it is in as serious a mood as that of Don Quixote when he charged on the wind-mills. I do not mean to imply that the evils which Ibsen assails are imaginary, though (truth to tell) there is a dire lack of humor in the man's composition—a total want of that genial warmth of soul and sympathy with folly which is the chief ingredient of humor; and this fatal defect makes him, at times, mistake the proportion of things, and attack mole-hills with his heaviest artillery. There is always another side, and one well worth presenting, to each one of his indictments of the human race in general and the Norwegian part of it in particular.

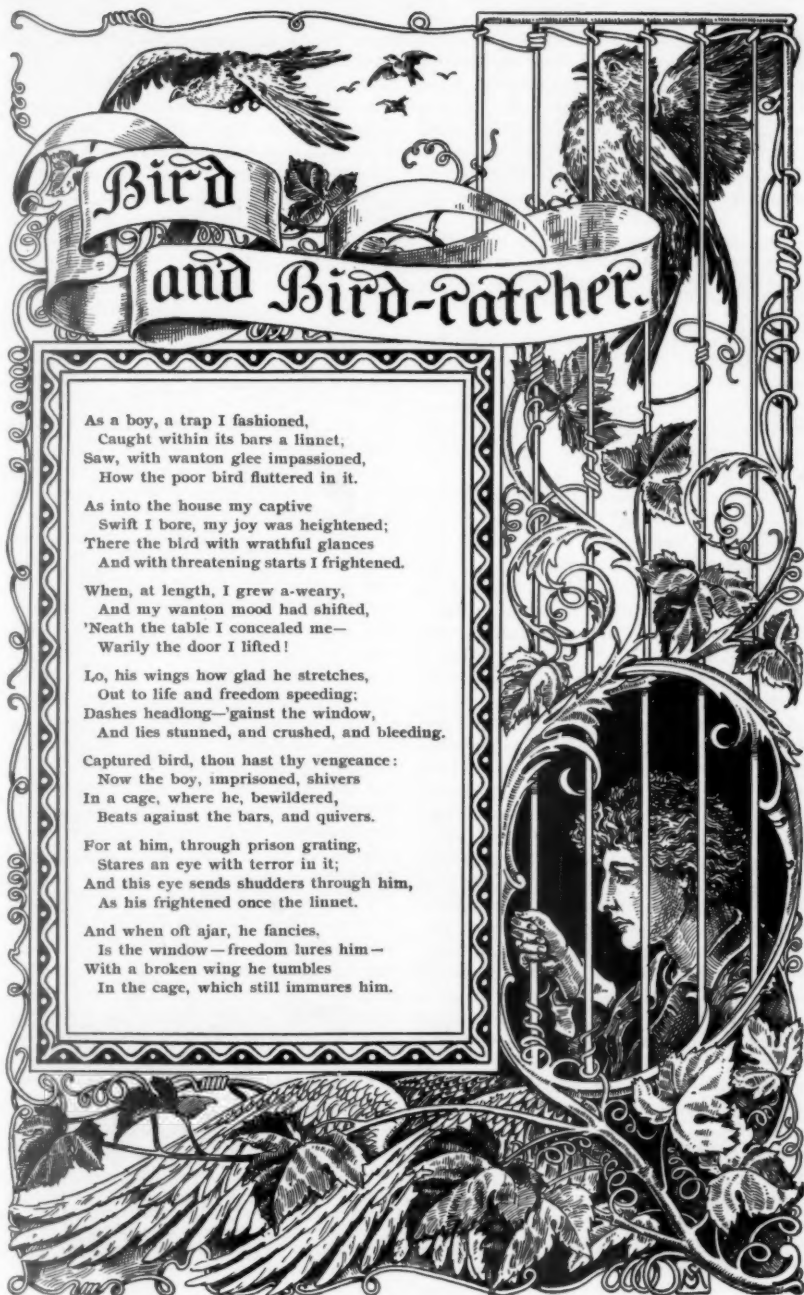
One seems to see in Ibsen's poems the grave, shy boy, averse to play, upon whose imagination the lock-up, the pilory and the mad-house of his native town exercised a shuddering fascination. His experience was, however, in that respect, scarcely exceptional. Even to a normally cheerful child, horror has, in those years, an irresistible attraction. But the remarkable part of Ibsen's confession is the re-

versal of the normal experience in later years. Is it because he sees more deeply than the herd, and perceives riddles and problems demanding solution, where the thoughtless see only commonplaces? Is it, therefore, that the daylight is to him thronged with goblins, more terrible, by far, than those of the night?

"Mysterious, in brightest light of day,  
Is nature, and her veil cannot be sundered.  
What freely she will not reveal to you,  
You can't extort from her with screws and levers,"

says Goethe in "Faust"; and to the profounder vision this is most profoundly true. This view is far removed from the mere superficial melancholy, which, at times, has taken possession of us all, at the perishability of mundane beauty and loveliness; for I fancy that to Ibsen the perishability of earthly things is the one hopeful fact upon which he is inclined to felicitate himself. The goblin which haunts him is the awful, unappeasable spirit of doubt and eternal questioning, which rises in the broad daylight, like the dread Afrite from the jar in the Arabian Nights. This is, to him, the death's head at the banquet of life, which steadily stares at him out of its empty eye-sockets; and, like an unconvivial guest, he sits, returning its stare, and forgets to delight in the beauty, the music, the mirth and the flowers. It is a kindred thought, though clad in different imagery, which is expressed in the poem "Bird and Bird-Catcher."

Who, of deeper thought, has not felt this "eye with terror in it," staring at him with a cold and steady gaze—out of the dread infinities and eternities which surround him? In childhood it was the watchful eye of God (as it was represented on the title-page of the old catechism), which with a stern but fatherly supervision kept account of our small peccadilloes, with a view to the final day of reckoning. Uncomfortable and highly inconvenient though it was, when you were bent on unlawful adventures, there was something wholesomely restraining and intelligently human in this grave all-seeing eye; and there was, moreover, an implication of paternal interest, which was, on the whole, flattering. But, as with the years, the childlike faith departed, the stern admonitory look van-



## Bird and Bird-catcher.

As a boy, a trap I fashioned,  
Caught within its bars a linnet,  
Saw, with wanton glee impassioned,  
How the poor bird fluttered in it.

As into the house my captive  
Swift I bore, my joy was heightened;  
There the bird with wrathful glances  
And with threatening starts I frightened.

When, at length, I grew a-weary,  
And my wanton mood had shifted,  
'Neath the table I concealed me—  
Warily the door I lifted!

Lo, his wings how glad he stretches,  
Out to life and freedom speeding;  
Dashes headlong—'gainst the window,  
And lies stunned, and crushed, and bleeding.

Captured bird, thou hast thy vengeance:  
Now the boy, imprisoned, shivers  
In a cage, where he, bewildered,  
Beats against the bars, and quivers.

For at him, through prison grating,  
Stares an eye with terror in it;  
And this eye sends shudders through him,  
As his frightened once the linnet.

And when oft ajar, he fancies,  
Is the window—freedom lures him—  
With a broken wing he tumbles  
In the cage, which still immures him.

ished, and the human quality was at times chilled into a mere blank stare of freezing terror. It is this awful inhuman gaze which glares at the poet through the prison-bars of mortality, giving no hint of an answer to the importunate queries which Omar Khayam so boldly framed eight hundred years ago:

What, without asking, hither hurried whence?  
And, without asking, whither hurried hence?  
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence.

Ibsen's refusal to rest satisfied with the usual shallow solution, or despair of solution, of life's problems,—his restless burrowing in the dark for some unsuspected clue, some treasure of deeper wisdom—is strikingly symbolized in the poem "The Miner."

There is not a gleam in Ibsen of that joyous observation, that delight in the mere outward pageantry of life which has been supposed to be a peculiarity of the poetic temperament. Björnson sings of the grandeur of his native Romsdal; Wergerland goes into raptures over the beauty of Maridal, Hardanger and the Sognefjord; and Welhaven celebrates in a series of poems the picturesqueness of Norse scenery under the varying moods of the day and the year. But not a single poem can I discover in Ibsen's collection which appeals primarily to the pictorial fancy. In the two poems "At Akershus," and "Life on the Mountains," there is some very good, terse, realistic landscape painting, which betrays a steady hand and a keen, dispassionate power of observation; but in each the landscape is only of secondary importance, serving as a background, in one case, for a bloody historical scene, and in the other, for a modern "morality" from which the Ibsenian spirit of doubt is not missing. As in Goethe's "Faust," Mephisto has been given as a companion to man; and the man who has not known him, is but a grown-up child, whose thoughtless immaturity provokes the poet's contemptuous pity. He counts for nothing on the great battle-field of thought. To the dairy-maid in the poem who stands "dumb, wrapped in the glow and shade" of the sunset, staring at this "serious elf," the enlargement of her vision, the deepening of her life which results from the encounter, is a

boon which she is herself, probably, incapable of valuing at its worth.

This comes as near to Ibsen's lighter vein—which is yet far from being light—as anything he has written. I am aware that the poem "Complications" has an almost sportive movement, and might accordingly, by a superficial reader, be styled light. But the satirical scourge which the poet here so heedlessly cracks, is really a deadly instrument, and the smile that lurks about his lips, as he wields it, is the sardonic smile of complete disillusion.

It may be, parenthetically, remarked that a betrothal is a more serious and binding affair in Norway than it is supposed to be in the United States. The bee, when he returned from his travels and found his flower "a green little ball," would have risked the displeasure of apian society and some loss of reputation, if he had repudiated the engagement, on the plea that his fiancée's charms had grown a trifle too mature for his taste. The mouse and the sparrow, who were lower down in the social scale, were by that circumstance, as well as by the engagement to the bee, debarred from betraying a sentimental regard; and so the poor flower, ripening into barren fruitage, hung unclaimed, wasting its sweetness on the desert air. It is an every-day tragedy, which becomes the more tragic by the very fact of its commonness. There are, moreover, a variety of pathetic complications in it that will scarcely bear discussion, some of which are dexterously hinted at in these satirical verses.

There is in one little poem, called "Architectural Plans," an unmistakable bit of autobiography, which affords some insight into the process of Ibsen's gradual disillusion. Though the "Life," by Jaeger, would lead one to suppose that he was born disgruntled and old, and had never shared the dreams of happy, thoughtless youth, we catch here a glimpse of a youthful countenance, lighted, in the first two verses at least, by a perfectly normal emotion:

"So plainly I remember that night, without a flaw,  
When blissfully my poem, the first, in print I saw.  
There sat I in my den, and I smoked contentedly.  
And dreamed bright dreams of greatness in blest complacency.

A castle will I build, to blaze forth my grand estate;



## The Miner.

Mountain, burst with brawl and glow  
'Neath my heavy hammer's blow;  
Downward to the deeps profound,  
Till I hear the metal sound.

Deep within the mountain's night,  
Treasures fair allure my sight,—  
Diamonds, precious gems untold—  
'Twixt the flaming veins of gold.

In the deep—ah, there is peace—  
Peace and desert—life's surcease!  
Hammer, break thy way unbidden  
To the heart of what is hidden!

As a boy, how oft sat I  
Glad, beneath the starry sky;  
Flowery paths of spring I trod,  
In my heart the peace of God.

But the day that brightly laughed  
In the midnight of the shaft  
I forgot, with sun and song,  
In the mine's dark pit, ere long.

When I first descended there,  
Oft I thought with guileless air:  
Spirits in the deep that reign  
Life's deep riddle shall explain.

But as yet no spirit spoke  
And the heavy darkness broke,  
Yet no ray that knowledge brings  
Which illumines the roots of things.

Have I erred then? Does indeed  
This my path to clearness lead?  
For the sunshine blinds my eye  
When I seek for light on high.

No, the deeps I will explore!  
There is peace forevermore.  
Hammer, break thy way unbidden  
To the heart of what is hidden!

Hammer blow on hammer blow,  
Until life's expiring throe!  
Yet no ray of dawn breaks o'er me,  
And no sun of hope before me.





## COMPLICATIONS

In a garden fair grew an apple tree,  
As white with blossoms as white could be.  
A bee strayed in from the field of broom ;  
He fell in love with the apple bloom.  
Their peace of mind they lost in a trice ;  
They now were engaged ; and that was  
nice.

The bee flew far and returned in the fall ;  
His blossom was then a green little ball.

The bee—he mourned and the green fruit  
too ;

But, alas, about that there was nothing  
to do.

Close by the tree, in the wall of the house,  
Lived a poor but virtuous mouse.

In secret he sighed : " Thou green little  
ball,  
Oh ! would that I had thee within my  
wall."

The bee went roaming — and far led his  
route ;  
Returned—and then his flower was a fruit.

He grieved in secret ; the fruit grieved too,  
But, alas, about that there was nothing  
to do.

Close under the eaves a bird's nest lay,  
Where a sparrow kept house in a humble  
way.

In secret he sighed : " Thou fruit so fine,  
My nest were heaven if thou wert  
mine."

The bee, he mourned ; the fruit felt bad ;  
The mouseie struggled, the sparrow was  
sad

But each kept quiet, and no one knew,  
For, alas, about that there was nothing  
to do.

Then dropped the fruit from its bough,  
and burst ;  
The mouse fell dead, while his fate he  
curst.

The sparrow at last expired in his hole ;  
When they raised the sheaf on the Christ-  
mas pole.

Then the bee was free ; but the leaves  
were shed ;  
And all the flowers of summer were dead.

To his hive he retired, and his trade he  
plied ;  
An esteemed producer of wax he died.

But spared all this trouble and grief could  
have been,  
Had the bee been a mouse when the fruit  
was green.

And all might, perhaps, have ended well,  
Had the mouse been a sparrow before the  
fruit fell.



Two wings shall adorn it—one little and one great.  
 The large one shall inhabit a bard beyond compare;  
 The little one shall shelter a maid of beauty rare.  
 Methought the scheme transcendent, harmonious  
 and grand;  
 But soon confusion reigned in all that I had planned.  
 As Master gained in reason, his castle seemed all  
 wrong;  
 Too little grew the great wing, the small collapsed  
 ere long.

This does not mean, of course, that he registered a vow to live in celibacy, for the lady for whom he had prepared a bower in the castle of his fame was scarcely of earthly ancestry. She was the feminine romantic element in literature, with which Ibsen had carried on a brief and unprofitable flirtation (vide his youthful, unpublished dramas, "St. John's Night" and "Olaf Liljekrans"). He had resolved, apparently, to cater to the prevailing taste, which demanded love-stories, more or less disguised—idyllic lies, which have emancipated themselves from all allegiance to the logic of reality. It was a fortunate thing, both for himself and the public, that this wing so soon fell into disrepair, and that the other wing, the great one, which was to accommodate the dominant personality, Henrik Ibsen, was soon found to be too small. For it is himself Ibsen gives us in all his works—his own individual view and judgment of life, and his own trenchant criticism of social conditions. As Goethe polarized his being in Faust and Mephistopheles (both of whom had their germs in his own self), so Ibsen has given us the poles of his soul in "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." To express himself with any degree of completeness, to assert his full right as an individual, he needed all the elbow-room that he had the strength to conquer—and he ended by occupying the whole castle.

There is but a single poem of Ibsen's, which rejoices in popular favor, viz.: "Terje Vigen." This is the story of a Norwegian sailor, who, during the war in the beginning of the century, tried to break the embargo, rowing in an open boat to Denmark, whence he returns with food for his starving wife and child. He is captured by a young English officer, who laughs at his uncouth speech and gestures of despair. Many years later, when peace has been concluded, Terje is released from his captivity, and

establishes himself as a pilot on the Norwegian coast. In a stormy night he boards an English pleasure-yacht in distress, and, recognizing in the noble lord, its owner, the naval officer who had mocked his prayers and caused the death of his dear ones by starvation, he abandons the vessel and puts out the life-boat. The lord, his lady and their little daughter entrust themselves to his care, and he rows them into smooth water. Then, as he reaches the spot where his own cargo of barley was sunk, many years ago, he rises and strikes a hole in the bottom of the boat. It fills rapidly, but is caught on a rock, and they stand in two feet of water. The lord cries out, in terror, that the ridge of the rock is giving way and they are sinking, to which Terje replies: "Nay, have no fear! A sunken boat, with three casks of barley is the rock that bears us now."

Then the Englishman remembers the long-forgotten incident, and recognizes in the pilot the man he had so wantonly wronged. But just as Terje is about to taste the sweetness of vengeance, the sight of the beautiful child touched his heart and he cannot fulfil the deed. He brings the nobleman and his family safely to shore, refuses all thanks, and points to the child as their rescuer.

It is not strange that this poem, embodying a situation so powerfully dramatic, should have been seized upon by public readers and declaimers of all degrees. It occupies, in that respect, a position similar to that of Poe's "Raven" with us, and is as direfully familiar. But for all that, it is a splendid piece of narrative verse. Its style is abrupt, gnarled, harsh, and impregnated with the briny smell and the raw chill mists of the northern main.

Far more remarkable and more pregnant with thought is the long poem "On the Highland Plains" (Paa Vidderne), which is a resumé of all Ibsen's philosophy of renunciation. By the death of every illusion, by the severing of every tie, by the discipline of hardship and pain is the soul strengthened and purified.

In conclusion, I am tempted to quote a rather rude piece of rhyme, which technically does not rise much above doggerel, but which for all that, is highly significant. Whether considered as a serious

opinion, or as a mere piece of sardonic humor, it furnishes us approximately the measure of its author's radicalism.

TO MY FRIEND, THE REVOLUTIONARY  
ORATOR.

I grown conservative? Friend you astound me!  
I am the same as ever you found me.  
To move the chessmen—what does that avail you?  
Knock the game in a heap—then I shall not fail you.  
Of all revolutions, but one I cherish,  
Which was not flimsy and amateurish.  
That purged the world for a while of iniquity,\*  
I refer, of course, to the flood of antiquity.  
But then, too, was Lucifer tricked by a traitor,  
Noah outwitted him, turning dictator.  
Try it next time more thoroughly; mind not the  
shriekers;  
But for that we need workers—both fighters and  
speakers.  
You raise the wild flood till it rage and roar fear-  
fully;  
I will place 'neath the ark the torpedo most cheer-  
fully.

If that is a joke (which I do not think it is) it is a grim and uncomfortable one. From the published passages of Ibsen's letter to Dr. Brandes, it appears, however, that he regards the state, and what we call civilization, as radically wrong, and that he is not without sympathy with those who, by fair means or foul, would abolish it. In a letter of February 17, 1871, he writes:

"Yes, to be sure, it may be a good thing to possess liberty of suffrage, liberty of taxation, etc., but for whom is it a good thing? For the citizen; not for the individual. But there is no rational necessity why the individual should be a citizen. On the contrary, the state is the banishment of individuality. How has Prussia bought her strength as a state? By the absorption of the individual in the political and geographical conception. The waiter makes the best soldier. On the other hand look at the Jews—the nobility of humanity. How have they preserved their identity in isolation, in poetry, in spite of all vulgarity? Thereby that they have had no state to drag along with them. If they had remained in Palestine, they would long since have perished in their own construction, like all other nations. Away with the state! I would

like to take a hand in that revolution. Undermine the idea of the state; put in its place free-will and spiritual affinity as the one decisive reason for a union; that would be the beginning of a freedom that would be worth something. Changes in the form of government are nothing but fiddling with degrees—a little more or a little less—fooling altogether— . . . . The state has its root in the age; it will have its crown, too, in the age. Greater things than it will perish. . . . . Neither our moral conceptions nor our artistic forms have an eternity before them. How much are we really in duty bound to hold on to? Who can afford me a guarantee that up yonder on Jupiter two and two do not make five?"

A doubt which extends even to the axioms of mathematics could scarcely be expected to give any countenance to those of art and morals. It is anarchism pure and simple which Ibsen preaches in the above quoted letter to Dr. Brandes. And yet it was a foregone conclusion that the only recent practical experiment of anarchy—that of the Paris Commune of 1871—would utterly disgust him.

"Is it not villainous of the Commune in Paris," he writes to the same friend in May, 1871, "to go and ruin completely for me my excellent theory of the state, or rather of no state! Now that idea is destroyed for long times to come, and I can no more respectably promulgate it even in verse. But, for all that, it is sound at the core, that I perceive plainly enough; and some day it will be put into practice without being caricatured."

I venture to affirm, however, that Ibsen's speculative anarchism amounts to little more than this: As mankind, in the course of its evolution, gradually drops its predatory impulses, the laws which now are needed to keep these impulses under restraint, will become superfluous, and will be abolished as they become superfluous. The Commune in Paris demonstrated exactly what would happen everywhere, if, in the present state of morals, the restraining agencies which society has devised for its own preservation were to be removed. He would, surely, not be in favor of unleashing the hyena, the lion and the tiger in man, and

\* Literally: "That carried off the prize before all others."

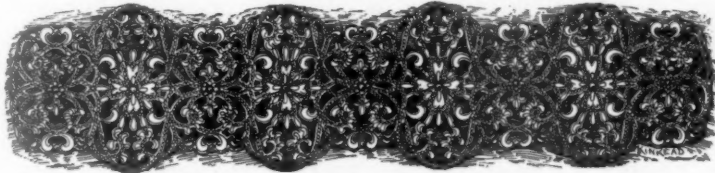
have the world relapse into barbarism, as long as it is absolutely certain that any experimental reconstruction of society would (mankind being what it is) result in a condition not widely different from the present.

Of Ibsen's remaining poems there are many of surpassing interest. His rhymed "Balloon-Letter to a Swedish Lady," dated Dresden, December 1870, describes a journey up the Nile, and preaches, incidentally, his gospel of individualism, with a delightful epigrammatic incisiveness, à propos of the Franco-Prussian war and Von Moltke, who had "murdered the poetry of battle":

"What of these Germanic hosts,  
In their storm-march toward Paris?  
Who stands clear and bright 'mid danger?  
Who himself won victory's prize?  
Where's the hero now, the radiant,  
Whom a million tongues, exalting,  
Bear from home to home in song?  
Nay, the regiment—the squadron,  
And the staff—that is, the spy—  
Like unleashed packs of hounds,  
Track the game upon its trail.  
Therefore perishes the glory.  
Lo, this chase will find no poet;

Only that will live for ages,  
Which a poet's song exalteth.  
Fancy, then, the King Gustavus,  
In the van of Swedish war-hosts;  
Think of Charles XII. in Bender,  
Peter Vessel on his frigate,  
Like a lightning-flash at midnight;  
And the King-Deep's merry heroes—  
These has memory fondly clasped;  
Like a chorus, forth it rolls  
Their renown in waves of song,  
'Mid applause of thousand hands,  
From the gaily-garnished tents  
At a festival of spring-tide."

In reading the slender volume of Ibsen's "Poems," of which the fifth edition appeared in 1886, one is tremendously impressed with the heavy freight of thought which they carry. Lyrics, in any real sense, they are not; for one can scarcely imagine anything more unfit for the accompaniment of a lyre. The poet has a way of looking the ugliest truths full in the face, without flinching, and of recording what he sees and feels, with a relentless disregard of revered conventionalities. What he offers is not food for babes; but to a mature mind it is wholesome and stimulating reading.



## SILENCE.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

TEMPLE of God, from all eternity  
Alone like Him without beginning found;  
Of time, and space, and solitude the bound,  
Yet in thyself of all communion free.  
Is, then, the temple holier than He  
That dwells therein? Must reverence surround  
With barriers the portal, lest a sound  
Profane it? Nay; behold a mystery!

What was, remains; what is, has ever been:  
The lowliest the loftiest sustains.  
A silence, by no breath of utterance stirred—  
Virginity in motherhood—remains,  
Clear, midst a cloud of all-pervading sin,  
The voice of Love's unutterable word.

## ENGLISH POSTAL REFORMERS.

BY THOMAS L. JAMES.



**ALTHOUGH** Rowland Hill was the father of the penny postage system, and is the most famous postal reformer that the world has yet seen, there were other reformers before him who endeavored to improve the service. Long before his time the English people were complaining, or rather growling in true English fashion, about the tardiness of the mail and the cost of correspondence. Before the advent of the stage-coach the mail-bag was entrusted to a boy, or an idler in want of a job, who would be paid a small fee for its transportation, the carrier travelling, as every one did in those days, on horseback. It was always a question as to whether or not the mail would arrive safely at its destination. Very often highwaymen would relieve the carrier of his burden, extracting from the letters and packages all that was valuable, the mail messenger frequently being in league with them and sharing in the spoils. When, in 1782, an enterprising theatrical manager, at Bath, suggested a plan for bringing the letter-bags from that town to London in sixteen or eighteen hours the postal officials justified their reputation for density of intellect by receiving the suggestion with great merriment, calling it "a wild scheme." All postal reforms, even down to our own day, have been, at first, received by government authorities in a similar spirit.

As Burke says, in speaking of the enthusiasm of those who seek to bring about a better condition of public affairs, "Projectors see no difficulties, and critics see nothing else."

The first mail-coach left London in 1784. Though this method of transportation insured safety, it was no great improvement in the matter of speed, except in a particular instance, to which I shall presently allude. The roads were very bad—so bad that passengers frequently left the coach and finished their journey on foot. Some-

times the driver of the vehicle was so tipsy that ladies and the more timid passengers were afraid of a fatal accident and alighted at the first opportunity. But a few years before this time, in one of the civil wars, the enemy captured with ease one hundred horses on a certain road: the animals were literally "stuck in the mud!"

Palmer, the Bath theatrical manager just mentioned, often wanted the



SIR ROWLAND HILL.

services of a "star" from the English capital, but was unable to procure such assistance, owing to the slowness of the regular coach. He urged upon the government the advisability of establishing a mail-coach between London and Bath, saying that it would save both time and money. Although, as already stated, he was laughed at, through the influence of Pitt he was able, in 1784, to commence a system of rapid mail-coaches between Bath and London, and this service was continued up to the days of railways. The experiment quickly proved to be a great success.



Even the most dense and conservative post-office authorities could not deny that it had wrought a revolution in the transportation of the mail. The government had agreed to give Palmer two and a half per cent. on the amount that was saved in carrying the mail. Although it was shown that the saving was £20,000 per annum, Parliament would not ratify the agreement the post-office officials had made, as an English authority says, "cheated him," by giving him for the whole service a grant of £50,000.

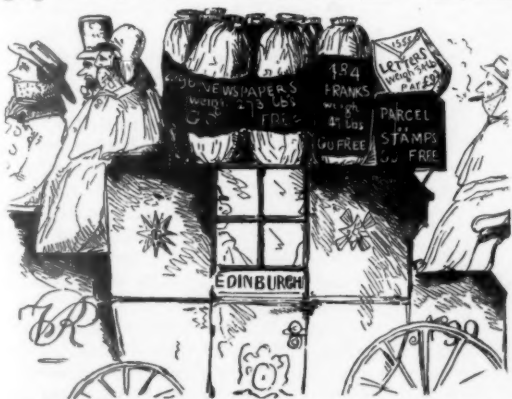
Rowland Hill, "the father of penny postage," was born at Kidderminster, England, December 3, 1795. His family, on both sides, belonging to the middle-class, was at the time of his birth, in poor circumstances. He conceived his plan of postal reform in 1836. His father had often talked to him about the benefits resulting from Palmer's coaches; and postal matters, moreover, were constantly the subject of discussion by the people. Postage was collected by the letter carrier. He would not leave the letter until he had received his pay. With poor people it was always a question whether the sealed missive was worth the price that was to be paid for it. Sometimes, fortunately not often, tradesmen sent circulars under seal. One can imagine the feelings of a crusty and choleric Englishman, in very moderate circumstances, paying sixpence for what he supposed was a letter, but which turned out to be a printed announcement of Mr. John Smith, "begging to inform his friends and former

patrons that he had just opened," etc., etc. For a letter, weighing not more than a quarter of an ounce, sent from London to Birmingham, the lowest charge was ninepence; a small enclosure would make it eighteenpence, and two enclosures would raise the price to two shillings and threepence.

These excessive rates led people to devise plans by which they might receive news from their friends without paying postage. Rowland Hill once saw a letter delivered to a poor woman in a country town. She turned it over, examined it, and, telling the postman she was too poor to pay a shilling, the postage demanded, returned it to him. Hill stepped up and paid the sum, though the woman protested that she did not want him to do so. After the postman had left, she told Hill that his philanthropy had been misdirected. Opening the envelope, she showed him that the sheet of paper it contained was blank. The letter—or rather the envelope—was from her brother. There was an agreement between him and herself, that, as long as he was well, he would send a blank sheet once every quarter, on a certain date; in this way she would know that he was doing well, without the expense of paying postage.

At this time, before the introduction of Hill's scheme for penny postage, the franking privilege was greatly abused. In fact, Hill, who procured franks from his eldest brother, a member of Parliament, confesses to have abused it himself. Once, when he made a journey for his

health, he carried with him some old newspapers. He would frank them home, and, by writing the name of a member of Parliament on the wrapper (which a person was allowed to do, without his consent) he would indicate his state of health, the names being selected according to previous arrangement. The name of a liberal member would indicate that he was better, while the name of a tory would show that he was falling back. Dr. Dionysius Lardner, a leading scientist and literary man of the day, admitted, before the parlia-



"GREAT WEIGHT AND NO PRICE! LITTLE WEIGHT AND ALL PRICE!"—Cartoon, 1839.

mentary committee appointed to consider the subject of penny postage, that, at the time he resided in Dublin, nearly all of his correspondence passed under the frank of the postmaster-general for Ireland, and that, while in England, his extensive correspondence was carried on in the same way. As the franks enabled him to send any weight he pleased, he was in the habit of enclosing, under cover, a bundle of letters to the same neighborhood.

When penny postage was being discussed in Parliament, one member objected to the abolition of the franking privilege, stating that to some mercantile houses it was worth £300 a year. The frank of a member of Parliament covered one ounce, but there were franks of another kind, which served for unlimited weight. It was found that under these franks there had been sent through the mails overcoats, a bundle of baby linen, a piano-forte, and, on one occasion, a horse!

Another abuse which served to hasten the new reform was the evasion of postage on letters sent to foreign parts, especially to the United States. When steam navigation was established between Liverpool and New York, the postmaster of the former city, expecting to receive a very large mail, provided himself with a big mail-bag. He was greatly surprised when the captain of the vessel handed him only five letters! On this same ship a bag containing at least 10,000 letters was sent to the office of the shipowners. The American packet, which left London every ten days, carried 4000 letters which had not passed through the post-office. In London there were receiving-houses for letters. One coffee-house would receive letters for the East Indies, and others, respectively, for South America, the United States and British America. Most of the ship-brokers made it a rule to receive letters for the ships in which they were interested. The number of letters for North America, collected from the office of one ship-broker, is said to have been enough to load a cab.

The practice of evading postage between different points on the land was quite as common. Publishers were in the habit of writing a number of letters for different individuals in the same town on the same sheet. When the sheet arrived, the different sections were separated, and each one

delivered by hand or through the local post. Letter carriers openly collected and distributed mail matter under such arrangements as they saw fit to make with private parties. Some letter carriers were in the habit of carrying four times as many letters as the regular mail.

In one manufacturing district not one-fiftieth part of the letters sent by the business community went by the regular post. Letters were habitually enclosed in the parcels sent out by the London book-sellers, in warehouse-men's bales and packages, in boxes and trunks; in bags containing work for weavers, and in boxes of provisions sent by farmers to their sons in the universities. A whole neighborhood would receive its correspondence in this way. According to a report made by Mr. Cobden, five-sixths of the letters from Manchester to London did not pass through the post-office.

The cost of correspondence was so great that business men wrote as little as possible—that is, where they were so situated that they could not send their letters in an illicit way. It was found that a poor manufacturer, when he had plenty of work, could earn about forty shillings a week. To do this he would receive thirty orders; if they went through the post-office, the postage would be fourpence a piece, or twenty-five per cent. of his earnings. The high rate of postage had something to do with the spread of the small-pox. It was found that "practitioners and others do not apply for lymph, in the degree they otherwise would do, to the institutions formed in London for the spread of vaccination, for fear of postage." Ordinary people never thought of using the post-office, except in rare cases of necessity. They would not receive unpaid letters, unless they came from particular persons. The charge of sixpence for postage was, at that time, in England, about a third of a poor man's daily income. As one follower of Rowland Hill argued: suppose a gentleman had an income of £3 a day, and had to pay one-third of it for a letter, how often would he write letters of friendship?

Another absurd rule was to charge postage, not by weight, but by the number of enclosures. This compelled an examination of doubtful letters, by the light of a candle or lamp placed behind it. Under

this arrangement the cost of a letter was often greatly increased. For instance, the postage on one letter from London to Wolverhampton, which could now be carried for a penny, was two shillings and sixpence: tenpence for the letter, tenpence for a return bill of exchange, enclosed therein, and tenpence for a small scrap of paper attached to this letter at the notary's office.

Rowland Hill published his plan in 1837, the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and one year before George Stephenson applied steam to travel by rail. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the post-office system was so little developed that there were only 3000 post-offices in England and Wales, while the number of parishes was 11,000. One-quarter of the people were destitute of postal accommodations. At the present time there are in England 16,000 post-offices and 15,000 civil parishes.

Hill presented his plan to the House of Commons, and a committee was appointed to "examine especially into the mode recommended for charging and collecting postage, in a pamphlet published by Mr. Rowland Hill." After a long and bitter fight against the government officials, who are proverbially opposed to any change in the existing order of things, and the ultra-conservative element in the community who sturdily fulfil their destiny by keeping back the wheels of progress, Rowland Hill, by his perseverance, and his ability to intelligently answer every objection that was urged against his scheme, won the victory, and the 10th of January 1840 was determined upon as the day when penny postage should be established throughout the whole kingdom.

The parliamentary committee appointed to consider

the subject of a reduction of postage, examined a very large number of witnesses, merchants, citizens, officials in fact representatives of all classes, the questions and answers numbering 12,000. Some of the testimony before this committee and some of the letters to the newspapers were very curious, especially in the light of the postal progress that has since been made. One noble lord considered that the amount of correspondence would be so greatly increased "that the whole area on which the post-office stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and the letters." Rowland Hill retorted that it was simply a question whether "the size of the post-office is to be regulated by the amount of correspondence, or the amount of correspondence by the size of the post-office."

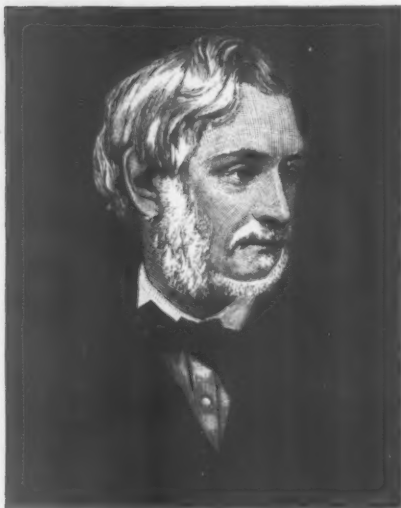
One earnest Briton wrote that the reduction of the postage would only increase the number of idle scribblers and be of little benefit to the lower class who seldom had occasion to write. This last prophecy now sounds very strange, in view of the enormous correspondence carried on by English emigrants in all parts of the world with their friends and relations in the mother country. At the present time more than 30,000,000 letters pass in both directions between the

United Kingdom, her colonies and foreign countries. Even now the present rate is deemed too high and is sought to be reduced through the efforts of Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., of whom I shall speak further on.

Among the prominent men of the day who spoke or wrote against Rowland Hill's plan were Rev. Sidney Smith, who alluded to it as "this nonsense of a penny postage;" Sir Robert Peel, who looked coldly upon the reform; and the Duke



LORD ELGIN.



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

of Wellington, who maintained that soldiers would not be disposed to make use of the privilege, though after arrangements had been made for postal communication during the Crimean war, more than 350,000 letters passed each way between England and the scene of conflict. The secretary of the post-office considered the plan "preposterous," and said that the revenue would not recover itself for forty or fifty years.

When the postmaster-general urged that the people might not like to prepay their letters, Rowland Hill replied that the question for the public to determine was between prepayment at a low rate and post-payment at a high rate. When penny postage was once established the custom of prepayment became so general that people wondered why it had not been adopted before.

Some of the newspapers of the day published comic illustrations which set forth even better than mere arguments the injustice of the postal rates. One of the best of these was a picture of the Edinburgh mail-coach. The mail-bags which usually occupied the hind boot are, with artistic license, placed on the roof. This object lesson shows that 273 pounds of newspapers, 484 franked packages, and a parcel of stamps are carried

free, while the public are obliged to pay £93 for the transportation of a small pouch of letters weighing only thirty-four pounds.

How successful the new reform was may be judged from the fact that in 1839 76,000,000 letters were sent by post, while in the following year the number more than doubled. Naturally everyone was enthusiastic in praise of the new scheme.

The struggles of Rowland Hill for penny postage, and other postal reforms, are made interesting from the fact that they were favored by Mr. Gladstone. He entered Parliament in 1832, and three years later was appointed, by Sir Robert Peel, first lord of the treasury, and afterwards under-secretary to the colonies. Subsequently he was chancellor of the exchequer. When, on account of ill-health, Hill was forced to retire from the service, Mr. Gladstone wrote to him: "The support you have had from me has been the very best that I could give; but had it been much better and more effective, it would not have been equal to your deserts and claims." A few months before this, writing of Hill, he said: "He stands pre-eminent and alone among all the members of the civil service, as a benefactor to the nation." And after his death, the same great statesman said: "In some respects, his lot was one peculiarly happy, even as among public benefactors; for his great plan ran like wild-fire through the civilized world, and never, perhaps, was a local invention (for such it was) and improvement applied in the lifetime of its author, to the advantage of such vast multitudes of his fellow-creatures."

Some of the most important postal reforms in the English service, which were afterwards adopted in our country, were instituted under the respective administrations of the Earl of Elgin (1859), Lord Stanley (1860), Lord Hartington, now the duke of Devonshire (1868), Lord John Manners, now the duke of Rutland (1874), and Henry Fawcett (1880-84).

The first move towards postal savings-banks was made in 1859. At the outset, Mr. Gladstone, then chancellor of the exchequer, said that the plan was full of promise and deserved a most careful examination, and it was through his energetic efforts that such banks were established in 1860.

Under Lord Elgin's administration the department was well governed. The officials in the service were placed on probation before being given permanent positions; their salaries were increased according to merit; the postmasters were allowed to choose their own clerks and letter carriers; physicians were appointed to attend gratuitously the sick in the lower ranks of the service, and a pension fund was provided for the aged. The first step towards the parcels-post was made under the administration of Lord Stanley, who established the pattern-post. In 1852 a suggestion had been made by a Captain Galton, that the post-office should become the manager of the whole telegraphic system, a measure which was afterwards (1870) carried into effect. This led to a great increase in the employment of females, who were already largely engaged in the postal service proper.

Postal-cards were introduced in 1870, and in 1877 the half-ounce limit in weight was abolished. It seems that the half-ounce limit happened to be just above the weight of a letter written on full-sized post-paper. The margin of difference was so slight that if a little thicker paper was used, or a slightly larger envelope, it would turn the scale. Only business men could so govern their stationery supplies as to keep within the legal charge and save their customers from paying extra postage. When the legal weight was extended to an ounce, it saved an immense amount of worry and annoyance.

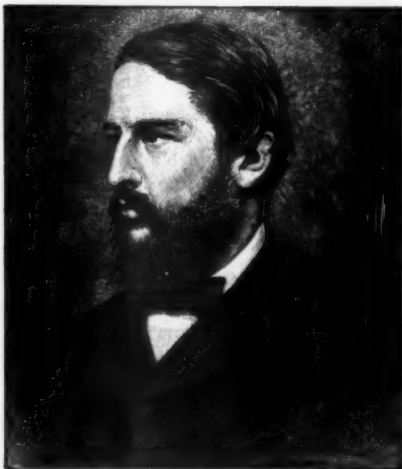
Sir Lyon Playfair, who was postmaster-general under Gladstone, in 1878, was one of the most capable officials that Great Britain has ever had. He was especially competent in attending to the details of the post-office, and gave his personal attention to the most trifling as well as the most important affairs connected with the service. He had just commenced a career of remarkable usefulness, when he was obliged to retire with the advent of the Beaconsfield ministry. He married an American lady, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and is a frequent visitor to the United States. Having recently become a member of the House of Lords, he is now Baron Playfair.

The English postal system is noted for having had a postmaster-general who was totally blind. Henry Fawcett, who occu-

pied the position from 1880 to 1884, while out shooting, lost his sight by the explosion of a gun. He determined that his great misfortune should not interfere either with his work or pleasure, or prevent him from the enjoyment of life. And it did not, for he engaged in riding and fishing, skating, swimming and rowing. He attended faithfully to his official duties, and found time to write, or rather dictate, several books on political economy and other important subjects.

The leading postal reformer in England, at the present time, is Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M. P. For several years he has been working for the institution of imperial penny postage—that is, a system under which the empire would become a single postal district, and a penny-stamp would frank a letter, not merely from street to street, or county to county, but from one end of the queen's dominions to the other: from Calcutta to Vancouver, from Edinburgh to Sidney. Those who have opposed this reform have said that it would result in a dead loss to the department. According to Mr. Heaton's careful calculation, the utmost loss would amount to £75,000. The English postal officials are startled at this sum, although the department nets a profit of £3,500,000, and shows an increase of a quarter of a million sterling every year.

With perfect propriety, it has been said that the mantle of Sir Rowland Hill has



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



fallen on the shoulders of Mr. Heaton. He has either secured or hastened many important reforms. Through his efforts he has saved £107,000 a year in the eastern mail contract; also, £40,000 a year on the post-office stationery contract; also, £25,000 a year in the sample-post, and £30,000 a year in the carriage of the overland mails from Calais to Brindisi. Other reforms have been the introduction of postal-cards to and from Australia and South Africa; the extension of the parcel-post to France; the introduction of the telegraphic money-order system into England; the reduction of ocean postage to Australia and the Cape, from sixpence to fourpence, and, subsequently, to all the English colonies to twopence-half-penny, and the purchase, by the state, of all cables to the continent, resulting in a reduction of telegraph charges from twopence-half-penny to twopence per word. In these important reforms he is being ably seconded in the present parliament by D. A. Thomas, of Merthyr Tydfil, and by Major Evan Rowland Jones, the able representative from Caermarthen.

Another English postal reformer of note, who has been connected with the service for more than half a century, is Mr. J. D. Rich, postmaster of Liverpool. Mr. Rich, in his early official life, put the mail on board the famous steamship "Great Western." At that time he was a clerk in the Bristol post-office, from which port several of the large steamships left for this country. At the period referred to, the mail for the whole of Great Britain consisted of only one bag of letters; at the present time, five hundred bags would be considered a small mail. For ten years, Mr. Rich was postmaster of Manchester, where he introduced new and valuable systems of account and meth-

ods of working, more particularly the method of divisional or restrictive sorting of the letters, after they have received the proper post-marks. By his method (which has since been introduced into every large English post-office) the sorting is confined to the fewest possible hands, and the precise course taken by a letter is traceable throughout.

The position of postmaster of Liverpool carries with it the supervision of local and country districts, including the Isle of Man, lying midway between England and Ireland, and an important section of the county of Cheshire, including the large town of Birkenhead. At Liverpool, Mr. Rich introduced the wall and pillar letter-boxes, with a movable tablet, by which the public are told the hour of the next collection, and which also serves the purpose of keeping a check on the officers employed to bring the mail to their respective head post-offices. A new post-office building is now being erected at Liverpool, to replace the old structure, with which many Americans, who have journeyed to the other side, are familiar. When completed, it will cover nearly two acres of ground, and its erection will be largely due to Mr. Rich's persevering efforts.

Mr. Rich believes that the post-office, of all branches of the government, should be managed on strictly business principles. In this respect, he shares the views held by his friend, Mr. Pearson, the late postmaster of New York, who believed that the postal department of the United States has often been placed at a serious disadvantage by a system under which its trained and efficient officers, when at the height of their usefulness, have too frequently been compelled, by political exigencies, to quit their offices.

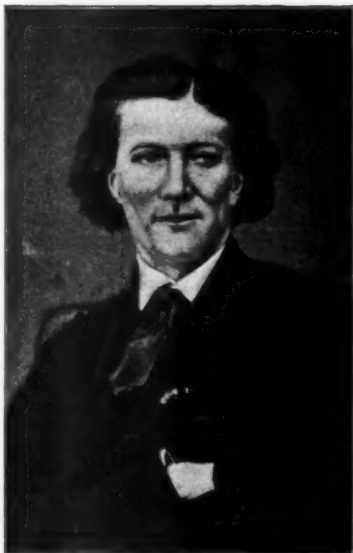


## CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PLAYWRIGHTS.

BY ARTHUR HORNBLow.

THERE are few more interesting studies to all who love and frequent the playhouse, than the respective personalities of the world's successful playwrights. With the birth of Molière, France stepped to the front as the country of the dramatist, and ever since that brilliant epoch when Molière convulsed Versailles with his comedies, Frenchmen have continued to excel in the art of play-making.

What English and American managers and dramatists owe the Frenchman is incalculable. Nearly every play that has been successful in London, during the last fifty years, can be traced to a French source; and the same may be said of America. The few exceptions are plays like *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, and *Held by the Enemy*, which are indigenous to the soil. An American playwright, who has made a study of the French drama for years, assured me, recently, that it would be well-nigh impossible to find a single play, among the hundreds of printed French plays suitable for adaptation, that



SARDOU AS A YOUNG MAN



A. DUMAS, FILS.

had not already been adapted, either in England or America. There was a time, it is true, when the French author adapted and translated from the Italian, with as little ceremony as the late Mr. Dion Boucicault used to adapt from the French; but the Frenchman's theft had this merit: invariably, it was an improvement on the original. But, nowadays, we are more honest. Long before the International Copyright bill became law, reputable American managers had begun to pay French dramatists for the product of their brains, and at the time I write it is literally a race between theatrical managers, as to who shall pay the largest sum of money for a new French play. The result is, that French dramatists begin to turn a benignant eye towards the United States, and one or two write their plays with this country in view.

No French dramatist has been played in America more often than Victorien Sardou; certainly, none has been

*Sardou*

more successful with us. One of his earliest plays—Andrea—was produced in New York, long before it was seen in Paris, and, at this moment, Sardou is under contract to write a new comedy for another American manager.

Sardou is entirely a self-made man. He had not, like the younger Dumas, the inheritance of a name already famous, nor, like Pailleron, the advantages of wealth and social position. His father was an impecunious literary hack, and left the future playwright to pick up what book-knowledge he could. By the time he was nineteen, however, the young Sardou knew enough to study medicine, with a view to following it as a profession; and it was while attached to the Necker hospital at Paris that he wrote his first play—a tragedy, called *La Reine Alfa*. The success thus obtained at a reading encouraged Sardou to devote himself exclusively to writing for the stage, and, while waiting for fame, he endeavored to keep himself alive by writing magazine articles and giving lessons. The articles were badly paid and the lessons were scarce, and for many months Sardou nearly starved to death. In those dark days he might have been seen, day after day, wandering about the streets of Paris, shabby and hungry-looking, seeking employment. At night, in his cheerless attic, with a single candle, procured thanks to an economical dinner, he used to study the art of writing plays. Scribe he loved above any other master, and, taking one of Scribe's plays, a play that he had never read or seen, he would read the first act; then he would close the book and map out what he considered would be Scribe's scenario of the two remaining acts. When finished, he compared his work with Scribe's play, overjoyed if he had hit on a similar scene or situation.

quant à moi après  
mon service militaire comme  
Timponeau, elle est celle  
des premiers romans. quand  
une pièce m'intéresse,  
je la lis de bon cœur,  
quand elle m'inté-  
resse pas je la trouve  
mauvaise. Mon entre-  
tenu dramatique, au  
milieu de toutes les dis-  
cussions que j'entends  
soulever, se réduit à ces  
apians qui étaient déjà  
celui de mon père : «

A change for the better came, and after a dangerous sickness brought on by privations, and through which he was nursed by the girl who later became his wife, Sardou became an important man. Dejazet produced his *Monsieur Garet* and Montigny produced *Les Pattes de Mouche*, familiar to American play-goers as *A Scrap of Paper*. Sardou placed all his hopes on this latter play. If it failed, he had decided to emigrate to America; if it succeeded he would remain in Paris. It did succeed, and the author was well on the road to fame.

*le premier acte clair,  
le dernier acte court  
en de l'intérêt partout.*

*Aguy, Maurin,  
l'assurance de ses  
sentiments distingués*

*A. Dumas*

Sardou is now sixty-one years of age, and his plays have given him a large fortune. He owns a handsome residence—37, rue du Général Foy—in Paris; a superb château at Marly-le-Roi, a pretty suburb of the capital; and a villa at Nice. Scattered among these three homes, he has one of the rarest collections of fine tapestries, precious bric-à-brac, rare paintings, books and engravings, that any one man can wish to possess. It is at Marly-le-Roi that the most of his plays are written. He is very painstaking with everything he writes. After he has found a subject he thinks it over for months, sometimes years, and he collects in a docket all matter relating to it. When he judges that the time has come for action he makes unintelligible signs on sheets of paper, and these are rendered still more incomprehensible by innumerable corrections and erasures. A special copyist—a gifted creature who understands Sardou's writing better than the playwright himself—makes a clean copy and sends it to the author. In a few days it comes back covered with new corrections, in fact, almost as bad as the original. Another clean copy is made with the same result, and this operation is repeated four or five times. When entirely satisfied with the play Sardou reads it to the company, or rather acts it, for he is an accomplished comedian. He is also an excellent stage manager. He forgets nothing, and foresees everything. He

acts each part separately for the benefit of the respective interpreters, leaving nothing to the actor's initiative.

In personal appearance, Sardou is slight and cadaverous looking. Age is beginning to tell on him. His high and prominent forehead is well marked with wrinkles, and his thick hair is beginning to whiten. His eyes are as quick, and the lines of his mouth as ironical as ever, and his prominent chin speaks of the perseverance and energy that have made him what he is today. Sardou has been successful abroad as well as at home, because his plays are universal and his types less local than those of other dramatists.

The younger Dumas is one of the most striking figures of literary Paris, and he has, probably, had a deeper influence on his time than any other living writer. His works are less known in America than those of certain other French writers, for reasons which, while every lover of the theater as an art must hold them to be ridiculous and opposed to the best interests of the stage, are yet legitimate and



EDOUARD FAILLERON.

conclusive—if viewed from the standpoint of the box-office. In France, the young girl does not go to the theater. The playwrights write for men and women, and so, unrestricted in their range of subjects, are enabled to make strong plays. Dumas' plays are sermons. Each is intended by the author to convey a lesson. Frequently, the lesson, as in the case of Francillon, where an immaculate wife does an impossible thing, is as meaningless as it is tedious; but Dumas' vagaries are always pardoned for his graceful lines and brilliant wit, and each of his plays is, at least, a succès d'estime. The best-known of Dumas' plays, in this country, is, of course, *La Dame aux Camélias*, which the elder Dumas criticised as a good book spoiled.

Dumas is just finishing a new comedy, *La Route de Thèbes*, which will be produced this season at the Comédie Française. Dumas only works at regular hours, and he never sends in his play until he is entirely satisfied with it. He has



LUDOVIC HALEVY.

not the gift of doing a thing well the first time, like his celebrated father. He is a much slower worker, and, perhaps, this explains why he is the more polished writer. When the manuscript is finished, he makes three or four copies, sometimes more. He recopied the manuscript of *L'Affaire Clemenceau* six times. He always finds new changes to make, expressions to modify, passages to suppress, so much so that the elder Dumas used to say that his son's manuscripts resembled pages of music. He is nearly seventy; yet age has scarcely marked him. He is still a vigorous and distinguished-looking Frenchman.

Edouard Pailleron, another classic, is known to the world chiefly by his four-act comedy, *Le Monde où l'on S'Ennuie*, one of the most successful plays of the century. It was produced in New York, under the title of *Our Society*. Pailleron is an amateur playwright, in the sense that he writes plays for his own pleasure, and not in order to make money. In the course of his career, Pailleron has met with

*Une pièce qu'on joue c'est un train qui marche, un express, un rapide, un éclair qui, de l'exposition au dénouement, doit imposer des spectateurs, à toute vitesse, sans autre arrêt que celui des courtes stations qu'on appelle entractes et cela, sans pour le plus catastrophe.*

*Entre les deux termes de cette comparaison d'une exactitude d'ailleurs absolue, je ne vois qu'une différence... appréciable toutefois: Le train siffle et la pièce est sifflée.*

*Seulement — et j'ai constaté sans regret — Seulement dans ce dernier cas, le sifflet n'est pas obligatoire.*

*Edouard Pailleron*



*Carrière*  
*autour*  
*On a vu*  
*dramatique*  
*ce qui nous fait*  
*de ce qui est fait*  
*les Caprices*  
*eux, c'est-à-dire*  
*en. Vulture.*  
*Ensemble*  
*l'homme*  
*anglais*  
*Ladon*

success only. He is one of the few remaining prophets of romanticism, and he holds Zola in horror. He is never in a hurry when writing, and he works to suit himself, without worrying about managers or actors. He never signs a contract to write a play, as he believes that an author, in so doing, cannot preserve his independence. He has the greatest confidence in the judgment of the public, and accepts its verdict as final. He is persuaded that the chief beauties in a play are accessible to the most ordinary mind—in other words, that an author cannot write over the heads of his audience. Some years ago, Pailleron married the daughter of M. Buoz, the editor of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Alphonse Daudet has written some excellent plays, although he is better known as a novelist than as a dramatist. The brilliant author of *Sapho* is now past fifty. His magnificent head, with its long

and entangled locks, begins to be tinged with white, and recently disease has laid him, a confirmed invalid, on his bed. It is now thirty-six years since Alphonse and Ernest Daudet—two ambitious and half-starved lads—arrived in Paris from their native South. Both resolved to become famous, and both have kept their word. Ernest Daudet never possessed his brother's genius; but he holds an important place in French letters. The best-known of Alphonse Daudet's plays are *L'Arlesienne* and *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*. The latter play was produced at the Madison Square theater under the title of *Partners*.

Two French dramatists, particularly well known on this side of the Atlantic, are the famous collaborators, Meilhac and Halévy.

Meilhac is getting to be an old man. He is nearly sixty-two. Nearly all his plays have been written in collaboration. With Halévy, he wrote *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe-Bleue*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *La Grande*

*Duchesse*, *Frou-Frou*, *La Petite Marquise*.



ALEXANDRE BISSON.

*Faire rire honnêtement quinze cents personnes pendant trois heures est œuvre difficile, morale et hygiénique?*

*Dramatique ou comique, le théâtre ne vit que par l'intérêt. Les différents écoles théâtrales ne sont que l'art de varier les sauces et, parfois, d'accommoder les restes.*

*Pretendre que le théâtre corrige les mœurs, c'est dire que le miroir embellit les visages.*

With Philippe Gill, he wrote *Ma Camarade* and *Le Mari à Barbette*. M<sup>lle</sup> Nitouche he wrote with the late Albert Millaud. When working alone, Meilhac was less successful. *Gotte*, M<sup>lle</sup> Margot, *Ma Cousine*, and *Le Brevet Supérieur*, were only partial successes. The truth is, Meilhac cannot work without a collaborator. He is lazy and requires stimulation. He works very little, spending most of his time playing cards; and he loves a good dinner, as may be imagined from his rotund and good-humored face.

Ludovic Halévy is a very different man. He is tall, thin and classic-looking. He is the perfect type of the graceful and brilliant Parisian, a great wit and a charming companion. He met Meilhac, by accident, in 1862, and their first play, written in collaboration, was produced a year later. Halévy has a natural gift for play-making. He has written over fifty pieces, and nearly all have been successful. Meilhac invents the story; Halévy constructs the play. Of late years, however, Halévy has ceased writing plays. He says the public taste is fickle at present, and that he fears displeasing it. So he devotes all his

*Alexandre Bisson*

time to novel-writing. Halévy and Meilhac are both members of the French Academy.

Probably the most successful French playwright, just now, from the box-office point of view, is Alexandre Bisson, the fortunate author of *Les Surprises du Divorce*, *The Masked Ball*, and other equally successful farcical comedies. Bisson is not a classic; he is not even a littérateur, but he has the gift of play-construction, and he is shrewd enough to give the public what it wants. His pieces are thin and frivolous, and call for no intellectual effort to enjoy them.

Georges Feydeau, like Bisson, is more of a play-maker than a playwright. He has the same talent for putting together pieces that hit the public fancy, and he exploits thoroughly the field he finds most remunerative. Some years ago, it is true, Feydeau



GEORGES FEYDEAU.

*La littérature, la théâtre n'est pas la poésie  
si facile — oh ! non ! — mais c'est la plus difficile.*

*François Coppée*

tried to write a play of serious intent. It was a failure. He is the author of *Pré-moi ta Femme* and *Monsieur Chasse*, both of which farces have been seen in this country, under the respective titles of *Jane* and *The Sportsman*. Feydeau's most successful play is *Champagnol Malgré Lui*, a serio-comic military piece, that has run for over 500 nights in Paris.

Another dramatist who seems to be following in Bisson's footsteps is Henry Lavedan, the witty *Vie Parisienne* chronicler and the author of *Le Prince d'Aurec*, the reigning success at the Paris Vaudeville. Lavedan's first play, *Une Famille*, was produced at the Français.

There is a beautiful little play in the current repertoire of the Français, called *Souvent Homme Varié*. The talented author is Auguste Vacquerie, son-in-law of that immortal genius, Victor Hugo. Vacquerie is an academician and a romanticist, yet far from being an idealist. He says the idealists are as far-sighted as the realists are short-sighted. In his opinion, there is as much poetry in the present as in the past, and he declares that a play is what its interpreters make of it. Shakespeare, in incompetent hands, is a farce, he says. The spectator sees the drama as it is shown him. Vacquerie is nearly seventy-three, and editor of the journal *Le Rappel*.

Another poetical dramatist is François Coppée, the author of that little masterpiece, *Le Passant*—the little play that first drew

attention to Sarah Bernhardt's genius. Coppée is too good a poet to be a good playwright. His plays find favor with literary audiences, but they do not draw the crowd. After *Le Passant*, Coppée gave to the Comédie Française, *Les Deux Douleurs*, and to the Odéon, *Fais ce que tu Dois*, *L'Abandonnée*, *Le Rendez-Vous*, *Le Luthier de Crémorne*, *Severo Torelli*, *Le Trésor*, and *Les Jacobites*, which last play introduced to the public a new tragedienne (M<sup>lle</sup> Weber).

Henri de Bornier, who has just been elected member of the French Academy, is another poet-dramatist, and he had almost attained old age before his talent as a playwright was noticed by the public.

*Tant et que je pourrais dire  
c'est que je pense, des œuvres  
de mes confrères beaucoup de bien,  
et des miennes... un tout petit peu  
Très cordialement à vous*

*Henri de Bornier*



JEAN RICHEPIN.

Il faut que nos auteurs nouveaux aient une bonne dose de naïveté et d'orgueil, pour oser qu'ils vont rénover le théâtre. La formule dramatique définitive a été trouvée, du premier coup, par les trappeurs et les couguars grecs, qui ont pris exactement l'empreinte de la famille et de la éthique humaines. Or, depuis Eschyle et Aristophane les plus grands esprits de tous les temps n'ont fait que marcher dans la voie largement ouverte. Leur originalité a consisté à changer un peu l'air de la chanson qu'ils chantaient en route. Mais les paroles sont restées les mêmes. Alors, ceux qui viennent, en disant qu'ils vont tout révoluer, nous font rire.

*Georges Ohnet*

His principal work is *La Fille de Roland*, which lay for ten years in the drawers of the secretary of the Français, before it made a success at that theater, in 1875. Four years later, *Les Noces d'Attila* met with almost equal success at the Odéon. *Mahomet*, his third play, received at the Français,

was considered offensive to the Sublime Porte, and the French government prohibited its production.



PAUL ALEXIS.

Jean Richepin, the Bohemian poet, is another striking figure of literary Paris. Richepin has been most richly endowed by nature, both physically and mentally. He is a man of enormous physical strength and proportions, and resembles a chieftain of the cave-dwellers, with his fierce-looking face and long, shaggy locks. He is a wonderfully versatile man, having been, in turn, poet, musician, actor, sailor, athlete and dramatist. When he wrote *Nana Sahib* for Bernhardt, he played the title-rôle himself. His best play, *Le Flibustier*, was a legitimate success at the Français. *Par le Glaive*, a more recent play in blank verse, was a succès d'estime only.

Georges Ohnet is the well-known author of *The Ironmaster*. It was Abraham Dreyfus who helped Ohnet to the front.

All the publishers had refused his books, when M. Dreyfus begged Ollendorf to give the new author a chance for his life. Serge Panine was printed, took Paris by storm, and was crowned by the French Academy, the highest honor to which authors can aspire. Nearly all Ohnet's novels have been dramatized by the author himself.

The oldest living French playwrights are Ernest Legouvé, the collaborator of Scribe, who is eighty-five; Camille Doucet, the secretary of the French Academy, who is eighty; and Alphonse d'Ennery, who is eighty-one. The most remarkable of these three men, from the theatrical point of view, is Alphonse d'Ennery. The famous author of *The Two Orphans* has written over two hundred plays. He began by writing farces, but soon abandoned that field for the emotional drama, in which art he excels. None better than

*Au théâtre, il n'y a plus de  
formules aujourd'hui, il n'y a que  
des recettes.*

*L. Gandillot*

out some mention of the "jeunes," as the disciples of the French realistic school are pleased to style themselves. The acknowledged head of the movement is Henri Becque, the talented author of *Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne*. Becque is one of the most vigorous writers now producing plays, but his works are all so impregnated with scepticism and sadness that success is impossible. In his play *Les Corbeaux* (*The Ravens*), all the characters are dressed in deep

*Un soldat ne saurait avoir  
d'opinion sur la mêlée où il se  
trouve. Tout ce qu'il en peut  
dire, c'est qu'il se bat.*

*Jean Richet*

he knows how to make an audience's tears flow, and he is a master of stage effect. It is doubtful whether he will ever write another play, as old age has begun to tell on him. He is very rich, and lives in a magnificent residence on the Avenue du Bois.

To be mentioned, also, with popular dramatists, are: Abraham Dreyfus, the author of *La Greffe*; Grenet Darcourt, the author of *Trois Femmes Pour Un Mari*; Hippolyte Raymond and Maxime Boucheron, the lucky authors of *Miss Helyett*; Henri Bocage, the author of *La Vie à Deux* (played here as *Love in Tandem*); Léon Gandillot, the clever author of *Les Femmes Collantes*; William Busnach, the collaborator of Zola, and Blum and Toché, the vaudevillists.

This article would be incomplete with-



HENRI BECQUE.



*Le théâtre n'est pas un jeu, c'est une  
œuvre vivante de la vie, c'est une  
œuvre de la vie même, une œuvre  
d'art, c'est la synthèse de la  
vie par l'art.*

*Jean Jullien*

mourning, throughout the three acts; hence the title. Becque is very much in earnest. He says he does not write to suit the public or the critic, but to suit his consciousness of dramatic truth. He despises so-called dramatic situations and effects, and all the hackneyed methods in use to call forth the applause of the gallery. The favorite theme of his plays is cupidity. All his characters are money-worshippers. Becque is a comparatively poor man. In politics he is a socialist, and in religion a materialist.

Jean Jullien is a disciple of Becque. His dramatic opinions, just published, assert that there is no salvation for the dramatist who is shackled by popular prejudice; that the playwright shall guide the public, and not be guided; and that a play should be a slice of life, served on the stage. He says he wants to see human beings on the stage, talking as they do in real life; not

puppets, talking conventional nonsense. Mr. Jullien's plays are *Le Maître*, produced at the private Théâtre Libre, and *La Mer*, a more ambitious effort, in blank verse, produced at the Odéon. Both were successful.

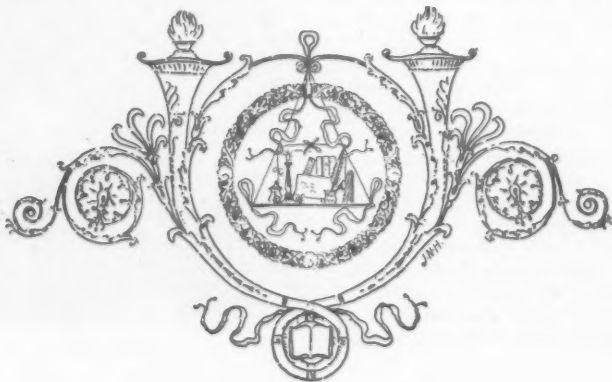
Paul Alexis, a realistic writer, who has contributed several dramatic pieces to the Théâtre Libre, is interesting only by reason of his numerous offenses against common decency. He belongs to the ultra-realistic school, and is at the head of the group of mentally diseased writers who declare Emile Zola old-fash-

ioned. But it is comforting to note that realism on the stage flourishes as badly in France as elsewhere, and that these writers, who would kill the hope in our hearts and take the sunshine out of our lives, re-

*La mort n'est qu'un sommeil, et la vie n'est qu'un réveil.*

*Henry Becque*

ceive no encouragement from the general public. From Zola down, they have all tried to force their horrible plays on the public, and each time they have failed, so that now, when they produce a new play, they have to be content with a limited audience. Let us hope that the lesson this fact contains will be salutary, and that these writers will turn their unquestionable talents to better uses.





## CRINOLINE FOLLY.

BY HELEN GILBERT ECOR.

THE threatened revival of crinoline is meeting wide-spread and vigorous opposition. This is a bright omen in our social horizon. A few years ago the advent of the hoop-skirt would have been regarded as only a whim of fashion; in these days it is a matter of serious import. Everyone, unless we except the manufacturers, hurls anathemas on this Parisian abomination. Even our doughty legislators, so halting and faint-hearted in civic reforms, are rushing valiantly to the front against inflated petticoats. There are no politics in crinoline. The English anti-crinoline league has bound thousands of women to a pledge of total abstinence. Meantime, the destiny of the hoop-skirt trembles in the balance. To be or not to be, is still the question. Its fate depends upon the decision of the fashion-mongers. Intimidated, perhaps, by the denunciation of an exasperated public, these evil spirits show symptoms of retraction. Were they, on the other hand, to persevere in the de-

termination to fasten their degrading yoke on the women of this generation, the attempt would doubtless end in victory. While, theoretically, we are all conscious of the hideousness of crinoline, practically, we should not be able to establish a quarantine of common sense, strong enough to keep the pestilence from our American shores. First, there would be sporadic cases among the fashionable circles, and from thence the contagion would spread like wild-fire. We should gradually become accustomed to the expanse of skirts, and then we should learn to admire it. The few who held out against the fashion would be ranked among Bloomers and fanatics. Then, when the anti-climax came and the Protean god of fashion again shrunk the area of the petticoat, we should cry out against the limpness and vulgarity of clinging skirts. Already we hear gentle apologies for the coming fashion. "The small hoops are really graceful you know," and

"they make walking so much easier." First, the mind is made ready; then crinoline begins, in the innocent form, of stiffening in the skirt, and from this we are gradually led into all manner of monstrosities.

It is said that no generation is capable of deciding the merit of its own productions in art, science and literature. Only those which bear the test of time, and are passed on to other generations, contain the elements of true greatness. We may apply this law, in a humble way, to our styles of dress. Our fashion-plates are a register of artistic and moral perception. As we look back on the record, we are able to form a true estimate of their artistic value and the moral condition which they symbolize. For this reason we would trace the heredity of the crinoline fashion, and study its historic growth. To follow the pedigree of the hoop-skirt through its devious course in different countries, and its preposterous shapes in different ages, is as difficult as to trace the ramifications of the illustrious Smith family. Neither can mere words

do justice to the subject. The pencil alone can convey an idea of the incredible forms which the fashion has assumed. Space prevents more than a passing glance at its history in France, the land of its birth, and in England and America, two of the countries contaminated by its influence. During every efflorescence of crinoline, we find unparalleled folly in other departments of dress, and the votaries of fashion given up to extravagance and amusement.

The primeval hoop-skirt, or *vertu-garde*, as it was called, may be traced back to the time of Francis I. He, we should remember, was the first French king to form a royal court. The consolidation of the French provinces under an absolute monarch, begun by Louis XI., was more fully perfected by Francis. In the feudal period the barons had lived independently, and the king was isolated in his own castle. The retinue of barons and bishops which Francis gathered at the royal palace was one of the factors in the supremacy of kingly power. The wives and daughters were also invited, for the king declared that "a court without ladies was like summer without flowers." He encouraged the love of dress, presenting the ladies of the court with gowns worth a fortune. While the wretched people groaned and starved under the burden of taxation and debt, the court revelled in balls, tournaments, hunting-parties and gambling. Pictures of this period show us the hoop in its incipient stage. The hips were not deformed, and the skirt gradually expanded, in the form of a funnel or bell. The effect gave to the figure the appearance of the letter A. No reason can be assigned for the origin of the *vertu-garde*; but the name betrays the total depravity of its beginning. It is thought that the fashion grew out of the desire for display. A gown which clings to the figure offers only broken surfaces for the exhibition of rich materials. The frame-work of the *vertu-garde* made a large and substantial area for the display of brocades and jewels. Another feature of this period was the "contenance," which was, in fact, the beginning of the modern *châtelaine*. A little mirror was attached to a chain and hung down the front of the dress, reaching to the bottom of the skirt. Ladies held the mirror in their hands, to give "une contenance."



THE CRINOLINE IN THE XVIth. CENTURY.

The vertu-garde reached the meridian of absurdity in the reign of that objectionable person, Catherine de' Medici. It was she who made the court of France a court of fashion. Though usually in mourning herself, she filled the royal palaces with brilliant and sumptuous toilettes. This woman, whose regal robes were drenched in the blood of the Huguenots, brought into France the corset, known as the "iron prison," which reduced the waist to the thirteen-inch measurement required by fashion. A waist which could be spanned with the two hands was fittingly accompanied by a skirt of monstrous diameter. Men and women laced; men swelled out their legs in trunk-hose; women swelled their skirts in the vertu-garde. The iron cage projected far from the hips, and the skirt fell from thence perpendicularly to the floor. The folds of rich material which rayed out from the body to the hips, suggested the spokes of a wheel; hence the name, in England, of "wheel farthengale." Under Henry iv., this monstrosity was known as the "vertu-garde en tambour."

There were reflections of the French fashions in the court of Henry VIII.; but attempts to establish the vertu-garde, or "vardingale," as the old English spells it, were not successful until the reign of Elizabeth. Love of dress was a madness with Queen Bess, and, like Catherine, she set up a court of fashion. Pride of apparel was manifested in her wigs of various hues, her bolstered hair, her elegant perfumes, her costly dresses, her standing ruffs. Men and women squeezed in their waists and expanded their skirts. The Elizabethan period simply repeated the farthengale of Queen Catherine. A London bishop declared that "the ruff and fardengale superseded all maidenly apparel." Phillip Stubbes, a valiant Puritan, denounced every article of the queen's dress, "the gowns of divers fashions, changing with the moon; the fringed petticoats; the colored kirtles." He declared that "so far hath this canker of pride eaten into the body of the commonwealth, that every poor yeoman's daughter, and every poor husbandman's daughter, and every cottager's daughter, will not stick to flaunt it out in such gowns, petticoats and kirtles as these." The patrons of art and learning are not



A FASHION-PLATE OF THE XVITH. CENTURY.

always the patrons of virtue. Fighting and gambling were the favorite amusements of fashionable life, and the habit of polite swearing dates from this age. Tyranny and folly held sway. The "divine right of kings," which has always proved to be the very human right of royal selfishness, vanity and corruption, came to an end through the horrors of civil war.

The farthengale and tight corset continued in the dissolute court of James I. Both were banished by the good sense of the Puritans.

The farthengale developed into the hoop-skirt with the petty ceremonials of the court of Queen Anne. It was the outcome of the "robes battantes," which Madame de Montespan adopted during her reign at court.

All the wit and sarcasm of Addison was directed against this and every other folly of fashionable dress. We find this letter to the Spectator: "Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagances. Their petticoats, which began to swell up and heave

before you left us, are now blown into a most enormous concave. In short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept in no compass." The Spectator gives an amusing account of the shape and variety of hoops: "The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogs-heads; at one time, it was sloped from the waist, in a pyramidal form; at another, it was bent upward, like an inverted bowl, by which the two angles, when squeezed upon both sides, came in contact with the ears. At present, it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures, from end to end, above twice the length of the wearer." The Tatler advertises the humble petition of William Jingle, coach-maker and chair-maker, which sheweth:

"That upon the late invention of Mrs. Catherine Crossditch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before the said invention.

"That for the service of the said ladies your petitioner has built a round chair in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the center of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated.

"That your petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

"That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pulleys to the great satisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her."

In 1745 a pamphlet was published called *The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat*. The author says, "for many years it (the hoop-skirt) was a little modest, and restrained within some reasonable compass to a degree tolerable. But, of late, it has spread itself to an enormous circumference. The very sight of the



A XVIII. CENTURY DEVELOPMENT.

cursed hoop is enough to turn one's stomach. The limits of a Sedan chair cannot at last hold them, the limits of church pews cannot admit more than one, or under circumstances of extreme pressure, two hooped ladies. 'Tis now past a jest; the whole sex in a manner are, by this prodigious garment, become a public nuisance." The author describes the entrance of a fashionable lady into a

room. "First enters wriggling and sideling, and edging in by degrees two yards and a half of hoop; for as yet you see nothing else. Sometime after appears the inhabitant of the garment herself; not with a full face, but in profile; the face being turned to, or from the company according as they happen to be situated. Next, in due time, follows two yards and a half of hoop more; and now her whole person with all its appurtenances, is actually arrived fully and completely in the room, where we are, in the next place, to consider her."

The contour of the farthengale was compared to a gigantic wash-bowl, a Chinese tombola, a colossal air-pump. The pocket-hoop period made the outline of the wearer resemble that of a donkey laden with panniers. The price of whalebone went up rapidly from fifty pounds to one hundred and fifty per ton, and the manufacturers of hoop-skirts were spoken of as "woman's coopers." This was the age of court-plaster. The coiffure was in keeping with other absurdities of dress. During the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne it was arranged in tiers on the top of the head and ornamented with feathers. This heightened woman's figure three feet, and made men seem "as grass-hoppers" in their presence. Addison was reminded that "the inside of a pillow was on the outside of the head," and women were known as the "feathered sex." The details of the toilette occupied so much time that they were satirized in a play. "Five hours ago," says one of the characters, "I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses; pin-



ning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; formings and conformings; painting of blue veins and cheeks; such a stir with sticks, combs, cascanets, dressings, purls, fall squares, busks, bodices, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rabatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fustles, partlets, frizlets, bandlets, fillets, corslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many LETS (stops or hindrances), that she is scarce dressed to the girdle. And now there is such calling for farthengales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, and the like, that seven peddler shops—nay, all Stourbridge fair will scarcely furnish her. A ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready."

It is not surprising that during this period, contempt for literature should be considered a mark of gentility among the Maccaronis and ladies of the fashionable world. Steele and Addison had the temerity to suggest that a lady might read intelligibly, write legibly, spell correctly and still retain her place in fashionable life. The patch-fashion was suppressed through the sarcasm of Addison; but the hoop-skirt had the effrontery to endure the witticisms and contempt of a hundred years, and finally died of old age. A centenary is even more remarkable in fashion than in human life.

We must return to Paris for the next revival of the hoop-skirt. This took place in 1850, under the influence of the fair Eugénie Montijo. Her enemies affirmed that Eugénie, by this stroke of genius, proved herself a "parvenu," since no person of royal blood had ever manifested the vulgar gift of invention. Like Marie Antoinette, Eugénie was the goddess of extravagance. She, the "Reine Crinoline," ruled over the world of fashion. Her toilettes, resplendent in lace and costly jewels, were the wonder of the world. Six hundred thousand francs for a parure of diamonds, and an annual dotation of one hundred and thirty thousand francs for pin-money give a faint idea of the cost to the French government of gratifying the taste of this Spanish beauty. It is said that Eugénie set up a mantua-maker's establishment in the Tuileries, devoting the rooms over the royal apartments to this industry. A manikin, dressed in the gown in process of construction, was low-

ered through a trap-door for the examination and criticism of the empress. Under the influence of this frivolous woman the Tuileries became the scene of reckless and wanton extravagance. The court of Napoleon III. has been compared to that of Louis XV. in corruption. Fashionable ladies, whose purses were inadequate to the demands of their toilette, attempted only to pay the interest on their mercer's bills. A historian of this period writes: "It is not too much to say that the empress of the French demoralized in this sense the womanhood of two generations."

The crinoline fiend found its way to America, as is well remembered by the elders of this generation. The fashion-plates of this period show that our petticoats covered an immense territory. Old and young, rich and poor, all were hooped. The custom survived ten years. It was first vanquished in England, perhaps through the sarcasm of Punch, perhaps through the influence of the Princess of Wales, possibly through the freaks of fashion, which never tolerates today that which it dictated yesterday.

The ancestry of crinoline proves that it is the register of bad taste and accompanied by excesses in other departments of dress. It co-exists with periods of extravagance, when a privileged and reckless class has kept its power at the expense of popular rights. This same class



THE CRINOLINE AS WORN IN 1863.

will bid the fashion welcome to America today. The women whose luxurious taste debauches the market with an artificial trade; the women who do not recognize a fellow-being not in their set; the women who trick out their tables in ribbons and shaded candelabras for their afternoon receptions; the women who devote themselves to the "petits riens" of social life; the women who have plenty of money for dinners, at twelve dollars per cover, but no money for education and charitable work—these are they who will be the first to inflate their petticoats.

We poor reformers helplessly denounce the crinoline fashion, on the "horridly sensible" grounds of health and reason. Women are already overburdened by the weight of their garments. This fashion will increase the circumference of our skirts at least four yards. This additional material in gowns and petticoats, together with the weight of the crinoline, pivots on the most delicate organs of the body. Every passing breeze acts on the balloon-skirt, as the wind acts on the sails of a boat, and the female pedestrian must actually carry many additional pounds of atmospheric pressure. Then, the alternate motion of the legs in walking, the tilting of the hoop as it comes in contact with passing objects, keeps a current of air constantly rushing up to fill the vacuum, and thus exposes the lower body to drafts and chills.

The hoop-skirt is ugly because it plays tricks with the human figure. To inflate a skirt which should follow the line of the leg, to squeeze in a waist which should be ample, is bad art; for art honors God and reverences nature. Everything which alters the plan of the Creator, in His design for the human body, is practical atheism. These excesses in fashion debauch the taste and depreciate the powers of the critical faculty. They are to dress what excess and crudity of color are in painting, or theatrical poses are in sculpture. We are laying out vast parks and erecting costly buildings, not only to gratify our love for the beautiful, but to educate



THE CRINOLINE AS IT WAS.

and elevate the masses. We reason that the sight of these things makes men better. Art, being divine in its principles, must lead to the good, the true and the beautiful. By the same logic, woman's dress, always violating the principles of art, debases public taste and insensibly lowers the standard of public morals.

When women persist in wearing a costume ridiculous and ugly, thus exposing womanhood to vulgar witticism and jest, they bring dishonor upon the sex. Worse than this, these insane fashions actually vitiate character; for to do a senseless thing debauches the mind.

The public demands that the movement in behalf of rational dress be sugar-coated with beauty. We are told that rational dress will never be adopted, unless it is made attractive. Surely, the reformer, in her wildest dreams, has never conceived anything more hideous and ugly than the fashions of '93. Sleeves big enough to accommodate a skye-terrier; capes piled Pelion on Ossa; hats bristling with stiff ribbons, feathers and flowers, make our streets look like animated brush heaps. The picture will be complete in its absurdity if the hoop-skirt prevails.



THE CRINOLINE AS CARICATURED

## THE TELAUTOGRAPH AND ITS INVENTOR.

WHAT are to be the conditions of electrical service in 2020 A.D., judging by the advances made in the last quarter of the nineteenth century?

From the compass to the telegraph was a long step. From the telegraph of Morse to the quadruplex of Edison consumed more than a quarter of a century. Then, in ever-quickenning succession, the telephone, the electric lamp, the electric motor, and, just as the circuit of invention seems to be complete, a new marvel appears, which at first sight bids fair to revolutionize postal and telegraphic communication throughout the world, displacing the cumbersome, difficult and uncertain service of the telephone and rendering the telegraphic instrument almost as old-fashioned as a flint-lock musket. This new invention, is described in detail in this issue of *The Cosmopolitan*, for the first time, over the signature of its inventor.

Possibly its most far-reaching effect will be the demand which its operation will make for government control of electrical communication. So large a part of public and private correspondence must pass over wires which are capable of transmitting the handwriting of the sender, that the public will no longer be satisfied to have the control of such interests remain in the hands of private corporations. And it would seem to be a pity if at this time, when ownership could be so easily acquired, and before extensive plants or watered stocks have placed the property beyond easy reach, the government should not acquire the ownership of the telautograph.

However strongly the telegraph and

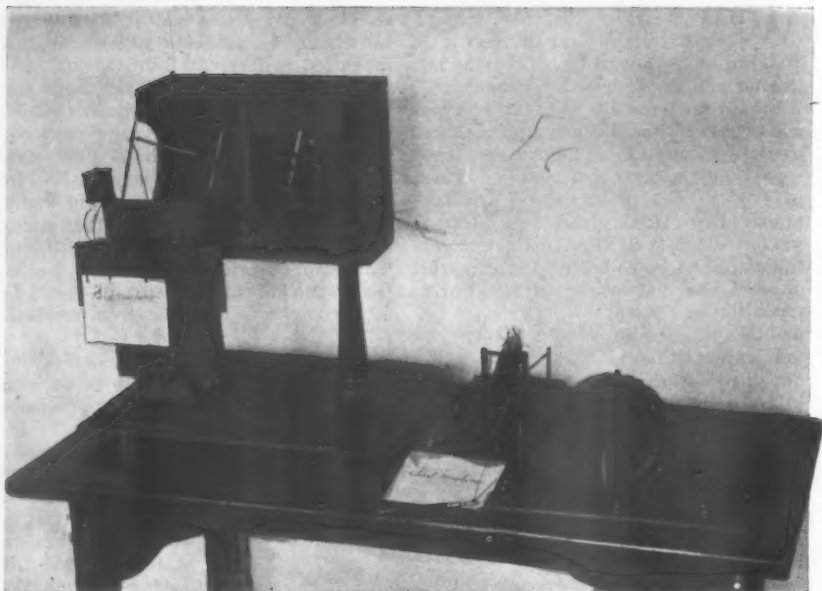
telephone companies may refuse to admit the changed conditions which this new invention is likely to bring about, it is certain that, unless acquired, it will jeopardize the immense investments which are represented by the capital stock of these companies. Perhaps this very risk may be a factor in the solution of the problem of government ownership, and it may come to pass that the vigorous brains at the head of these great institutions will see in government acquisition a solution to the difficulties which are likely to arise from competition.

Professor Gray began life as an iron worker, but displayed a genius for invention that early drew him into paths of higher usefulness. After completing a course at Oberlin college, he gave his first efforts to the Morse telegraph. He has obtained more than fifty patents relating to the telegraphic repeater and the telegraphic switch, the annunciator, and type-printer. An important event in his inventive career was the filing of specifications, in the centennial year, for his musical telephone, which reproduces articulate speech by

varying the resistance of the battery current. Of scarcely less moment was the patent, received a year later, for a multiplex telegraph, in which it was possible to transmit a number of tones simultaneously over the same wire, and analyze them at the receiving end. He has for many years been electrician to the Western Manufacturing Company, and in 1878 published *Experimental Researches in Electro-Harmonic Telegraphy and Telephony*.—Ed.



*Oliver Gray*



THE FIRST TELAUTOGRAPH. 1887

## A REVOLUTION IN MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

BY ELISHA GRAY.

THE advent of the telephone, that most marvellous discovery, has given man a voice that may be heard a thousand miles, and has made it possible for a person in Chicago to judge of the quality of a musical performance in New York almost as well as though he were in the presence of the player.

Business methods have been very much modified by the almost universal use of the telephone; but, like everything else, it has its frailties. It is not safe to buy or sell, run railroad trains, or, in fact, do anything that requires accuracy or a record, by telephone. It is often difficult to understand, especially names and figures, or any arbitrary word that has no context to help it. Again, one can order his broker to buy or sell at a certain figure, by telephone, and the next day deny it, if it suits him, and no court can hold him, as there is no proof. However, with

all its frailties, it cannot be dispensed with. It has its place. It has educated the public to the use of wires and has created a demand for a better and different class of service, something that will supplement both the telegraph and the telephone, something that will do what a letter does in matters of business, and can be sent as quickly as a telegram. All this is realized in the telautograph, an instrument (as its name implies) that will transmit one's own handwriting to a distance, by means of electricity.

The transmitting and receiving instruments are so related to each other that every motion of the transmitting pen or pencil, as the case may be, is accurately copied by the receiving pen, whether on or off the paper. In other words, it is a long pen, that writes in two cities simultaneously, making a double record, the one an exact fac-simile of the other, just

as the telephone is a long tongue that is heard in two cities at the same time. Even the paper at the receiving end is under the control of the writer, and can be shifted at will.

The inventor, having spent most of his adult life in studying and perfecting means of electrical communication, has naturally noticed the defects in the old methods, and it was the frailties that were inherent in these old systems that led him to devise a method of instantaneous communication that would not altogether supplant, perhaps, the older methods, but would in a great measure, besides creating a field of its own and doing a large class of work which it is impossible to do either with the telephone or the telegraph.

Six years ago last February, the inventor began his experimental work, with a corps of competent assistants, in a laboratory fitted up for that purpose, and has worked incessantly from that day, until the machine, in its present perfected state, was completed, only a few months since.

The telautograph was not the result of a happy thought, dreamed out in a night and put to work the next day, but it was an evolution. Starting with the fundamental idea, each step in the arrangement of parts—so that each would perform its work in the right relation to other parts—was perfected only by a long series of experiments. Hundreds of experiments were made during these six years of incessant work. It was a nice adjustment of science to machinery. It dealt with hundredths of an inch and thousandths of a second. It is simple now that we know how to do it, but to learn the know-how-to-do-it was not simple.

It would not be proper in a popular article, such as this is intended to be, to undertake to give a technical description of the instrument, but only some of the results accomplished; what its uses will be, and how business methods are likely to be affected by it. However, a brief history of the important steps, and a short general description of the instrument may



THE MACHINE OF 1888.



not be out of place. The accompanying cuts present a few of the more important steps in its development. The first rough experimental machine, was completed and operated in 1887, after a series of preliminary experiments. This was on the variable resistance plan. Some writing was accomplished with it, but there were inherent difficulties that made it seemingly impossible to ever make a commercial machine after that method. This was abandoned for the step-by-step method, which is the fundamental idea, of the present machine. The first successful machine on this plan was finished in March 1888. This was a crude affair, but it did some good writing and was the forerunner of better things. In 1890 a third machine was completed and was a great step in advance. It did excellent writ-

ing, but was not sufficiently simple and reliable for public use. In 1892, the present instruments were completed. With the exception of certain refinements of parts and minor perfections of mechanism, it remains substantially as at first finished.

Here the receiver, a very compact instrument, is distinct from the transmitter. Thus the writer has his message on one blank, and that of his correspondent on another, to the manifest gain of simplicity and facility in filing. Dust and extraneous matter are excluded by a cover over all the working parts, which protection, in the case of the pen arms, is made of glass. A common lead pencil is used to write the message; near its point are fastened, at right angles to each other, two silk cords, which, connecting with the instrument, follow the motion of the



THE MACHINE OF 1890.

pencil and control the receiving pencil at the other end. The paper is on a roll attached to the machine, and is of ordinary make, about five inches wide. When it is to be moved forward, one presses a lever at the left, which also electrically shifts the receiving paper.

At the receiving station two aluminium arms hold the capillary glass tube which serves as a pen. It is fed with a constant supply of ink flowing from a reservoir through a rubber tube. This pen is guided by the electrical impulse from the sender and moves simultaneously and in like direction and extent with every motion of the distant pencil, so that the ink-tracing which results must be a fac-simile of whatever the sender writes or draws. The accompanying cut is a fac-simile of the work as exhibited; the column on the left showing the message written and that on the right what was received at the other end of the line. One could not tell the difference were it not that the message was sent in pencil and received in ink. Sketches, shorthand notes and other hieroglyphics can be transmitted as easily, except that the shading of lines is not shown.

The first question that will be asked by the average nineteenth century Yankee, after he has recovered from the first sensation of surprise, will be "cui bono?" "Suppose it will do all these wonderful things, can I make any money out of it? Will it serve me in my business?" If he were told it was a machine to convert the heathen, to effect a moral reform, or to develop a higher type of civilization, he would soon lose all interest in it. It must be confessed that the inventor himself has been more or less influenced by these practical considerations, although not blind to the civilizing results that always follow the introduction of any invention that will enter so largely into the business and social life of the world as will the telautograph. Every machine is an educator, and every different kind teaches its special lesson. Every work-shop is an institute of technology and every

Highland Park Ill.  
March 7<sup>th</sup> 1893.

J.W. Cushing Esq.

Dear Sir,

*This is*  
Some of the work done on  
Prof. Elisha Gray's  
new writing telegraph  
"The Telautograph".



1234  
567  
89  
1890

Yours Truly  
L. O. McPherson

Highland Park Ill.  
March 7<sup>th</sup> 1893.

J.W. Cushing Esq.

Dear Sir,

*This is*  
Some of the work done on  
Prof. Elisha Gray's  
new writing telegraph  
"The Telautograph".



1234  
567  
89  
1890

Yours Truly  
L. O. McPherson

railroad train is a school on wheels.

The practical uses of the telautograph have not all been enumerated, and in the nature of things they cannot be at this juncture: in fact, only a very few, have as yet been indicated.

Every man whose business or profession differs from that of any other will find some special way that it can serve him, for it is the most flexible of all means of communicating at a distance. More so than the telegraph or telephone, because these can only communicate words, while the telautograph can convey ideas by diagram, drawing or any form of hieroglyphic. More than this, it will transmit in a measure the individuality of the man himself. Very soon it will become a part of the machinery of daily life, and like its great predecessors, the telegraph and telephone, it will become a necessity.

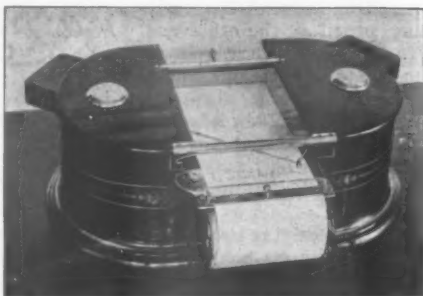
Some of its advantages may be summed up as follows: inasmuch as it will transmit a man's own autograph, any transaction may be carried on by parties widely separated with the same facility as though they were in each others presence. All business transactions that are done in writing and through the mail may be done by wire. The merchants and business men of a city or town, having a telautograph exchange, may do with it all business with each other that is now done by

mail. Exchanges in different cities and towns may be connected by trunk-lines, so that merchants in out-lying towns may order goods over their own signature, and factories and machine-shops may receive orders for parts by working drawings or diagrams.

A *telaugram* ordering a purchase or sale will not have to be confirmed by mail as a telegram does, for it identifies itself as perfectly as a letter could. Checks may be signed; drafts may be accepted; stocks, bonds and other securities may be sold and delivered, or money paid, on a telaugraph order. Contracts may be made and executed. When all cities are equipped with exchanges, and all exchanges are connected by trunk-lines, a man may write a letter on his own desk, and, when he has finished, it will be on the desk of his correspondent in another city. His correspondent, if in his office, can answer immediately, without the delay incident to the present telegraphic system, or, if not, will find it on his return.

A newspaper will be able to authenticate an item of news, by having the autograph of the person that sent it; and not only can the written description of a railroad wreck be sent, but also a picture of the wreck itself, at the same time. It may be used as a part of a detective system, for a fair outline likeness can be sent over the wire. All kinds of codes, maps, diagrams, trade-marks, short-hand, hieroglyphs, and whole columns of figures, may be transmitted.

For private line service, it stands without a rival. A broker in one city having a branch office in another may send private messages to his partner without fear of publicity, for no expert service is required

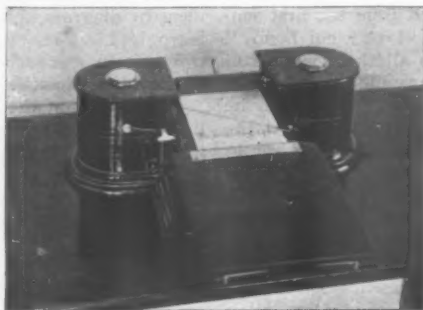


and no operator need stand between him and his correspondent. A manufacturer having an office and factory at some distance apart may transmit orders over his own signature. It is private and makes no intelligible noise. Anybody can use it, and it is impossible for a message to be stolen from the wires, as is the case with the telegraph or the telephone.

For railroad purposes it will be invaluable, especially in the matter of train orders, as no mistake can occur, unless made by the train dispatcher himself; and if an error is made the responsibility can be readily fixed upon the right person.

It is adaptable to every language and every code; even the Chinese alphabet in all its native crookedness will be faithfully and accurately reproduced at its destination.

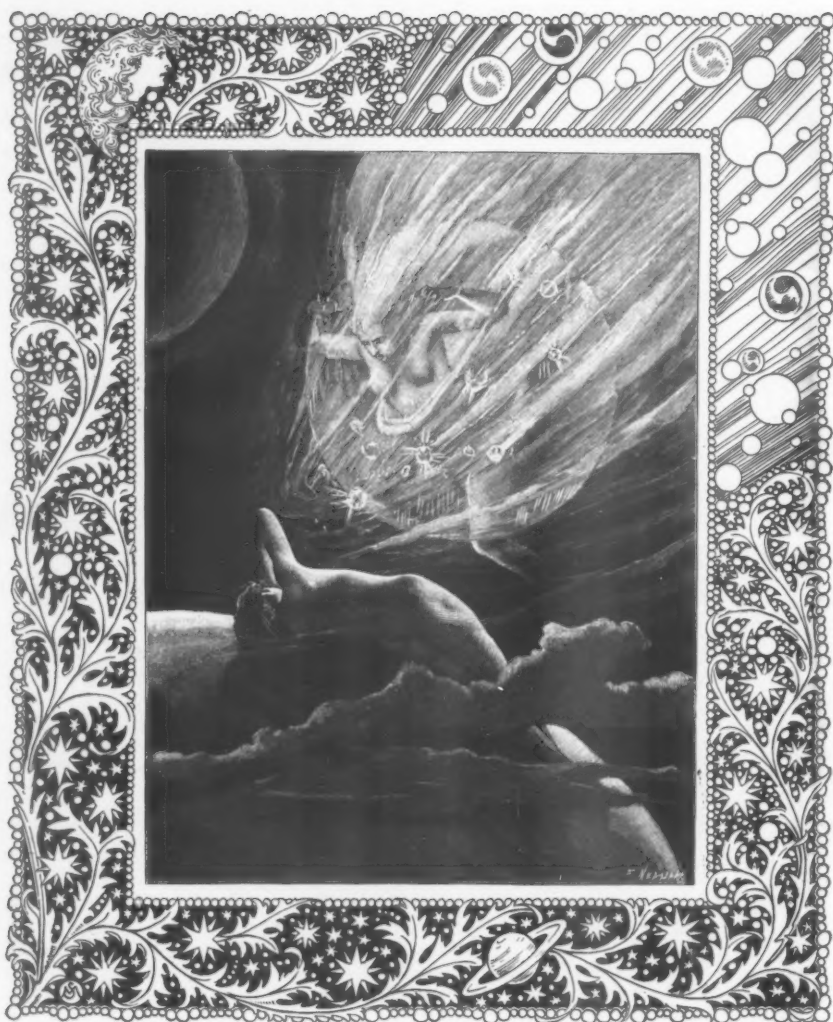
All this and ten thousand things that have not been thought of, but that use will in time suggest, are not only possible but on the very verge of realization; for we live in the nineteenth century, the rapid age, the age of electricity.



THE TELAUTOGRAPH OF TODAY

"With steeds of steam,  
and wheels of fire,  
We go a speed that's  
fright'ning,  
We send our letters  
on a wire,  
And dip our pens in  
lightning!"

Copyright, 1893, by J. B. WALKER.



*By Jean Paul Laurens.*

*(Copyright by the Cosmopolitan Magazine.)*